

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXXIV., No. 1

"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

JANUARY, 1903

The year which closes has been **THE YEAR'S WORK** notable for nothing more than the disturbances originating below the surface of the earth. By this is not meant the subway terrors of New York streets, or the coal strike, but the remarkable natural phenomena whose visible and outward token are to be seen in the mouths of volcanoes. The famous eruption of Krakatoa, a decade or more ago, was perhaps more terrible than that of Mt. Pelée, but it was comparatively isolated. There were no other great or unusual commotions preceding or following it, as there have been this year. To quote from a list of these calamities in 1902: The destructive Guatemalan earthquake of last April was followed closely by the stupendous belchings forth of Mt. Pelée, and that by the activity of Soconusco in Mexico, and the eruption of La Soufrière and Mt. En Law, while, synchronously, in far-off Alaska, Mt. Blackburn and Mt. Redoubt both disemboved smoke and ashes. Kilauea and Mauna Loa have subsequently burst forth, three Alaskan mountains have again been reported active, and within the past few weeks Santa Maria has ejected millions of tons of ashes, clouding the sun over hundreds of square miles, and terrifying the people of all Central America. Stromboli, near Sicily, a volcano whose normal activity is insignificant, is said to have been in "fearful eruption" on November 17th, while Kilauea, Hawaii, is reported to have broken out in the "most violent eruption in twenty years," and an earthquake has left not a single stone building standing on the island of Guam. According to a cable from New Zealand, the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, is buried beneath ashes from a recent eruption, and a dispatch from Salt Lake City, dated November 18th, reports the activity of supposedly extinct volcanoes in the Wasatch Range.

From this it seems as if there must be some connection between these monsters of the subterranean world. We have periods of comparative volcanic quietness when for years there is

little heard of them. And then, as if by a preconcerted signal, the dead cones come to life and the smoldering fires of others start by a preconcerted signal to belch forth from widely separated parts of the earth. From what depths below the surface of the earth do they come? Are we simply treading upon a crust of earth which floats upon a red-hot sea of lava below us? If so what strange and sudden change of the face of things may or may not be our lot to witness. The separation of continents would be but a small matter to the pent up forces beneath us. While mankind is spending millions to cut a waterway from Atlantic to Pacific, and while years of labor and effort are put into the undertaking, that labor would be but the work of a few minutes for the forces that send forth streams of lava like that in the Shoshone river valley, which is a mile in thickness. That tremendous outpouring occurred back in the tertiary period, and while we need not lose sleep over the possibility of a repetition of such a flood, we are perhaps less certain about the unknown seas a few miles beneath us than we are about worlds that are millions of miles above us. It is a sad thing that we cannot get these hidden forces to do some of the work of the modern world which presses, to disrupt continents, to flood the barren deserts, and shift the ocean currents to our better satisfaction.

RAILROADS VS. REGIMENTS

In the North American Review for December Captain J. M. Palmer, U. S. A., presents an argument for the building of railroads as an effective mode of warfare that must appeal to humanitarians as well as to tacticians. Setting out from the well-established fact as a premise that ease of communication with its base gives an army in the field a far greater radius of action and greater efficiency in its operations against an uncivilized foe, he reduces this improved efficiency to a mathematical formula, and shows that the cost of maintaining a regiment about equals the maintenance of 300

miles of railroad, including the interest charge on the cost of building and equipment. "A railway from Manila to both ends of Luzon would be less than 700 miles long. A system of 1,000 miles would bring every important point of Luzon within a day's journey of Manila. This service would cost but \$3,000,000 per annum, but a small percentage of the present cost of military occupation. . . . It seems almost certain that as a mere military measure, and with no idea of investment, a government system of railroads in Luzon would pay . . . even if no commercial business were carried. It would enormously increase the efficiency of the military garrison and would greatly decrease the cost of the transport of supplies." But a thousand miles of railroad for Luzon would be less than one-tenth the mileage in the single State of Illinois, where the population is but one million in excess of that of the chief Philippine island. The commercial revenue from such a railway system must therefore be considerable, and its influence on the peaceful development of the island would be worth the prestige of many regiments in maintaining order. The inference from Captain Palmer's argument and from the facts he presents is irresistible that the building of railroads is the cheapest as well as the most effective mode of conquest, and that while our Government continues to shoulder the responsibility for maintaining order in tropic islands, its most economical expenditure will be in the direction of railroad building. This "mode of warfare" certainly commends itself to American sentiment as more enlightened and humane than that which calls for large army appropriations and quells insurrection by the force of big battalions; and it is of interest to find such a policy advocated by an officer of the United States Army.

SUBMARINE INVENTIONS

That curious inlet of the ocean that enters the head of Long Island like a wedge driven in by a mallet, Peconic Bay, was the scene during the month of November of several interesting tests of two important acquisitions of the navy, the submarine torpedo boats, *Adder* and *Moccasin*, both of the Holland type. The tests seem to have been wholly successful, both boats rising and sinking at will, manœuvring under water with great precision, meeting all requirements as to speed and endurance, and in every way fulfilling the expectations of their builders. There was a

time when the proved success of a submarine torpedo boat was looked upon as certain to put an end to the construction of battleships. Familiarity with this new arm, however, for submarines have been in successful operation abroad for several years, has shown its limitations. It is regarded now as a useful adjunct of the coast artillery in harbor defense rather than as a factor in purely naval warfare, and the battleship has not yet been supplanted. Indeed, it is reasonably certain that an effective defense of the battleship against submarines will soon be devised, if it is not already nearing completion. While American interest is centered in this new achievement of its own shipyards, word comes to us from abroad of the invention by an Italian engineer, Cavaliere Guiseppe Piero, of a "hydroscope" that will illuminate the depths of the sea so brilliantly that any object moving within a radius of 500 meters of the light can be plainly seen at any desired depth, and may even be photographed below the surface of the sea. The *Contemporary Review* for November gives an account of this invention, which must rob the submarine torpedo boat of most of its terrors, and so will contribute to the peace of mind of naval officers everywhere. A more important contribution to science and industry is the contrivance by the same inventor of a "working submarine boat," fitted to explore the bottom of the sea at greater depths than any diving apparatus heretofore made use of. By the ingenious contrivance of a "mechanical arm" attached to this boat the work of wrecking has been greatly facilitated. Operating on a larger scale, with the flexibility and precision of the human arm, submarine cables may be laid, cut, or repaired by it on the floor of the ocean. Employed in connection with the hydroscope above mentioned, it would seem as if deep-sea explorations might be carried on on a much vaster scale and with far more satisfactory results than formerly, and that our knowledge of the lower depths of ocean would be greatly increased.

THE TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER

Some persons, doubtless, have been surprised that the Austrians have stolen a march upon us and have earned the credit of inaugurating the Telephone Newspaper. Such is the claim of Budapest, the capital of Hungary. The newspaper, says Pearson's Magazine, is called the *Telefon-Hirondo*, or Telephone News-teller, and is a journal with all the equipment of a

first-class newspaper. It has 7,000 subscribers in a population of 700,000, and carries the news of the world into the very homes of these subscribers at a cost of two cents per day. The transmission is effected by six "stentors" sitting in the editorial rooms, who, with strong, clear voices, speak carefully edited news of all the various kinds that fill the best daily journals, with advertisements interspersed between interesting items. From eight o'clock in the morning until eleven at night the News-teller is at work, the stentors relieving each other at intervals of ten minutes.

An examination of the daily programme shows that from 9 A. M. until 4.30 P. M., the time is divided into periods of generally half an hour, and that during each of these some subject, announced at the beginning of the day's work, is the sole topic of the stentor. At 4.30, however, there follows a concert of regimental bands, lasting two hours. From 7 P. M. to 9.30 P. M. is given to opera, a quarter of an hour after the first act being devoted to the latest intelligence, both foreign and domestic. Twice in the day astronomical time is announced.

There can be no doubt that such an institution is a marvelous novelty, interesting in its inception and its working, valuable to many who, for various reasons, cannot read the daily journals or visit the theater or opera. To such, as well as to the sick, the blind, persons who have to wait in doctors' offices, at barbers, at restaurants, etc., the telephone newspaper must certainly be a boon. As far as its general utility as a disseminator of news is concerned, however, it has its drawbacks. Busy men will not care to wait for a certain hour for a certain portion of the day's intelligence, when a short glance at a printed journal will give it in a moment. Granted that the telephone news-teller will transmit its news occasionally, several hours before the newspapers can reach readers, the business man will still ask: Is the game worth the candle?

As a curiosity, undoubtedly, the Telefon-Hirmondo is a noteworthy achievement and a striking indication of the progressive character of the days in which we live. But, although it is a boon to the few, it could scarcely suffice for the hurry and bustle of the practical life of our large cities. This probably is the reason why America, as yet, cannot boast of a similar news-teller. It may be questioned, also, whether the entertainment part of the Telefon-Hirmondo's programme while extremely valuable for those confined

at home, would be found to be popular with the many for whom a large part of the pleasure frequently lies in the concomitants of the music. We are interested in the success of such an experiment, but not jealous of Budapest.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

Recent reports regarding wireless telegraphy are not quite as sanguine as those of earlier in the season. At the outset Signor Marconi was made responsible for the assertion that messages would before long be flashed across the Atlantic and that messages sent from one station to another could not be intercepted or deflected in their journey. Mr. Marconi has just made good a part of this statement by the wonderful achievement of transmitting a message across the Atlantic. But the other part seems yet to be proven. The London Saturday Review says that, contrary to reports, wireless telegraphy in the recent manœuvres in the Mediterranean proved a "total failure." To continue, the Review says:

It was found impossible to prevent every signal from being obliterated by the interference of fully obstructive signals sent out by an invisible enemy. The same verdict is passed by the Italian navy on the attempts to use wireless communication in their manœuvres at sea. The signaling from the wireless station at Poldhu in Cornwall to the flagship Carlo Alberto in the Mediterranean, which has been advertised through the press as a perfect triumph, appears to have been, on the contrary, a deplorable fiasco; for the message of the Italian Embassy, received on September 9 off Cagliari, had in reality been sent off on September 6, and repeated fruitlessly many times. No one reading the published report would infer that this short message of ten words only had to be repeated over and over again, and for a period of an hour and forty minutes; and that all the replies were telegraphed back to England by the ordinary cable routes! Yet this is set forth with clear technical precision in last week's issue of the Electrician by Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, whose experiments for the Eastern Telegraph Company at Porthcurnow have been interfered with by the regular intrusion of the signals of the Wireless Telegraph Company. All the rubbish that has been written about privacy and freedom from interference is absolutely swept away by the simple narrative of facts. An ordinary coherer apparatus, with a 25-foot collecting circuit raised on a common scaffold-pole, or on a mast, taps the whole of the Poldhu signals. There is probably no place within 200 miles of the Lizard where they cannot be read off by any experienced telegraphist. Mr. Maskelyne points out how seriously they may imperil the ship signaling which is of some service to incoming liners.

This report will be read with some surprise by Americans and with considerable regret. Wireless telegraphy is, however, only in its infancy. Modern ingenuity is not daunted

by the failure of experiments, but takes new courage from defeat, and triumphs in the end.

THE TELEPHONE IN COUNTRY LIFE

Rev. E. P. Powell, in a most readable article in the *Christian Register*, brings out very vividly the changes that are being wrought in the social life of rural communities by the recent extensions of the telephone system. The telephone, he says, is now much more widely used by the farmers of our Northern States than by the city people, and in illustration of this condition he refers to one city in New York State with 60,000 people that has only one telephone for every six families, while in an adjacent rural township there are two hundred telephone subscribers in a population of only five hundred families. Through the telephone the farmer is enabled to know the prices of all his products and to make his bargains in a full knowledge of the situation, without the trouble of going to the towns. He is also enabled to make many of his purchases in the same way; but all this has reference to the economic side of the rural telephone service rather than the social side, and it is the latter that Mr. Powell especially dwells upon. "In my own house," he says, "my sons frequently play the violin for a group of a dozen or more families scattered over a radius of two or three miles. The music is heard as perfectly in the most remote house as in the nearest. In the same way the women of a circuit have established telephone tea parties. At a certain hour they sit down to their 'phones, drink their own tea, and distribute the gossip. We imagine that news is softened that goes over the 'phone. At any rate the town will lose its rapid gait, each person will have a hearing. Such a party requires no special dressing, no labor of walking nor waste of time. There is no reason why this sort of service may not cover much club work."

From Indiana word comes of the establishment of a telephone news service. Once each day the word "Attention" calls each subscriber to take his place at the 'phone. "Now set your watches or clocks; it is exactly 5 o'clock" Then follows a summary of the news of the day from all over the world. This is followed by a brief statement of local events, and then of market reports. The service covers a whole county, and is limited to exactly half an hour. When the time is up "Good night" closes the session.

These county telephone systems, it may be said, generally furnish service at rates that

seem incredibly small to city patrons of the telephone. It appears that in Ohio one dollar a month is a frequent charge for service covering an entire county.

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

Dr. Bode, director of the Berlin Museum, has written lately of the "American Peril" in art, and takes occasion to say that it is no peril at all. Much has been made abroad of the peril to Europe of impoverishment through Yankee competition. When it comes to the matters of art, however, Dr. Bode feels that there is little danger that Americans will impoverish Europe by the purchase and removal of art treasures, owing to the want of knowledge on the part of our captains of industry and multi-millionaires. The *Evening Post*, of New York, calls for the establishment, in view of this, of schools in the university extension movement for the "ill-informed rich." These people, it avers, accept nowadays opinions of dealers as expert opinions, when they actually know nothing about art, or are misguided by pretensions of ignorant friends, or are frankly the victims of trickery and fraud. It is well to distinguish in these matters between the American of to-day and of a generation ago. Men like Wm. T. Walters and Henry G. Marquand were collectors of art through intimate personal knowledge of its history and a more than superficial knowledge of its laws. This intimate knowledge is essential to a collector, or else he will fall into the sad plight of the gentleman who recently purchased the Massaranti collection from Rome. Rumor has it that he paid about a million for this complete assortment of paintings. Dr. Bode, whose authority no one will care to question, says that it would be hard to name a collection in Europe that is so void of good things as the Massaranti collection. The Italian government levied an export tax on it of \$8,000—so that its valuation of the collection, based on a 20 per cent. tax, was not over \$40,000. Again reference is made to Mr. Morgan's purchase of a Raphael which is said to have been offered to "all the great European galleries at a fraction of the price that he paid for it." Here are two recent instances in which it may be admitted that Americans have paid more than they should. Americans are perhaps liberal buyers, and they are quite apt to fall into the hands of Philistines and mountebanks, or to be so guileless as to be imposed upon by scheming vendors of worthless things. This is inevit-

able in a country like this where wealth is so rapidly amassed. When even the heads of museums of art are sometimes taken in by fraudulent wares, it is hardly to be expected that men without the first art instinct should not suffer in the same way. If the Massaranti collection is a fraud, it is a great misfortune to the owner—but costly as the experiment has been, he may have other millions to spend in proving that he has learned something since he spent the first one. He does not need to go to school with other millionaires to learn this.

A NEW PIGMENT Painting in oil is so old an art, and has been so highly developed, that one hardly looks in these days for any serious change of method in its application. We still apply it with the brush, as Van Dyck used to do centuries ago. The color is ground and mixed as it used to be, and, struggle as we may, we fail to equal the skill with which Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens, or the wonderful old masters of Italy applied the pigment to the canvas. The recent discovery of an oil pastel is, however, something new. Raffaelli, the impressionist, a Parisian artist who is not unknown to Americans, has discovered a method of preparing sticks of oil paint similar to the crayons used in pastel, which give new and satisfactory results in the making of pictures. Pastels, as most people know, are little chalk pencils of various color, compressed and held together so lightly that the least pressure on the canvas or paper leaves a trace of the pencil there. After application to the canvas, pastels are often manipulated with the fingers or with a "stump," as it is called, and gradations of color are thus effected. There is no method of coloring which is easier to apply, and none which is easier to injure. Sometimes a jolt will cause the insecure dust of the chalk to fall, so that it is not regarded as a safe or permanent vehicle for the expression of a great artist's ideas. The pastel has a peculiar softness and a delicate quality all its own, but being ephemeral, its charms are little known. When oil, on the other hand, is mixed with the color, the oil acts as a preservative and will last, under ordinary care, for centuries. To have found a means, therefore, of imitating the dry pastel with oil colors means something of permanent value, and, if all that is said of it is true, we shall have new charms added soon to the art of to-day. There is now an exhibition in Paris of paintings made by the new process. They are said to possess the radiant beauty of pastels with the permanency of oils. We have

yet to hear whether they possess one charm of oil paintings to which all other charms are subservient, that is the charm of transparence, which is the keynote of the true coloring, the richness and intensity of the undying work of the great old masters.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING FOR ARTISTS

Mr. Will H. Low contributes to the December Scribner's some reflections on the new Department of Art at Columbia University that deserve to be considered by the faculty of that important institution. The danger that lurks in all such attempts to encourage the academic pursuit of art training is that they afford to mediocre talent a certain unindividual proficiency of technical equipment, with the result of creating a body of artists often unendowed with the first prerequisite of undoubted temperament. Even the *École des Beaux Arts* of Paris has been attacked on this ground by advanced thinkers among French artists, some of whom have urged its abolition. The great influence of this school on the development of French art has been due to the encouragement it has afforded to the expression of individual temperament through research devoted to nature outside the walls of the academy. The influence and example of the men who thus sought truths of light and atmosphere in the open day has permeated all painting. It is to be questioned, however, whether that influence may not be better transmitted to the student directly in the workshop of the master rather than through the medium of an academy. The faculty of imitation is most strongly developed in the very young. The art student should, therefore, begin his training long before he reaches the university age. If after the preliminary training he has had in the art schools, or the studio of a master, the university is able to offer him further instruction in the theory and history of art, its work will be of value to him, but it should not attempt to replace this personal individual training that he must receive in early youth by academical instruction. The broad field of effort open to the university lies, however, in the direction of educating the public to a proper appreciation of art and a proper valuation of artistic effort. Many art students after completing their course of training are at present unable to earn a living in the practice of their art because of an unappreciative and unsympathetic public. If the result of Columbia's new departure is but to add to the number of those who are

thus striving fruitlessly for recognition in a world of Philistines, the good accomplished will be small. In all universities, in public lecture courses, and in all efforts toward popular education, there are opportunities for the creation and education of public interest in art that should not be neglected. The training of the artist may be relied upon to keep pace with the public demand for his works.

**ON A CERTAIN
CONDESCENSION
IN NEW YORKERS**

Traveling on the Century Limited some time since was a New York commercial "drummer," who had been boasting of his successful tour through all that wide expanse of territory that stretches between the Alleghanies and the Missouri River. Success and prosperity were written all over his beaming countenance and rotund figure—a success and a prosperity due almost wholly, as he confessed, to his cordial relations with buyers and dealers of the Middle West; yet as the train neared Albany a sigh escaped him and he exclaimed in the presence of several Western travelers, "Ah! Now we are getting back to God's country, gentlemen." This cool assumption, made so often by residents of the metropolis, that only dwellers on the Atlantic borderland are "made in the image of God," was recalled with some humorous side comments by his fellow-passengers as they emerged from the Grand Central Station and encountered a rabble of revelers returning from a "Devery picnic." Mr. Booth Tarkington relates a similar experience in the opening paragraphs of an interesting article on the social customs of the Middle West that appears in the December Harper's.

"I am sure, Mr. McWhirter," remarks a New York lady to a Western gentleman in her party, "that you are too broad-minded to resent what I am about to say. It is only that I have decided that my sons must go to Harvard, because at Princeton or Yale (McWhirter's alma mater was Princeton) they might be thrown in contact with Westerners."

With excellent temper and unyielding pride in his section Mr. Tarkington replies to this and similar aspersions on the people of the broad central plains of the American continent by giving a truthful and not too highly colored picture of their social life. He notes the absence of "professional society people" of the class that is conspicuous at Newport and Saratoga. The ease and freedom of social intercourse, the absence of pretension and exclusiveness, the genuine good fellowship

that prevails among people of widely varying fortunes, are all pointed out in this article. It is quite true that the silk hat and the dinner coat are less in evidence in Indianapolis than in New York; but so, too, is the liveried coat of the butler and the coachman. The simple manners of the West are not conducive to the growth of that spirit of flunkeyism that is the most unattractive feature of New York life. The plain men of New England and the Middle States, whose sons now dominate the business and social life of the West, carried with them few of the habits of luxury so conspicuous in Eastern society at the present time. Republican simplicity still survives in the West, although it may often be found coupled with the graces and arts of good breeding. Mr. Tarkington writes of his section *con amore*, yet he has not exhausted a theme that deserves fuller treatment.

**SMITHSONIAN
PUBLICATIONS**

The publication of the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution is an event of general interest, apart from the scientific value of the papers included in it. At no point does the government of the United States come in contact with so many learned and scientific societies as through the medium of this institution. The best and highest intellects of Europe examine its publications, and to many they form the standard by which to measure the intellectual progress of our government and people. Useful as the Smithsonian is in many directions, and capable as its administration is, it must be said that the Annual Reports of the Institution do not commend themselves to the critical as wholly admirable specimens of the bookmaker's art. There is a certain miscellaneous character to these publications, a want of editorial plan and clearly defined purpose in them, that impresses the reader as at variance with the scientific attitude and standing of the Institution. The variety of the contents would not be objectionable if they were better ordered and more conveniently arranged; but the sources from which some of the papers have been reproduced seem incongruous with the character of the publication. The reprinting of an article from St. Nicholas, and of others from popular magazines, seems hardly in keeping with the purpose of such a report. There is, moreover, an unevenness of scholarship and an uncertainty of authority in some of the papers reproduced that leave an unpleasant impression on the reader. In fact, the general

effect of the publication is one of hastiness and lack of discrimination in the editing—not a very trifling blemish in a collection such as this purports to be of scientific treatises. One might form a different ideal of such a work that included the preparation of an annual encyclopedia of scientific research and achievement, all of whose papers had been contributed by specialists of reputation, and all of whose statements had been verified by competent authorities. So conducted, the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution would be of exceeding value to the student; but it is to be feared that the preparation of such a work would be far too costly for the limited funds at the disposal of its director.

PEOPLE'S THEATERS IN RUSSIA

The Nineteenth Century for November gives an interesting account from the pen of R. E.

C. Long of a movement begun nearly a generation ago in Russia to provide the working-people of the cities and towns, and later of the villages, with innocent amusement. An unsuccessful beginning was made some thirty years ago in Odessa. Two years later Moscow opened its Everybody's Theater, differing from other theaters only in its low charges; but the first genuine workman's theater to be successfully established was in the remote city of Tomsk in Siberia. It was founded by the local society of Friends of Education. In 1884, aided by a liberal check from an uneducated but wealthy merchant, M. Valgunoff, an institute was founded to which was attached a small theater for workingmen. The experiment proved so successful that the revenue of the society was trebled, the theater doubled in size, and a museum and a number of classrooms added to the institute. The Neva Society in St. Petersburg was the next to engage in similar work. After a year's trial it was able to produce Ostrovsky's comedies by professional actors, and at the end of three years a permanent stone theater was built. This was pulled down in 1897 and a large building costing 300,000 roubles, and holding 1,500 people, was erected. In 1900 the society had a reserve capital of 174,000 roubles after paying all its debts. The manufacturers on Vassili Ostrof built the next workman's theater capable of seating 800 people.

The success of these and similar experiments under private management led the Guardians of Public Sobriety or temperance boards, founded by M. de Witte in 1894 to check the drink evil, to establish many similar

institutions in different towns and villages. Municipalities and provincial Zemstvos lent their aid to these institutions, and the movement spread far and wide until many hundred popular theaters were established under government aid and encouragement. Finally, in 1900, was opened the great People's Palace of Nicholas the Second, with its theater, libraries, lecture halls, and dining-rooms capable of seating 1,500 people.

The charge for admission to all such theaters is in proportion to the general poverty of the people. In the cities and towns, where wages are better than in the rural districts, a fee of four or five cents is exacted. In the villages one kopeck, about half a cent, is the standard price. The usefulness of this popular extension of government has been fully demonstrated. Intemperance, which has been for generations the most widespread evil of Russian life, has sensibly diminished in those communities where the theaters have been for some years established, and the monotony of peasant life during the long Russian winter has been greatly relieved. Although the people of Western Europe and America are not accustomed to look to Russia for progressive ideas in government, this feature of Russian paternalism might be imitated with good results in more advanced communities.

WINTER NATURE STUDY

Although winter is upon us with its full force, it must not be supposed that the lover of nature is condemned to idleness and ennui. The long evenings are a boon to him, for now is the time to examine collections, remodel them where necessary, correct classification when desirable. It is always advisable to look over such treasures carefully and critically, not merely for the purpose of study or of refreshing the memory, but to make sure that all is as it should be. There is no more delightful occupation for winter evenings than to go through the *hortus siccus*, the collections of butterflies, moths, beetles, spiders, land and fresh-water shells, and the like.

If the student of nature is the happy possessor of a microscope, he may spend hours profitably for himself or entertainingly for others with that instrument, which brings before him a new world and its wonders and mysteries. Preparations can be examined at leisure; material collected, but laid aside for want of time, can be mounted; cover glasses can be scanned with reference to security, and the cabinet of objects arranged according to

perfect classification. In fact, if it were not for these long evenings, we should indeed be in bad case. When outdoor life is possible, we are busy keeping pace with nature's "world's fair," and we need a cessation from activity in order to digest the pabulum we have accumulated.

But it must not be supposed, again, that winter is without its charm of outdoor observation. A ramble by wood and field is full of interest. Birds can be observed, perhaps, more effectively than in summer. Moreover, although the summer visitants are gone, others replace them in abundance. Let us take just one example of a ramble, and that a very commonplace one. Wander slowly through the trees of the wood on a bright day. Woodpeckers and nuthatches crowd around you, hunting insects in the crannies of the bark, keeping up their calls incessantly, as if they feared to lose each other; snow-birds flit across the path, examining every spray of withered herbage; meadow larks whistle around the edges of the fields; a butterfly, startled out of its winter sleep by a warmer gleam than common, darts down the sunbeam; a squirrel also steals out of winter quarters to visit some remembered hoard.

There are charms also for the botanist. What if flowers are gone? Seeds remain, and it is not uninteresting work to collect and identify seeds. Trees are bare skeletons, it is true, but the leaf-scars remain, the arrangement of buds, both of leaf and flower, can be noted with the pocket lens. The model upon which each denuded tree is built up can be studied, for each species has its own peculiarities. He who is gifted with the "observing eye," that most precious gift, will never lack abundance of material for observation, thought and study.

WINTER SPORTS

Of all seasons in the year, winter is the best for the social side of sport. At other times many games flourish and become "all the rage," but the mass of the people take but little part, except as observers. Winter breaks up the crowd and turns high and low, rich and poor, into the arena, each one bent on taking his part in the general rivalry. Skating stands first among winter's amusements. From the time when man first bound the shinbone of an animal to his feet and slid across the frozen lake this has been a universal mode of locomotion. And few sports are more healthy. The keen air is invigorating; the rhythmic motion is exhilarating, and the blood circles more rapidly from fresh air and excite-

ment. Moreover, muscles but little used on ordinary occasions are now called into action, to the great benefit of the physical well-being. It is, however, to be regretted that figure skating is not more practised than it is, for in this the body is far better trained than it can ever be by going straight ahead or circling round a pond.

Hockey on the ice is one of the best adjuncts of skating, if (mark the "if") you are on private grounds without any other companions than those engaged in the game. Quick action, perfect balance, and control are essential features of its requirements. Sleighing and tobogganing are enjoyable, and he who would appreciate the beauty and inspiration of swift motion cannot do better than try the latter, even though it be on a simple sled down a hill side covered with an inch of packed snow. The old folks may demur, but they will at least confess that few pictures are prettier and better to look upon than a band of children indulging in sport, their laughter, cheers, jests, and mockery filling the air with merriment. Snow-shoeing is essentially an American sport, but few dare indulge in it for it calls for annual practise; the art is a difficult one to attain, the exercise is violent at the best of times, and—well, disasters are degrading.

There is a movement to introduce the Norwegian skee, and from accounts which have appeared in several journals a pair of skees are very desirable aids to locomotion on snow-covered ground, while the feats of leaping are astounding. But you have to be skilful in the use of the unwieldy, but inexpensive foot-gear. Curling, that game which it is said none but a Scotsman can play properly, may invade this country, even as that "royal" game of golf has bewitched so many Americans. It is in every way a worthy importation, judging by some opportunities of seeing Scotch enthusiasm over it. Moreover, paterfamilias can indulge in it without loss of dignity. It is essentially a dignified game, but then, Scotsmen add dignity to anything.

Why is it, however, that the old-fashioned snow-balling match has gone out of date—the hastily-squeezed ball which went to its mark without injuring its recipient, not the hard pressed bullet which might kill? Is it that human nature cannot trust itself in the mimic warfare? Is it that there are no "records" to be made in its enjoyment? If so, if rivalry cannot be indulged in without a desire to injure or gain the supremacy, let rivalry perish. Sport, for sport's sake, ought to be the rule.

**MAGAZINE
ADVERTISING**

It is certain that the publishers of our magazines are not in the business, to use a slang but very expressive phrase, for the good of their health. No one who realizes the immense influence for good which these periodicals wield in the education of the nation would desire for one moment to deprive their enterprising owners of the smallest fraction of the profits which may accrue to them. But we may reasonably ask whether commercialism is not carried too far in the habit of which many are guilty—the placing of advertisements in the text of the book. Few things are more annoying to a lover of books than finding a whole page in the middle of an interesting article devoted, let us say, to the advertising some special shoe, or semi-digested patent food. At times, even, we find a page divided into three columns, the center one filled with the text, the side ones with advertisements of articles which not one in a hundred of the readers would dream of purchasing. It may be, it probably is, the case that advertisers who secure such a position pay a premium upon the usual charges, but is this sufficient reason why valuable matter should be disfigured? Is it probable that a reader interested in some able article will divert his attention from the subject to matter entirely foreign? It is certain that the art of advertising has become one of the most important in the conduct of business, but it is not reasonable that the art should be foisted upon the face of the literature of which magazines are such able exponents. Many questions of like nature might be urged, but one other will suffice. Is it fair to the subscriber to such periodicals to be compelled to have these things thrust upon him permanently, whether he will or not? Many persons desire to possess their magazines in permanent form and delight in a row of them on their book-shelves. It can be no additional pleasure in after days to see a copy of a book in the library interlarded with pages which are utterly useless and a positive disfigurement to the volume. Nor is the subscriber the only one injured. The presence of advertisements among legitimate matter of the magazine depreciates its value without increasing its usefulness; imparts to it a decidedly ephemeral character; and lowers its dignity to the level of the daily sheet whose final fate it may be to be wrapped around a pound of nails in some obscure country store. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when all reputable

magazines, of which no country in the world has so many to be proud as this country has, will relegate all extraneous matter to the part rightly devoted to it, and so leave us a body of permanent literature which can form an artistic, as well as valuable, record of the nation's progress and literary tastes.

**BEST
SELLING BOOKS**

It is a common practice with some periodicals to publish regularly a list of "best selling books." The very phrase is a suspicious one. From one point of view we may regard such a list as an indication of the public taste of the moment; from another we may suppose that it is a criterion of the relative values of the works mentioned. The first view may be right. The second is by no means a logical one. Moreover, in each case there underlies the action of the purchasers the fact that books nowadays are largely advertised, often extravagantly, and one is led to suspect that in this, as in many other things, there is an element of speculation—dropping a coin into a slot machine in the hope that we may gain a prize.

It certainly is not true that the fact that a certain book shows the largest sales in a given season, is a proof that it is the best of that season. Follow the story further, and you may find that the "record" book has dropped out of the running the next season, while one of the others, it may even be one not mentioned in the list, is creeping up slowly but surely, and when the observation is continued for, not a season, but a period of years, the favorite has been relegated to the shelves at the back of the book-store, while the other holds a worthy position in the sanctum of the book-lover.

The truth is that there is too great a desire to create a sensation, and sensations always attract crowds. Authors are not content to regard their progeny as objects of loving care and favor, to be molded for future glory and eternal service, putting into that molding all their best affections for their art and their fellow-men. They would rather be a meteor flashing through a November sky than a steadily gleaming planet that shines through the ages. There is, in fact, too much "pot-boiling," as painters are fond of calling one phase of their art. But "selling" is no criterion of the merit of a work; it is but the indication of a fad. It is a curious thing that the best works have grown into favor gradually.

Perhaps, after all, the best comment on this matter is the story of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The copyright was sold outright for five pounds sterling down and five pounds when an edition of 1,300 copies had been sold, together with a promise of two similar sums after the sale of two other such editions. That is, Milton received twenty pounds sterling for the selling of 3,900 copies. Multiplying by four gives us rather more than the equivalent in modern money value; and this amounts to \$400. And yet *Paradise Lost* was, and still is, and will remain so as long as English is read, one of the greatest works in the English tongue. Nay, Dryden, who had no mean opinion of his own merits, said: "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." Such lists as are alluded to here are indeed a melancholy indication of the commercialism which at present pervades the sphere of literature, in all its phases. There is no more fatal canker eating its way into the very vitals of art.

PUBLISHERS' PUFFS

These are the days of giant enterprises, such as damming up the Nile, harnessing Niagara, cutting canals between oceans; founding an immense department store, and financing a billion dollar trust which controls the manufacture of only one kind of material; pushing a newspaper until it has a daily circulation of half a million, and bringing out an edition of a hundred thousand copies of a book that has not been even read outside the publishing house. It is the last-mentioned undertaking that causes these reflections. How is it managed? Simply by means of publishers' puffs. Advertisements of the forthcoming work appear; the publisher's reader has examined the manuscript and discovered that the work marks a new era in literature, that the author is endowed with the quintessence of all genius and dramatic power, that he is veritably "the heir of all the ages." His history is published in detail, and his portrait is given in attractive half-tones; for, of course you cannot understand a book until you know thoroughly the personality of the writer. At least that is the inference. Now, it may or may not turn out that the book is all that the publisher says. The public, perhaps, in accordance with Barmum's dictum, accepts it on his recommendation, and demands for copies flow in magically. These demands are duly paraded before the world at large, and thus the advent of the work is heralded with such a blare of trumpets as would put to shame the approach of the most royal of royal processions. Really, this picture is scarcely exaggerated in a single point.

But all this is very undignified, from a literary standpoint, however it may sound from a commercial one. The publisher is a necessary and important official in the republic of letters, and his work should be for the good of the commonwealth. So long as that work is done adequately he has full security for the forthcoming of his salary. His duty is not to tell the public what they want, nor to proclaim the fact that he has the best article suited to their needs. The publisher's reader is not required to pass upon a work with a view of forming or directing public opinion. His function is fulfilled when, having gauged the tendency of public requirements, he decides whether the book in question is a safe investment for the publisher. The public and the public only are the final judges of the capability of a given book to satisfy the public need.

In this respect the positions of the publisher's reader and the reviewer are diametrically opposed. The first represents the interests of an individual, the second ventures to represent the body of expectant readers. Although each ought to possess the same high qualities of acumen, scholarship and literary perception, the one must regard the matter submitted to him entirely from the standpoint of value to the reading public, the other mainly from the commercial side as affecting an individual. While nothing can excuse the too frequent extravagant laudation of a work by those who send it forth to the world, figuratively to earn its living, nothing but praise ought to be given to a clear, concise and pointed summary of its contents, together with an intimation of its drift and the need it sets out to supply. Beyond this the trumpeter should not go.

THE VALUE OF METER IN VERSE

If we take poetry to be, along with other qualities not involved in these remarks, an expression of human thought in emotional and rhythmical language, it is painfully manifest that much which attempts to pass for poetry nowadays falls very short of the mark. One thing most certainly the study of Greek and Latin literature in former days inculcated. That was the necessity of scansion in Greek and Latin verse.

The old-fashioned "non-sense verses" were not useless in this respect, much as it has pleased some modern educationists to sneer at them. If quantity had been replaced by accent in the English language, that property of scansion is none the less necessary, although it appears to be greatly ignored as a qualifi-

cation of poetry. To realize this you have only to ask yourself how frequently you have to read over repeatedly a few lines of some modern so-called poem before your voice will fall into the rhythm, and how often, when you have caught that rhythm, and the current of thought and sound moves musically along, you strike some false meter which at once breaks up the harmony. It is evident that the prosody of the grammars of other days has been dropped out of the curriculum with these would-be poets, and that we are pushing into oblivion those technical terms which enabled us to enjoy to the full the old treasures of the sonorous verse of the Greeks and Romans. The iambus, the trochee, the spondee, the dactyl, the anapaest, are forgotten, and words, instead of being associated according to the standard measure, are massed together haphazard. The expression may be as emotional as you please, but rhythmical rarely. Emotional language, however, such is the force of unwritten law, if expressed without rhythm, is unpleasing if long continued.

It may be well in this connection, to ask whether a painter would attain success if he neglected the laws of light and shade; whether a musical composer's work would live if he violated the laws of key and time. Rhythm stands to poetry in somewhat the same relation as light and shade and key and time do to the respective arts which deal with them, and this is saying the very least. Now rhythm when reduced to law becomes meter. Just as form and color arranged in accordance with the law of light and shade make the charming picture; just as musical sounds associated according to the law of key and time adapted to the motif make the pleasing tune; so emotional language rhythmically arranged according to the laws of meter becomes the poem. There is a closer connection between painting, music and poetry than many would even suspect. To some painters and musicians the rendering of their conceptions in suitable form comes instinctively; and it is certain that the true poet also instinctively fits his meters to his expression. He will never seek to express sorrow in trochaics, nor sing in iambics the song of the summer zephyrs. By virtue of his poetic genius he feels that the music of the iambus is very different to that of the trochee, and that the dactyl expresses something very different to the anapaest. This instinctive feeling, however, incites him to analyze the modes of expression, and often he will arrange

the "feet" to form a measure to suit his own purpose. Each "foot" will be of true dimensions, perfect in accent, and the measure will be adapted to the motif. It is to this that we owe such modes as the ode, the lyric, the sonnet, the ballad, the epic and the majestic Alexandrine. The poet who is a poet and not a poetaster never forgets that metrical "feet" of standard dimensions are the stones with which he must build up the artistic dwelling-place of his thought and, possibly, his own monument. It needs but little study of the great poets of the English language to see the bearing of all this, and we may be assured that until some radical change takes place in that language the present laws of rhythm, as implied in meter, will hold good and be accepted as an essential in poetry, for they are founded in the genius of the English tongue.

THE SERIAL NOVEL

It would be interesting to trace out the history of the serial publication of novels. There probably was a time, nay, undoubtedly there was a time, when, the production of books being much slower and much more expensive, and the number of readers much smaller than at present, a novel issued in "numbers" was excusable. We know that some, now permanent, classics of the library were so published. Things are different to-day, and it is a fair question to ask whether, under present conditions, there is any reason why the serial novel should any longer be tolerated. The manuscript, complete even to the last word, is probably in the hands of the magazine editor long before the first instalment is sent to the press. Few, if any, authors write novels nowadays as Dickens did many of his.

Of all forms of reading, that of the serial novel is the most unsatisfactory. Novels are not like lesson books or golden treasures of meditations—marked out into daily portions for study. "Daily" did we say? Monthly, rather, or weekly at the best, the portions are to be digested. How many readers of serials would care to confess that they enjoy this periodical dose of excitement? How many would not rather say that by the time each instalment reaches them the previous one is only a very shadowy memory? In fact, the editors of magazines in which these instalments appear tacitly acknowledge this by supplying "synopses" of the previous chapters. In so doing they distinctly imply that the story, not the literary merit, is the thing to be considered. Who can gather up all the refinement

of a well-drawn plot and the evolution of a well-conceived character from a "synopsis?" The serial novel, in this light, is an offense to literature, for it is an impossibility to enjoy literary study from such "*dissecta membra*." It may be urged that this may come when we have the novel completed. That argument is weak, for few care to read a novel a second time, and fewer still would take the trouble to hunt out the chapters through a ponderous volume. And, moreover, the truth is that the novel is almost certain to be issued in compact book form some weeks, or even months, before the last chapter is reached in the serial. This process is manifestly unfair to the subscriber, for, if he knew the story was to appear in this manner, he would probably prefer to wait for it.

THE CULT OF
THE COOK BOOK

Charles Lamb, in that inimitable essay of his, *A Dissertation on Roast Pig*, avers, on the strength of the authority of a Chinese manuscript, that "for the first seventy thousand ages mankind ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day." This period, he also tells us, was designated by Confucius as a kind of golden age under the name of Cho-fang, or *The Cook's Holiday*. No future historian will so characterize the present age, for cooks to-day have but little holiday. In fact, they are forever adding to their work by devising new and ever newer methods of preparing our food. In one thing only are they at all conservative, for, although they are prolific in inventing new dishes, they rarely add a new element to the ingredients.

It would be interesting to know when primitive man first discovered that cooked food was more palatable than raw. It is to be feared, for the sake of Charles Lamb's accuracy, that it was before the age of his Ho-ti and Bo-bo, who lived near Pekin, then already grown into a considerable assize town, with a court of justice presided over by a shrewd judge. Mr. Lamb, however, has kindly disposed of the Ussherian chronology by allowing seventy thousand ages, so that we may ignore the precise number of years. Certain it is that the man of the Neo-lithic age, whenever that might have been, had learnt to cook food. Mr. Clodd assures us that the cave-men cooked their meat "by putting it on a rough spit, or direct on the glowing embers or red-hot stones, or by dropping the stones into water poured into

stone cavities, or into holes lined with clay or hide, and then popping in the meat when the water boiled," a method practised by American Indians well within the historic period.

What a marvelous advance was made, even up to the time of our great-great-grandfathers, who piled up the board with solid joints, both roast and boiled, with solid puddings and pies, not forgetting the wonderful pumpkin concoction! And the effect of this solid cookery was very manifest, for, "if we read Dan O'Connell aright, beef and plum-pudding made Britons fight." But what would our great-great-grandmothers say to the advances made since their day, short as is the period compared with the dim past? Fancy a Colonial Dame of Washington's time placed in one of our modern kitchens with all its array of utensils, including a bain-marie. Then take her into my lady's boudoir and show her the dainty silver chafing-dish, wherein can be prepared a savory or sweet omelette, or that indigestible *bonne-bouche*, a Welsh rarebit, potent to call up nightmares from "the vasty deep."

Time was when cooking recipes were handed on traditionally and were regarded as sacred heirlooms, only to be communicated to the most favored intimates; but now— On the shelves above this writing table stands a massive volume of 1,178 pages, filled with awesome directions for preparing dishes. The misfortune is that it is already antiquated. Every year sees some new cook book; nay, month by month, week by week, day by day, our cookery is improved. Magazines devoted to the culinary art multiply, daily newspapers are not complete without a column devoted to the ways of conjuring simple food-materials into dishes of mysterious flavor and questionable digestibility. How many ways of cooking eggs are there? would be a good question to put in a competitive examination of candidates aspiring to "housekeeping."

And to what is all this tending? We are becoming every day more accomplished epicures. Once upon a time, as all good fairy tales begin, man ate to live. Times are changed—man now lives to eat. Cooking has risen from the lowly position of a mere domestic operation, such as scrubbing, washing and darning, to high art with its own peculiar mysteries. We may not be able to equal the artistic genius of Phidias, but our wives and daughters can at least out-cook the chef of Pericles.

The Origin of Species in Sociology

By J. Collier*

Sociological species consist of family types, forms of government, industrial and ecclesiastical organizations, games and sports, manners and fashions, languages, sentiments and beliefs, philosophies and sciences, literatures and arts. They possess all the characters of vegetal and animal species, and have the same kind of reality. They transmit those characters from generation to generation. They yet develop in definite directions, from a less to a greater degree of perfection. They have a local habitat, even when it belts the world. They battle with one another for existence, and the fittest survive. They have likewise peaceful intercourse with one another, and exhibit all the phenomena of cross-fertilization. What concerns us now, they spring up as new species of animals and plants spring up. The law of constant variation in all species and in every organ is as operative in sociology as in biology. Some slight accidental or involuntary modification of an existing usage hardens into a practice, from individual and private becomes public and general, and in course of time assumes a shape wholly unlike its first form, and perhaps contrary to the intentions of its originator. We shall give a few examples from various branches of sociology:

1. The origin of the feudal system, as it has been infelicitously termed, was the crux of constitutional history throughout the last century. Reeves, the historian of English law, asserts that two statutes enacted by William the Conqueror definitely established it all over England. That is an example of the doctrine of special creations in history. No accredited writer would now express himself so loosely, but it is a specimen of hundreds of opinions that still prevail about the origin of social institutions. When the theory of special creations has been dislodged, its place is taken by the hypothesis of social deluges and cataclysms. The eminent German or Germanizing writers who have lately reconstructed the constitutional history of the Middle Ages—Waitz, Roth, von Maurer and Sohm, Freeman and Stubbs—explain the origin of sociological species as Cuvier explained the origin of animal species. Feudalism was the outcome of what a scholar like Brachet, with

the uniform development of the French language before his eyes, does not hesitate to call "the inundations of the fifth century." The invading Germans took possession of Gaul, England, Spain, and northern Italy as conquered countries. In each they found thousands of farmers in occupation of the soil. Exercising the right of eminent domain claimed by all conquerors, they confiscated the entire fee simple, and converted the occupiers into serfs. Certain usages, the benefice and companionship were transported bodily from Germany, and formed the pillars of the new social system. A whole set of national institutions was submerged, and a complete new set was founded on their ruins. To the anthropologist and the antiquarian this revolutionary theorizing has long been a stumbling block, and to the sociologist foolishness. The new school maintains, on the contrary, that there were no real invasions. Small commandoes (sometimes coalescing) filtered across the frontiers and slowly blended with the native populations. There were neither victors nor vanquished. The Germans came on the invitation of the Roman rulers, and were gradually Romanized. They scarcely changed the ethnical composition of the various peoples, but at the most reinforced the blonde, long-headed element. The political transmutation was slow and imperceptible. No new régime was founded. There were no radical changes in the status of persons or property. There was no expropriation. Nevertheless, between the fifth and the ninth centuries, a slow transformation of manners, usages, and ideas took place throughout western Europe. Founded by no public laws or degrees, but built up stone by stone as the result of hundreds or thousands of isolated private acts, turning insensibly into habits which were at length firmly rooted, that astonishing feudal structure was reared which it took the energies of a whole people to overthrow in 1789.

We can here follow this very complex evolution only along a single line. What was the origin of one of the most characteristic features of feudalism—medieval serfage? No article of the Digest, no law of the Codes, no account by any historian, records its birth. Serfage was

* Knowledge.

formed slowly, obscurely, and without being observed. It began as a slight variation of existing usages; its first rudiment was a tiny germ deposited in the bosom of ancient slavery? The late Fustel de Coulanges detected its rise in a brief statement made by an ancient Roman writer on agriculture. The voluminous Varro alleges that the master who was satisfied with a slave sometimes granted him a piece of land, together with a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle. Varro adds (and the addition is important): "bestow on him this boon; he will be the more firmly bound to your domain." This short reference contains in summary the chief rules of medieval serfage. The slave was allowed to live apart, to till the field that had been assigned him, to tend his flock or herd. He was still obliged to labor on his master's estate some days in every week; and this provision differences Roman serfage from Greek or German, but identifies it with medieval serfage, and seems to prove the affiliation. The rest of the time the slave, thus segregated from the troop, was his own master, he was to that extent a serf, no longer a slave, his plot was held by a tenure.

The serf, whose humble beginnings we thus witness, soon acquired a more defined status. The jurists of the second and third centuries mention the slave who pays a due to the proprietor, like a farmer. Ulpian even names him a quasi-farmer. The jurist Paul signalizes the slave who tills land at his own risk, and pays a rent fixed in advance. Two other jurists speak of a "lease of land" made to a slave.

The status of the individual was not changed. He was still legally a slave. He had no rights as against the master; the plot could at any time be resumed. At his death the owner did resume it. The slave's children could not inherit it. Nevertheless, the master found it to his advantage to leave the slave in occupation of it; he worked harder on land that was almost his own, and it yielded a larger return. When the slave died, it might be also to the master's advantage to leave his family in possession of it. The servile tenure would thus become permanent, and almost hereditary.

At the end of the third century a new step was taken. A fresh roll of all throughout the empire who were liable to pay the land-tax was compiled. Finding many slaves settled on land, and residing in houses by themselves, the enumerators enrolled them as *servi ascripti*—inscribed or enrolled slaves—the manifest ancestors of the "serfs ascribed to the glebe", or serfs of the soil, who bulk so largely in the

medieval rolls. To register them, though it may have increased their burdens, was to make a legal recognition of their status, and give them a title to the occupation of their land. The law took another step: it forbade a master to sell his slaves unless at the same time he sold the land which they cultivated, nor could he sell his land unless he sold his slaves along with it. A family of slaves was thus allowed to live for several generations on the land originally assigned to them; insensibly they came to be looked upon not as slaves of a master, but as serfs of the soil. It was a great advance. The serf had a house of his own and a family. He was almost a freeman, and might well believe that he was one.

2. How two radically different social species may branch out from a single stem is well illustrated by a century's growth of the British and the American constitutions. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century these two were substantially alike. The constitution of the United States is known to have been modeled on that of England, but less, as it might have been observed, in its practical working than as it was theoretically expounded. There were two visible differences, of no apparent magnitude, and from these two small variations descend a whole host of differences that have made the two constitutions as mutually unlike as are the constitutions of Germany and Russia. First, the American Executive and the Legislature were rigidly separated. This was partly intentional, but it involved the absence of the Ministry from the legislative chambers, and this was so far from being designed that, after the constitution came into operation, it was for some time debated whether Ministers should be present in either House. It was decided to exclude them, and the exclusion has reacted equally on the Executive and the Legislature. While the English Executive has gradually become the nation acting, and the English Parliament has been slowly transformed into the nation legislating, the Legislature and the Executive in the United States have year by year been drifting further away from identification with the people. The realization of abstractions has proved as fatal in politics as in philosophy. The Executive acts like an independent organ, and is sometimes (as under Johnson) in flagrant opposition to the popular will, or (as under Cleveland) in but partial sympathy with it. The Legislature has likewise developed along lines of its own. Occult and irresponsible standing committees have bit by bit wrested from Congress the

entire power of legislation. In 1790, to obviate some practical difficulties, the House of Representatives assigned the nomination of these committees to the Speaker. This innocent-looking provision made that functionary a true dictator, wielding a more absolute authority than the Czar while the committees may be compared, for their secrecy and autocracy, to the Venetian Council of Ten. A loyal American, Eugene Schuyler, defines the government of his country as an absolute and irresponsible despotism exercised, under the mask of constitutional forms, by half-a-dozen individuals—the President and two of his ministers, and the Speaker and two chairmen of his nominee committees; in fact, by two individuals.

Nor is this all; a second original variation has been as fruitful of consequences. The President of the Republic, the counterpart of the King, had necessarily to be elected, and the method of election gave rise to the nominating convention. The establishment and growth of this convention are held by so high an authority as E. L. Godkin to "constitute the capital fact of modern democracy in America." Yet there is no record of its origin. None of the earlier or later writers on the constitution allude to it. It was hidden from profound observers like Tocqueville. It came without observation and grew up in silence and darkness. Its influence was masked in the forties and fifties by the overpowering personalities of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, who seemed to thwart its behests, and were yet, all of them, its victims. During the excitement of the anti-slavery conflict it was but the minister of the popular will. After the war was over it rose into prominence and power. Step by step, it laid an iron grasp on all the machinery of government, and nominated the President, Vice-President, and the federal legislators, the governors and legislators and officers of the States. It was itself then transformed, and, having been omnipotent, it became impotent, surrendering its prerogatives to "the machine," which abandons them to the boss. In most of the States, and in all the larger cities, the boss is king. Here is a second metamorphosis which, together with the first, has made the working constitution radically different from the constitution on paper, and thus created a new political species.

3. The modern newspaper had a twofold origin. It was a continuation of the manuscript letters composed by professional gossips, and circulated in the provinces, as these letters were the expansion and regularization of family and coterie letters that had been circulated

beyond their first destination. It was also an incorporation of the placards from which people all over Europe derived their knowledge of trade, commerce, amusements, and the odds and ends of life. These soon acquired (at least in France) a vehicle of their own—a printed sheet that was circulated gratis or among subscribers, as merely advertising journals, like the North British Advertiser, were circulated forty years ago. In course of time the two were amalgamated, and together they formed the advertising and literary halves of the modern journal.

The part that placards or inscriptions played in the old Roman world is well known. They were the chief organ of publicity. There the emperors inscribed their rescripts, the Senate its laws, and the magistrates their decrees; on them the citizens witnessed their piety towards the gods, their devotion to their sovereigns, and their gratitude to their benefactors; religious corporations thus recorded their fulfilment of their vows, and private individuals registered their contracts. They were graven on brass, marble, or stone, according to their dignity or importance. Over 210,000 of them have been discovered, and by their means historians have revived the life and reconstructed the constitution, the laws, and the religions of the empire. On walls whitened with chalk more perishable memorials of the daily life of the people were traced. It would seem that, in order to create the Roman journal, some enterprising Renaudot (as happened in France) had but to copy and collect the posters of the day. No such evolution took place. Not till B. C. 59, when Julius Cæsar, who had just been elected consul, directed that the minutes of the meetings of the Senate and of the assemblies of the people should be daily placarded, do we find any evidence of the existence of a journal. The Roman Gazette was this poster reduced to writing. Educated slaves or freedmen, many of them Greeks—the ancestors of our reporters—went everywhere in quest of the news eagerly sought for by officials and citizens absent in the provinces. These, it is presumed, were the copyists of the official placards posted daily in the Forum by order of the first and greatest of the Cæsars. By means of the Imperial post the rolls were spread over the vast surface of the Roman world. They were greedily read, and were copiously used by naturalists and historians like Pliny and Tacitus. From fragments of it scattered through Latin writers, Hübner and Boissier have put together that

oldest of newspapers, as a naturalist builds up an extinct species. Now mark its evolution. At first solely a report of proceedings in the aristocratic and popular branches of the Roman legislature, as we may call them, it next included the letters and speeches of the emperors and the decrees of the magistrates. A semi-official portion, resembling our Court Circular, and mentioning such facts as Cæsar's refusal of a crown and the Imperial receptions on the Palatine, was speedily added. It was soon swelled by accounts of such portions and incidents as a shower of bricks in the Forum, the fidelity of a dog to its master, the suicide of a charioteer, public benefactions, births, deaths, marriages, and divorces—the last at the rate of one per diem. Meanwhile, the original *raison d'être* of the journal had disappeared. The assemblies of the people ceasing to be held, of them there could be no report. Then Augustus forbade the minutes of the Senate to be published. Thus the accessory portion of the journal became its sole constituent, and the original design of the Dictator was both defeated and transformed. Out of a bald record of proceedings had grown a fair similitude of the modern newspaper. The name changed with the thing. At first, The Acts of the Senate and the People, it became The Daily Acts of the Roman People, and was currently referred to as the Daily—diurna or journal. It lasted as long as the empire flourished, but it was an example of arrested development, and it died without leaving offspring.

4. Literary criticism is still a stronghold of the special-creation theory. So instructed a critic as F. Brunetière alleges that, at a determinable period, and, as it were, at a given signal, the sense of art entered into French literary productions and transmuted them. People wrote prose without art, like Comynes and Margaret; then, all of a sudden, they wrote it with art, like Rabelais. They composed verse naively, like Marot and Saint-Gelais; all of a sudden, like Ronsard, they composed it consciously and like artists. An accomplished dilettante, Th. de Wyzewa, presumably after Mr. Gosse, makes Lodge out to be the "inventor" of five distinct literary species. Similarly, the romance of real life is commonly believed to have sprung suddenly into existence with Defoe. There are sports in literature as among plants and animals, but the modern novel is a species with a long pedigree, which has been traced by a profound student of the English Renaissance—J. J. Jusserand. Its remote sources are the heroic romance and the

tale, and is issued from the fusion of the two. In Malory's famous work there is all that we now look for in the novel except living characters and psychological analysis. Yet of the latter there is a glimmering in a dissection of the passion to which the novel owes its existence—the first (says Jusserand) to be found in the prose romance. With Lyly we leave behind us the romance of chivalry and approach the romance of contemporary manners. In Euphues the characters have some resemblance to real beings. The tone of conversation is not unsuccessfully imitated. Lyly's opinions on men and life and his analyses of the feelings are ill-fused with the narrative and exhibit the awkwardness of a first attempt, but they are there. The hero of the story is the direct ancestor of Sir Charles Grandison and his numerous lineage; and he anticipates, on nobility, love, and the education of children, the ideas that Richardson lends to his characters. Lastly, Euphues is the earliest example of that literature of the drawing-room and the parlor to which the contemporary novel is the chief contributor. Lodge and Greene continue the development. Sydney's Gynecia is perhaps the first genuine creation in English prose literature. From this story Richardson borrows the name of Pamela and a romantic situation.

If Richardson is the lineal descendent of Lyly and Sydney, Thomas Nash is the direct ancestor of Fielding. He, first in England, narrated the history of the picaresque hero, who was born in medieval Germany as Master Reynard, grew up in Spain as Larazillo and Guzman, came to perfection in France as Gil Blas, and passed over to England as Tom Jones and Roderick Random. With his imaginary characters Nash (like Thackeray) mingles historical figures, and he describes real places and scenes.

Yet we cannot help perceiving that between Nash and Defoe a whole century lies blank. Shall we say (with Jusserand) that there was only an interruption of fecundity, or (with Brunetière) that there was a breach of continuity? Like the Australian River Darling, some of whose branches flow underground for hundreds of miles, and come to the surface at long distances only by means of artesian bores, the spiritual germplasm unwinds its chain through silent generations or centuries, embodying itself at rare intervals in some individual or production which is not so much the descendant of some earlier production or individual as, like them, the outcome of a common line of development,

Contemporary Celebrities

AN AMERICAN VICE-QUEEN

During the coming Durbar at Delhi, India, on January 1st and for the week following it, an American girl will be, in all probability, one of the most conspicuous women in the world. That woman is Lady Curzon, the Vice-Reine of India, who was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, of Chicago. Lady Curzon has borne well the high honors which her husband's exalted position has brought her. In official distinction she is second to no other woman in the British realm except Queen Alexandra. In India she is virtually queen, and the homage paid to her is hardly less than that which is paid her London sovereign, while if the semi-barbaric magnificence and gorgeous official display of the Durbar make for regality she will be, during the first week in January, among the most regal women in the world.

When Lord Curzon assumed the responsibilities of Viceroy, succeeding Lord Elgin, he found himself confronted with many problems of great difficulty, not one of the least of which was the social status of his court. In this matter Lady Curzon gave great assistance, and by insisting upon the utmost respect, and the strictest

official etiquette, she has maintained a plane for the conduct of the realm's social affairs so high as to be above criticism. When all India was suffering from the effects of the terrible famine of a few years back, she came to the aid of the famished districts with the

Leiter millions, and pouring in her wealth like water, relieved much suffering. Besides, the Vice-Reine had herself inoculated, and modestly, anxiously, mixed freely among her suffering subjects (for they are that in all but name), and participated in the hospital and relief work. Lady Curzon is well educated and is accomplished. She is an exceptionally clever linguist, well read, and a brilliant conversationalist. Beautiful, gifted, beloved of her countrymen, happy in her domestic life, Lady Curzon is indeed a woman of whom Americans may feel proud and to whom they may



Courtesy of N. Y. American and Journal
LADY CURZON, VICE-REINE OF INDIA

point as typifying both the American democracy and that true aristocracy which ever belongs to nobility of character. But is it not a sidelight upon the increasing democracy of the world when a typical representative of the most democratic country on the globe is seen in the light of such regality?

Pre-eminent amongst the Israelites of America stands Dr. Henry Pereira Mendes, minister of the ancient Spanish and Portuguese Congregation Shearith Israel—the oldest Jewish ministry in America. Dr. Mendes was born in England and was educated at the University College, London, where he was distinguished by the brilliant stand he took. He studied for the ministry, and in 1873 officiated for the first time. The next year he took charge of a new congregation formed in Manchester,



Photo by Bradley

REV. PEREIRA MENDES

England, and three years after came to America, having been invited by the Congregation Shearith Israel. He was appointed rabbi at once, and assumed also the duties of Reader, that official having fallen sick; these two positions, usually held by as many men, were confirmed to him as a permanency. Dr. Mendes at once set about that work of congregational and charitable organization which has placed him as the leader of Jewish orthodoxy in America. His classes for the study of the Hebrew language and history

have had marked success. In 1880 he helped found the Training School for Nurses in New York, and in 1884 started the movement which resulted in the erection of that splendid memorial to Sir Moses Montefiore—the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids. In 1886 he was a prime factor in the establishment of the Jewish Seminary in New York, himself becoming its Secretary for some time. He also became its Professor of History, and later President of the Board of Trustees. He has held numerous other positions of honor, among them that of Secretary to the New York Ministers' Association, to the New York Branch of the Alliance Israelite Universelle, to the Board of Jewish Ministers for twenty-five years, having recently become its President; President of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of the United States and Canada; Founder of the Jewish Endeavor Sabbath Services; and one of the Board of Editors of the Jewish Encyclopedia. In 1884 Dr. Mendes was selected to open the Senate in Washington with prayer, and that same year graduated as a Doctor of Medicine from the University of the City of New York. In 1892 he was appointed Grand Chaplain of the State of New York, F. A. M., being the first Hebrew ever to receive this distinction. Dr. Mendes's writings include The Hebrew Primer, Hebrew Grammar Notes, The Bible Ethically Presented, Jewish Hymns for Jewish Schools, England and America, Looking Ahead, Esther, Judas Maccabeus, Why I Am a Jew, The Solution of War, Historical Judaism, Lifting the Veil, and minor works. He is one of the founders of The American Hebrew, a Jewish weekly. There is perhaps no Hebrew in America who is more respected or better loved than is Dr. Mendes.

THE KRUPP DYNASTY

With the death in Berlin about a month ago of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, the wonderful Krupp dynasty, at least the male portion of it, has passed away. The dynasty was not a long one. It began with Friedrich, the grandfather of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, the man who has just died. This hard, unlettered man founded the dynasty, dying about 1830, and leaving to his son Alfred his modest fortune and a stubborn persistency. Alfred was the true founder of the present Krupp works, starting with a small workshop and two assistants. The Crystal Palace Exposition in London in 1851 brought the first recognition to the Krupp steel works. He had succeeded in casting huge blocks of finest steel and orders poured upon him. The plant pros-

pered, grew, absorbed other plants, and finally Krupp became so wealthy that he owned his own ore diggings and coal mines. Then Alfred turned his attention to the manufacture of arms and armor plate. There were many, long continued, failures, but the grim German persisted. Finally success came, and it was the Krupp guns no less than Von Moltke's prestige that won the brilliant victories of the Franco-Prussian war. When Alfred died he left a fortune of \$17,500,000; he had started with two workmen. Essen he left a city of 100,000 inhabitants; when he started the Krupp works it had 10,000.

Friedrich Alfred, the last of the Krupp ironmasters, inherited his father's enormous fortune, all the steel works and the mines. He also inherited his father's inventive genius, love of work, and determination. Friedrich was a wonderful manager and a most astute judge of men. He collected around him the ablest workmen that he could find anywhere, the matter of payment being of no consideration to him. It is interesting to note that there was almost perfect sympathy between employer and employee and that trades-unionism is almost unknown in Essen. The differences which occasionally arose were always arbitrated. Following the example

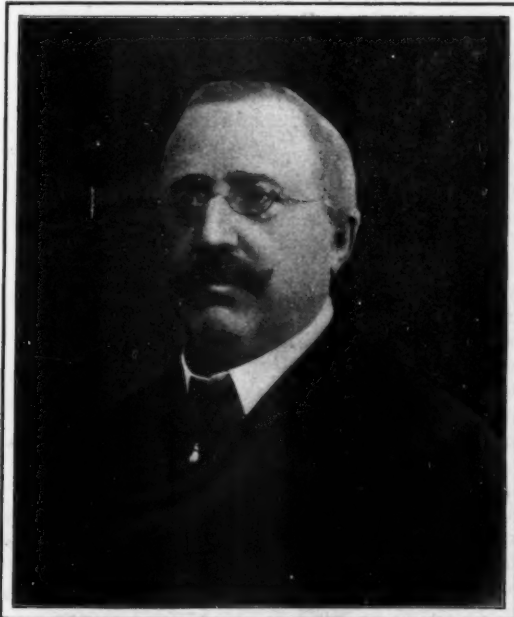


Courtesy of Harper's Weekly

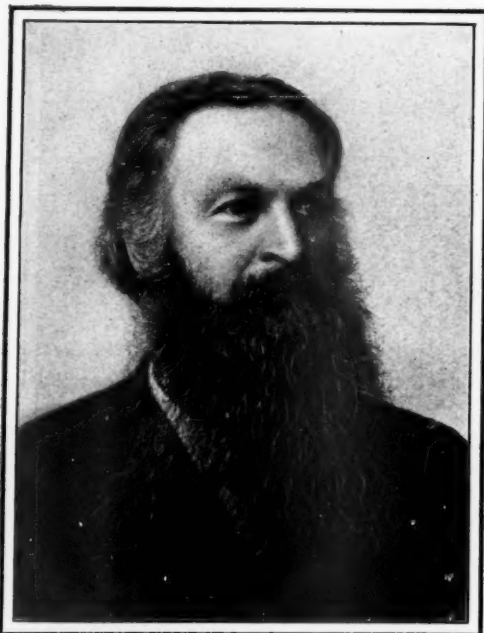
ST. LEO STRACHEY, EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR

set by his father, Krupp held himself free to sell the products of his gun works to any country that would pay for them, always excepting France, Germany's old enemy. It is true, however, that the present Kaiser, through his influence with Krupp, retained for Germany's exclusive use a greater portion of the Krupp productions than the government had secured during Alfred's lifetime. Friedrich Alfred Krupp was delicate in body and so became something of a traveler, the Essen winters being too severe for him. While traveling in his yacht he became interested in deep-sea exploration, and before his death had amassed one of the finest collections in existence.

Mr. St. Leo Strachey, the editor of the London Spectator, has just paid his first visit to the United States, and it would be hard to find anyone to whom Americans could more gladly give a hearty welcome. As editor of one of the most famous journals of the world, Mr. Strachey has been one of the most consistent and unchanging friends which the United States has on the other side of the water. And this friendship is to be prized the more highly because of the prestige and prominence which Mr. Strachey enjoys in England. Just, broad and forceful, he is accounted among the ablest editors of the British realm, and certainly he is one of the most influential. The disinterestedness of



THE LATE FRIEDRICH ALFRED KRUPP



Courtesy of Dr. P. Fishugh

DR. ADOLF LORENZ

his point of view and the purity of his motives are not questioned, and Mr. Strachey enjoys to-day the admiration, the respect and the confidence of the English-speaking public.

DR. ADOLF LORENZ

The interest taken by the public in the professional visit to this country of Dr. Adolf Lorenz, of Vienna, is an indication of a great humanitarian interest in this country and a matter of congratulation. Dr. Lorenz was called over by a wealthy American to perform an operation on his little daughter, to correct congenital dislocation of the hip. Having performed this operation—which might more correctly be styled manipulation, since Dr. Lorenz's work is bloodless—the famous physician has remained in this country giving clinics and treating, as an act of charity, whatever cases have been brought to his attention. Dr. Lorenz was at one time one of the principal exponents of what has been termed the bloody method of treating congenital hip diseases, and the results obtained by Lorenz of Vienna, and Hoffa of Wurzburg, made profound sensations in the world of surgery. This method included actual operation, incision, and it was accepted as the best known to science. But Dr. Lorenz himself became dissatisfied with this "bloody" method, and after

the closest investigation and analysis of its results, abandoned it for his now famous bloodless method. This method is described as "the forcible stretching of all the soft parts about the hip, sometimes even to the breaking of the skin (which is rare), until the head of the bone can be brought to the place where the socket should be." Bandages, plaster of paris, or other appliances are then used to keep the bone in place, until a socket can form itself about its head.

Dr. Lorenz has been particularly successful with this method of which he is the ablest exponent. The method has been known to medical science for about ten years and has been used during that time in Europe and America with varying success. The debt which posterity may owe to the patience, science and skill of this eminent Viennese is scarcely conceivable.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

From the comic opera stage, from Koko in the Mikado to Brutus in Julius Cæsar, from the man willing to take any part in almost any play to the foremost actor in America, this is a connotation at once upon the vicissitudes of life and especially upon the career of Mr. Richard Mansfield. His first real success came with the assumption of the rôle of Baron Chevrial, which was supposed to be a minor character in The Parisian Romance. This was in the days of A. M. Palmer's Stock Company. The success was as instantaneous as it was unquestionable. Baron Chevrial became one of the greatest characterizations upon the American stage. The first appearance of Mr. Mansfield as a star was as Prince Karl, in 1886. Since that time a wide range of plays give evidence to the versatility of his art, the seriousness of his purpose, and the greatness of his genius. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Beau Brummel, Don Juan, Nero, Arthur Dimsdale in The Scarlet Letter, Shylock in The Merchant of Venice, Capt. Blumsehli in Arms and the Man, Napoleon Bonaparte, Eugen Courvoisier in The First Violin, Cyrano de Bergerac, M. Beaucaire, King Henry V., and this last, Brutus, in Julius Cæsar. In all, during the period of sixteen years, he has assumed twenty-one rôles of diverse character and intensity.

There is no other actor on the American stage who even approaches Mr. Mansfield in the work which he has done. There is no other actor in America, and probably not more than three in all the world, who possess his scope and power and versatility. He has attempted and succeeded in all sorts of plays—the comic, the romantic, the realistic and the tragic. As one

calls up a memory of the characters in which one has seen him, one sees a strange procession of kings and beggars, poets and murderers, of dandies and tyrants, of soldiers and gentlemen. Mr. Mansfield, does, indeed, stand high upon the summit, and for his equal one must summon up such names as Forbes Robertson, Sir Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree.

AN ARTIST- PHOTOGRAPHER

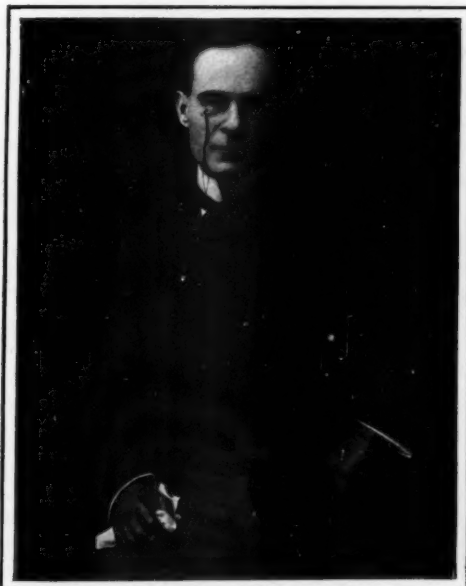
For a woman to succeed in professional life is still, for all the betterment of woman's chances in the business world, a result marked more by its unusualness than by its frequency. Therefore it is all the more remarkable when a woman makes a success in her business or profession when she has done so by departing from the old lines and making innovations. Miss Zaida Ben-Yusuf's success as a photographer is due in a large part to her having done this very thing—to her having struck out along new paths in commercial photography and dared to carry out in her business her ideals. The photography of Miss Ben-Yusuf is artistic in the extreme: her success is probably due to this. Of a thoroughly artistic temperament, the photographer brought to her work the enthusiasm, the imagination, the ideals of an artist. Miss Ben-Yusuf dares to make photographs which have an artistic value. They are much prized. She is one of the few women (and indeed there are scarcely



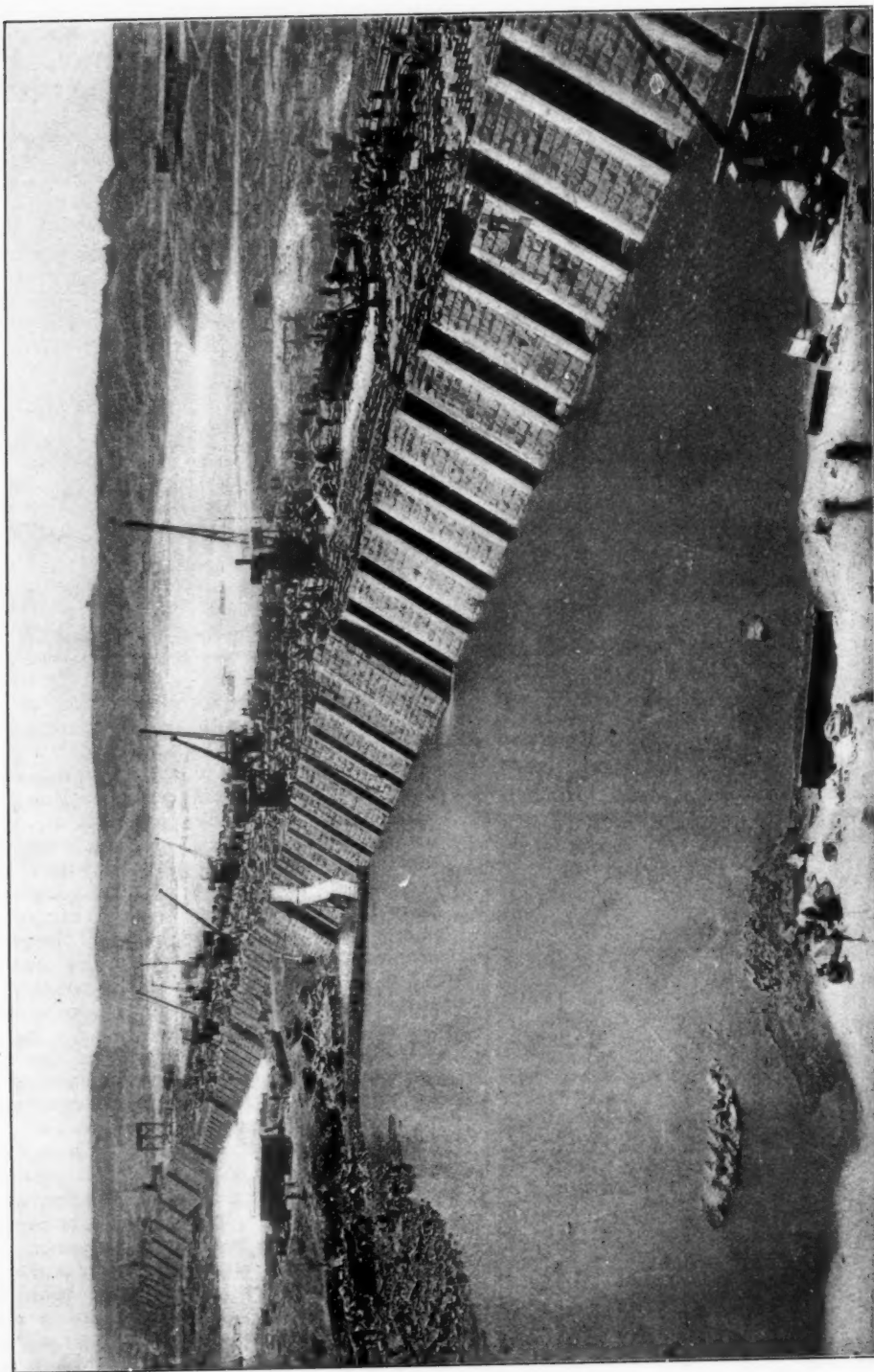
MISS ZAIDA BEN-YUSUF

more men) who treats each piece of work as an artistic possibility. The soft tones, shadowy outlines, and exquisite detail of her photographs speak of an art conception rather than of a mechanical process. Miss Ben-Yusuf was born in England, but all of her photographic work has been done in America, she having come to this country at the start of her career. To her studio, which is suggestive more of the artist's workshop than of the photographer's, have come many of the prominent men and women of public life, and her exhibitions, given not only in this country, but in the larger cities abroad, have drawn forth unstinted praise from critics.

In the work of Miss Ben-Yusuf one thing comes out above all else—how far photography has drawn away from the mere reproduction of likeness and has approached real art. In the management of shadows and high lights, in the treatment of subject with regard to artistic appropriateness, in the very mechanical processes, photography has taken great strides. The effect of this has been far reaching. In many ways it has acted and reacted upon art. Its influence upon such a thing as book illustrating has been great. On the other hand, studying the methods of the old portrait painters, the modern photographer is pushing hard the modern painter of portraits.



RICHARD MANSFIELD



Courtesy of The World's Work.

THE ASSOUAN DAM WHEN HALF COMPLETED

The Great Nile Dam at Assouan

A Wonderful Feat of Engineering

The building of the great Nile dam is by far the greatest achievement of the kind ever produced. Its completion is at once a triumph of engineering and a political and economic event of the first magnitude. The bare figures in the case will convey something of the vastness of this undertaking. A writer in the Scientific American thus speaks of the facts:

The Assouan dam is not a solid wall, but is pierced with sluice openings of sufficient area for the flood discharge of the river, which may amount to 15,000 tons of water per second. There are 180 such openings, mostly 23 feet high by 6 feet 6 inches wide; and where subject to heavy pressure when being moved they are of the well-known Stoney roller pattern.

The total length of the dam is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles; the maximum height from foundation, about 130 feet; the difference of level water above and below, 67 feet; and the total weight of masonry over one million tons. Navigation is provided for by a "ladder" of four locks, each 260 feet long by 32 feet wide.

The masonry of the dam is of local granite, set in British Portland cement mortar. The interior is of rubble set by hand with about 40 per cent. of the bulk in cement mortar, four of sand to one of cement. All the face work is of coarse rock-faced ashlar, except the sluice linings, which are finely dressed. This was steam crane and Italian masons' work. There was a great pressure at times to get a section completed before the inevitable rise of the Nile, and as much as 3,600 tons of masonry was executed per day, chiefly at one point in the dam. A triple line of railway and numerous trucks and locomotives were provided to convey the materials from quarries and stores to every part of the work. The maximum number of men employed was 11,000, of whom 1,000 were European masons and other skilled men. Mr. Wilfred Stokes, chief engineer and managing director of Messrs. Ransomes & Rapier, was responsible for the detailed designing and manufacture of the sluices and lock gates; 140 of the sluices are 23 feet high by 6 feet 6 inches wide, and 40 of them half that height; 130 of the sluices are on the "Stoney" principle with rollers, and the remainder move on sliding surfaces. The larger of the Stoney sluices weigh 14 tons, and are

capable of being moved by hand under a head of water producing a pressure of 450 tons against the sluice.

There are five lock gates, 32 feet wide, and varying in height up to 60 feet. They are of an entirely different type from ordinary folding lock gates, being hung from the top on rollers, and moving like a sliding coach house door. This arrangement was adopted for safety, as 1,000,000,000 tons of water are stored up above the lock gates, and each of the two upper gates is made strong enough to hold up the water, assuming the four other gates were destroyed.

This is stupendous in its suggestion. The value which will accrue to Egypt, the wonderful development which to that country is bound to come, are, however, even vaster. Chalmers Roberts, in an article in *The World's Work*, gives a very good idea of this, together with something of the romance and labor of the building of the dam:

The wonderful success which has so far attended the British occupation of Egypt in the financial, educational, hygienic, military, and also the general political branches of the government is to be extended to its great engineering schemes. The new Egypt, whose rise has been so strange and unexpected, is about to leave a record as monumental and material as any for which old Egypt is famous. And this achievement in its manifold phases has come under the supervision and should lie to the credit of the man who has made modern Egypt what it is. In a recent address upon the great dam at Assouan, the constructing engineer, Sir Benjamin Baker, said: "When the rotten rock in the bed of the river was first discovered I told Lord Cromer frankly that I could not say what the extra cost or time involved by this and other unforeseen conditions would be, and that all I could say was that, however bad the conditions, the job would be done. He replied that he must be satisfied with this assurance and would say that the dam had to be completed whatever the time and cost. With such a strong man at the head of affairs, both engineers and contractors—who are often suffering more anxiety than they care to show—are encouraged, and works however difficult have a habit of getting

completed, and sometimes, as in the present case, in less than the original contract time."

The world, which has always heard of the granaries of Egypt, seldom realizes that the 400,000 square miles of Egypt are, all but 10,500 square miles, arid desert. The narrow ribbon-like strip of arable land upon either side of the Nile is barely as large as Vermont and Rhode Island put together. A visitor to Egypt can see directly across the whole of the cultivated land from the edge of the desert on one side to great opalescent sand-hills on the other. For years engineers in the Khedival service, particularly the engineers of the English occupation, have urged the building of reservoirs that would give a system of irrigation to Egypt not wholly dependent upon the uncertain Nile floods. It was agreed that the natural advantages of the Assouan site, six hundred miles above Cairo, with its bed of granite beneath the river, the high granite banks on either side, and the inexhaustible supply of stone near by, offered advantages not

equaled elsewhere. The plans which were soon made were unique. No dam for irrigation purposes, or indeed for a permanent reservoir, had ever been made on a river the size of the Nile. This, too, was to be both a dam, a bridge and a waterway—a rare and difficult combination. It would be useless to try to confine the Nile in flood, and therefore the river must have right of way to run unimpeded through the dam during several months of the year. The dam is for use when the flood subsides, but while it is still too high for irrigation purposes. The dam will hold the water for use in the parching summer. Therefore the structure has been divided into a large number of piers, with openings that

can be closed at will by gates. Each pier must be capable of supporting its own weight and the pressure of water against the adjoining sluice gates, and the piers must be able to pass the torrent without damage. As the velocity of the escaping flood water will be very great, the piers are enormously massive. Locks for steamers and other craft navigating the Nile are nearing completion on the west side. Already camel trains and desert caravans are marching over the broad top of the dam, and on December 9 the Duke of Connaught formally opened the dam.

As the particles of soil contributed to the

river by the wash of the mountains and hills in Abyssinia enrich the fields, the dam is so designed that the water released daily for irrigation will be drawn from near the bottom of the reservoir. Egyptian farmers ask always for "red water"—far richer as a fertilizer than clear water. In the autumn, after the silt-laden water has passed, the sluice gates will be closed gradually until the reservoir is full. This



Courtesy of The World's Work.

THE TRADITIONAL IRRIGATION METHOD. FOR CENTURIES THE EGYPTIANS HAVE RAISED WATER FROM THE NILE WITH PRIMITIVE WHEELS

will be in January and February. From April to the end of August, when the Nile runs low and the demand for water for the crops is at its highest, the gates will be systematically opened and the summer supply of the river supplemented by stored water from the dam.

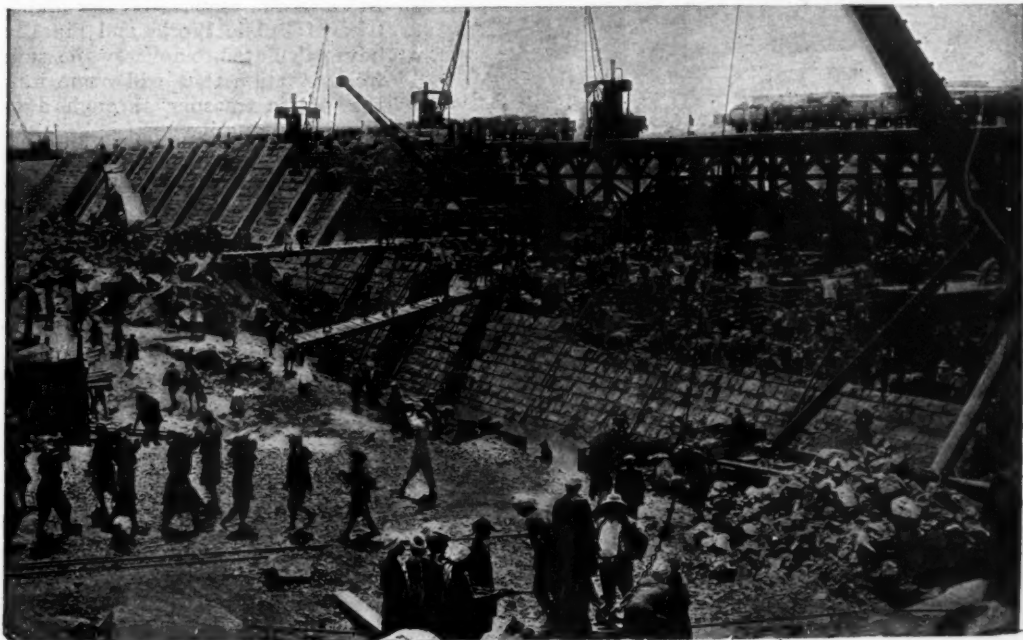
It is estimated that this irrigation will add 2,500 square miles of arable land to Egypt, and that the permanent benefit resulting will reach \$100,000,000. There will be added to the revenue from the sale of water and from taxation on the irrigated lands £2,000,000. The government will further realize considerable sums from the sale of reclaimed public lands and indirect revenues traceable to the country's augmented producing capacity.

Egypt is virtually rainless, but wherever the Nile water can be regularly supplied to the soil, the most bountiful crops follow, which, like cotton and sugar, command high prices because of their excellence. With a reliable water supply, farming in Egypt can be pursued with practically certain success. Four or five hundredweight of long staple cotton per acre may be expected, which, owing to its excellence, easily sells for two cents a pound more than American cotton sells for, which in its turn does not average two hundredweight to the acre. Even with the general depression of sugar in the world's markets, Egyptian agriculture is confident of obtaining similar advantages for its cane products.

It is very difficult to bring to the average mind any comprehension of the magnitude of this scheme. It is useless to tell most people that the reservoir at Assouan will contain 1,000,000,000 tons of water. This reservoir, according to Sir Benjamin Baker, will hold more than enough water to make one year's full domestic supply to every city, town and village in the United Kingdom with its 42,000,000 inhabitants. During the three or four summer months when the Nile is low and the needs of cultivators are greatest the flow from the reservoir will be equivalent to a river

double the size of the Thames in mean annual flood condition. No one who has ever seen the century-old irrigation machines along the Nile by which the water is lifted on a bucket and pole system, or by an oxen-driven chain of buckets, can fail to recognize the advantage of this increase in water supply. The watering of an acre of land means raising by manual power about 400 tons of water to varying heights up to twenty-five feet. Four or five waterings are required to raise a summer crop. The great Nile reservoir and dam at Assouan, the Barrage at Assiut, and various supplementary distributing canals are designed to supply in summer a larger volume of water at a higher level in the canal, so that not only can more land be irrigated, but labor in lifting water will be saved.

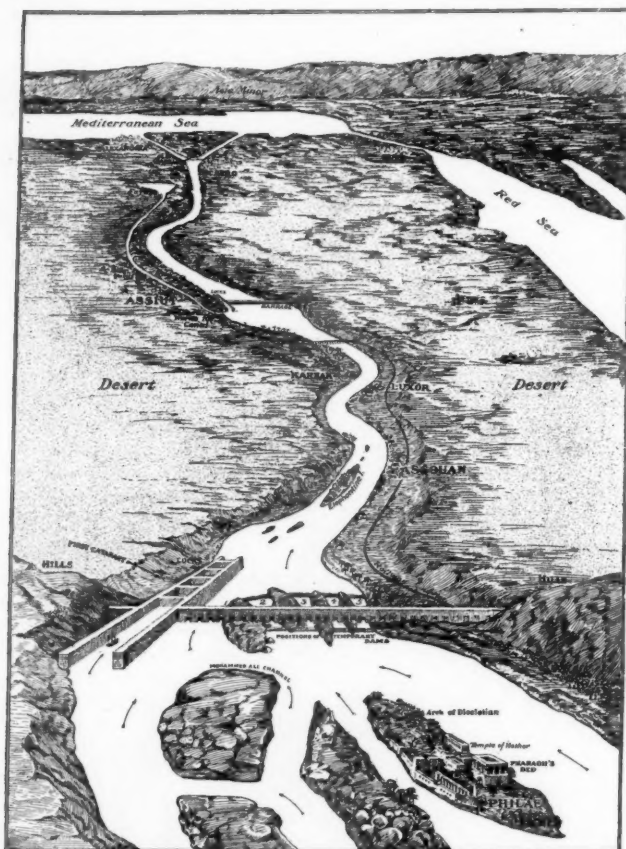
The total length of the dam at Assouan is about one and one-quarter miles; the maximum height from foundation is about 130 feet; the difference of level of water above and below is 67 feet; and the total weight of masonry over 1,000,000 tons. Navigation is provided for by a ladder of four locks, each 260 feet long by 32 feet wide. No practical man standing on the edge of one of the cataract channels, hearing and seeing the apparently irresistible torrent of foaming water thundering



Courtesy of The World's Work

THE MODERN IRRIGATION METHOD

THE GREAT NILE DAM AT ASSOUAN



Courtesy of The World's Work.

MAP SHOWING THE ASSOUAN DAM

down, would regard the putting in of foundations to a depth of forty feet below the bed of the cataract in the short season available each year as anything but an appalling undertaking. On February 12, 1899, when the foundation stone of the dam was laid, it was planned that the work should be completed by July 1, 1903. It is greatly to the credit of the contractors, Sir John Aird & Company, that they have finished before the contract time. The dam is built of granite ashlar, much of which has been quarried from the Assouan side of the river, coming from the same ledges that furnished the obelisks now standing in London, New York and Paris.

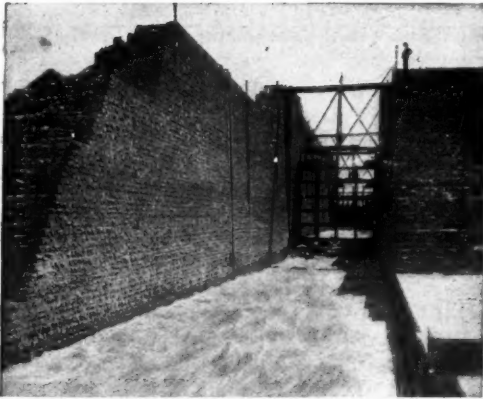
The government let the contract for this work without advancing a single pound—a testimonial to the soundness of Egyptian finances. After the work is completed they are to receive \$800,000 a year for thirty years,

aggregating about \$24,000,000. This is a long credit, and its present actuarial value cannot be much in excess of \$10,000,000. Indirectly, the fact that English capital has furnished the money, and that English engineers, surveyors and contractors have carried out the work, points to Great Britain's intention to retain indefinitely her present position upon the banks of the Nile.

Here will be created in the heart of the African desert a lake having two or three times the superficial area of Lake Geneva in Switzerland and throwing back water for a distance of 140 miles, crossing the Tropic of Cancer and extending a goodly step on the way to Wady Halfa. It will be controlled by scientific precision, so that the impounded flood may be turned into distant channels at will. The engineers have estimated the exact cost of the dam, and have computed almost to the gallon the volume of water that will be imprisoned and the necessary resistance to be provided at every point of the masonry. In Cairo the experts of the Ministries of Public Works and Finance have calculated to a nicety the sum from taxation that will come into the public treasury through augmented productiveness.

Subordinate to the great dam a smaller one, not unlike the Barrage at the apex of the Delta, ten miles to the north of Cairo, is to be made at Assiut, to give a sufficient head to force water into the system of irrigation canals that water thousands of acres between Assiut and Cairo. The completion of the old Barrage above Cairo (it was begun by Mehemet Ali Pasha from the plans of a French engineer, but was not made effective till England took the country in hand) so developed the cotton culture as to add to the public revenue of the country at least \$10,000,000 annually. It may be safely concluded, therefore, that the Assouan reservoir is but one of a series that will be constructed southward to Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Mr. Frederick Penfield, former United States Consul General in Cairo, who has become such an authority upon Egyptian subjects, says of the enterprise: "Successful in an unexpected degree in augmenting the population of the

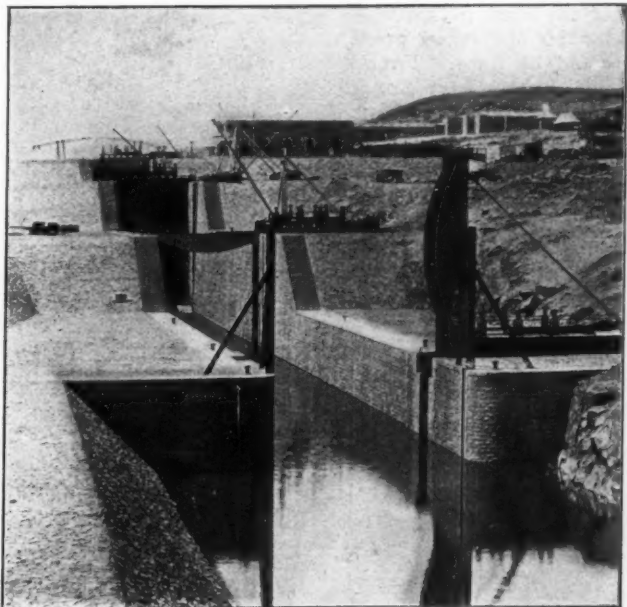


Courtesy of The World's Work

ONE OF THE MANY SLUICES

ancient land of the Pharaohs by enforcing hygienic measures, the British administrators at Cairo are recognizing the necessity for proportionately increasing the area of 'practical' Egypt. When the British occupation began Egypt's population was about 7,000,000. According to an official census just completed (1899), it has risen to 9,750,000, as the result of the caring for child life and teaching the common people to observe rational rules of cleanliness and order. According to this census, practical Egypt has a population of 928 to the square mile, a density far in excess of any European country, even Belgium, and not to be equaled outside of Asiatic communities. It will no doubt surprise most readers to be told that a fair estimate of the value of Egypt's 10,500 square miles of cultivable territory is \$115 an acre. It is a fact as well that the foreign bonded indebtedness, naturally based upon the intrinsic value of the country, averages \$75.75 per acre, while the per capita proportion of the external debt burden is no less than \$52.20. The average land tax of Egypt is something in excess of \$4.00 per acre. These vital statistics are mentioned to reflect in its fullest importance what the building of the great dam at Assouan means to the people of Egypt and their European creditors."

It cannot be definitely stated who first planned this reservoir. Mr. Willcocks, one of the ablest engineers of the Public Works Department of Egypt, who was instructed by Sir William Garstin to survey various suggested sites for the dam between Cairo and Wady Halfa, unhesitatingly decided that the Assouan site was the best, and the majority of the International Commission who visited the sites in 1894 agreed. But Sir Samuel Baker, more than forty years ago, had anticipated their conclusion. The single dam proposed by him is in effect the one now on the point of completion. Mr. Willcock's original design consisted practically of a group of independent dams, curved on plan, the arrangement differing considerably from that of the executed work. The single dam, one and one-quarter miles long, constitutes a more imposing work than a series of detached dams, and could be more easily built; and, further, a straight dam is better able to resist temperature stresses from the extreme heat without cracking. There are 180 openings, all twenty-three feet high by six feet six inches wide, which can let out 15,000 tons of water a second. Contrary to original reports of a sound rock bottom, the rock proved very unsound in many places, necessitating foundations some-



Courtesy of The Scientific American.

THE NAVIGATION CHANNEL
ENTRANCE TO LOCKS FROM THE NORTH

times more than forty feet deeper than was originally anticipated. As the thickness of the dam is nearly one hundred feet at the base, this misapprehension involved a very large increase in the contract quantity and cost of the granite masonry.

To put in the foundation across the roaring cataract channels, temporary rubble dams were built across the rear of the channel below the site of the great dam, so as to get a pond of comparatively still water to work in. Stones from one to twelve tons in weight were tipped into the cataract until finally a rubble mound appeared above the surface of the water. The first channel was successfully closed on May 17, 1899, the depth being about thirty feet and the velocity of current nearly fifteen miles an hour. In the case of another channel the closing had to be helped by tipping in freight cars, loaded with heavy stones and bound together with wire ropes, making a mass of about fifty tons to resist displacement by the torrent.

These rubble dams were well tested when the high flood ran over them; and when work was resumed in the following November, on the fall of the river, watertight sandbag dams or suddes were made around the site of the dam foundation in the still waters above the rubble dams, and pumps were fixed to lay dry most of the river. This was the exciting moment, for no one could predict whether the thing could be done. Twenty-four 12-inch centrifugal pumps were provided to deal with one small channel; but happily the sandbags and

gravel and sand embankments staunched the fissures in the rocks and interstices between the great boulders covering the bottom of this channel, and a couple of 12-inch pumps sufficed.

There was great pressure at times to get a section completed before the inevitable rise of the Nile, and as much as 3,600 tons of masonry were executed in one day, chiefly at one point in the dam. The maximum number of men employed was 11,000, of whom 1,000 were European masons and other skilled men.

When the International Commission in 1894 recommended the construction of the reservoir, Sir Benjamin Baker was desirous of knowing what would be the opinion of a real old-fashioned native land-owner. He was introduced to one—a descendant of the prophet, very rich, who had been twice warned by the government that he would probably be hanged if the bodies of any more of his servants with whom he had quarreled were found floating in the Nile. He was a very stout old man, and, between paroxysms of bronchial coughing, he assured Sir Benjamin that there could be nothing in the project of a Nile reservoir, or it would have been built at least 4,000 years ago. In striking contrast to this, Sir Benjamin quotes the most modern and enlightened of all the rulers of Egypt, the present Khedive, who, when visiting the dam, said that he was proud that the great work was being carried out during his reign.



Courtesy of The World's Work

GENERAL VIEW OF THE DAM

Hakadah's First Offering

By Charles A. Eastman

This tale is taken from Mr. Eastman's recital of his boyhood.* Mr. Eastman is a full-blooded Sioux Indian.

"Hakadah, coowah!" was the sonorous call that came from a large tepee in the midst of the Indian encampment. In answer to the summons there emerged from the woods, which were only a few steps away, a boy, accompanied by a splendid black dog. There was little in the appearance of the little fellow to distinguish him from the other Sioux boys. He hastened to the tent from which he had been summoned, carrying in his hands a bow and arrows gorgeously painted, while the small birds and squirrels that he had killed with these weapons dangled from his belt.

Within the tent sat two old women, one on each side of the fire. Uncheedah was the boy's grandmother, who had brought up the motherless child. Wahchewin was only a caller, but she had been invited to remain and assist in the first personal offering of Hakadah to the "Great Mystery."

This was a matter which had, for several days, pretty much monopolized Uncheedah's mind. It was her custom to see to this when each of her children attained the age of eight summers. They had all been celebrated as warriors and hunters among their tribe, and she had not hesitated to claim for herself a good share of the honors they had achieved, because she had brought them early to the notice of the "Great Mystery."

She believed that her influence had helped to regulate and develop the characters of her sons to the height of savage nobility and strength of manhood.

It had been whispered through the tepee village that Uncheedah intended to give a feast in honor of her grandchild's first sacrificial offering. This was mere speculation, however, for the clear-sighted old woman had determined to keep this part of the matter secret until the offering should be completed, believing that the "Great Mystery" should be met in silence and dignity.

The boy came rushing into the lodge followed by his dog Ohitika, who was wagging his tail promiscuously, as if to say: "Master and I are really hunters!"

Hakadah breathlessly gave a descriptive narrative of the killing of each bird and squirrel as he pulled them off his belt and threw them before his grandmother.

"This blunt-headed arrow," said he, "actually had eyes this morning. Before the squirrel can dodge around the tree it strikes him in the head, and, as he

falls to the ground, my Ohitika is upon him."

He knelt upon one knee as he talked, his black eyes shining like evening stars.

"Sit down here," said Uncheedah to the boy; "I have something to say to you. You see that you are now almost a man. Observe the game you have brought me! It will not be long before you will leave me, for a warrior must seek opportunities to make him great among his people.

"You must endeavor to equal your father



* Indian Boyhood, Charles A. Eastman, N. Y. McClure Phillips & Co. Copyright 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

and grandfather," she went on. "They were warriors and feast-makers. But it is not the poor hunter who makes many feasts. Do you not remember the 'Legend of the Feast-Maker,' who gave forty feasts in twelve moons? And have you forgotten the story of the warrior who sought the will of the Great Mystery? To day you will make your first offering to him."

The concluding sentence fairly dilated the eyes of the young hunter, for he felt that a great event was about to occur, in which he would be the principal actor. But Uncheedah resumed her speech.

"You must give up one of your belongings—whichever is dearest to you—for this is to be a sacrificial offering."

This somewhat confused the boy; not that he was selfish, but rather uncertain as to what would be the most appropriate thing to give. Then, too, he supposed that his grandmother referred to his ornaments and playthings only. So he volunteered:

"I can give up my best bow and arrows, and all the paints I have, and—and my bear's claws necklace, grandmother!"

"Are these the dearest things to you?" she demanded.

"Not the bow and arrows, but the paints will be very hard to get, for there are no white people near; and the necklace—it is not easy to get one like it again. I will also give up my otter-skin head-dress, if you think that is not enough."

"But think, my boy, you have not yet mentioned the thing that will be a pleasant offering to the Great Mystery."

The boy looked into the woman's face with a puzzled expression.

"I have nothing else as good as those things I have named, grandmother, unless it is my spotted pony; and I am sure that the Great Mystery will not require a little boy to make him so large a gift. Besides, my uncle gave three otter-skins and five eagle-feathers for him, and I promised to keep him a long while, if the Blackfeet or the Crows do not steal him."

Uncheedah was not fully satisfied with the boy's free offerings. Perhaps it had not occurred to him what she really wanted. But Uncheedah knew where his affection was vested. His faithful dog, his pet and companion—Hakadah was almost inseparable from the loving beast.

She was sure that it would be difficult to obtain his consent to sacrifice the animal, but she ventured upon a final appeal.

"You must remember," she said, "that in this offering you will call upon him who looks at you from every creation. In the wind you hear him whisper to you. He gives his war-whoop in the thunder. He watches you by day with his eye, the sun; at night, he gazes upon your sleeping countenance through the moon. In short, it is the Mystery of Mysteries, who controls all things, to whom you will

make your first offering. By this act, you will ask him to grant to you what he has granted to few men. I know you wish to be a great warrior and hunter. I am not prepared to see my Hakadah show any cowardice, for the love of possessions is a woman's trait and not a brave's."

During this speech, the boy had been completely aroused to the spirit of manli-



ness, and in his excitement was willing to give up anything he had—even his pony! But he was unmindful of his friend and companion, Ohitika, the dog! So scarcely had Uncheedah finished speaking, when he almost shouted:

"Grandmother, I will give up any of my possessions for the offering to the Great Mystery! You may select what you think will be most pleasant to Him."

There were two silent spectators of this little dialogue. One was Wahchewin; the other was Ohitika. The woman had been invited to stay, although only a neighbor. The dog, by force of habit, had taken up his usual position by the side of his master when they entered the tepee. Without moving a muscle, save those of his eyes, he had been a very close observer of what passed.

Had the dog but moved once to attract the

attention of his little friend, he might have been dissuaded from that impetuous exclamation: "Grandmother, I will give up any of my possessions!"

It was hard for Uncheedah to tell the boy that he must part with his dog, but she was equal to the situation.

"Hakadah," she proceeded cautiously, "you are a young brave. I know, though young, your heart is strong and your courage is great. You will be pleased to give up the dearest thing you have for your first offering. You must give up Ohitika. He is brave; and you, too, are brave. He will not fear death; you will bear his loss bravely. Come—here are four bundles of paints and a filled pipe—let us go to the place."

When the last words were uttered, Hakadah did not seem to hear them. He was simply unable to speak. To a civilized eye, he would have appeared at that moment like a little copper statue. His bright black eyes were fast melting in floods of tears, when he caught his grandmother's eye and recollected her oft-repeated adage: "Tears for woman and the war-whoop for man to drown sorrow."

He swallowed two or three big mouthfuls of heartache and the little warrior was master of the situation.

"Grandmother, my Brave will have to die! Let me tie together two of the prettiest tails of the squirrels that he and I killed this morning, to show to the Great Mystery what a hunter he has been. Let me paint him myself."

This request Uncheedah could not refuse, and she left the pair alone for a few minutes, while she went to ask Wacoota to execute Ohitika.

Every Indian boy knows that, when a warrior is about to meet death, he must sing a death dirge. Hakadah thought of his Ohitika as a person who would meet his death without a struggle, so he began to sing a dirge for him, at the same time hugging him tight to himself.

As if he were a human being, he whispered in his ear:

"Be brave, my Ohitika! I shall remember you the first time I am upon the war-path in the Ojibway country."

At last he heard Uncheedah talking with a man outside

teepee, so he quickly took up his paints. Ohitika was a jet-black dog, with a silver tip on the end of his tail and on his nose, besides one white paw and a white star upon a protuberance between his ears. Hakadah knew that a man who prepares for death usually paints with red and black. Nature had partially provided Ohitika in this respect, so that only red was required, and this Hakadah supplied generously.

Then he took off a piece of red cloth and tied it around the dog's neck; to this he fastened two of the squirrel's tails and a wing from the oriole they had killed that morning.

Just then it occurred to him that good warriors always mourn for their departed friends, and the usual mourning was black paint. He loosened his black braided locks, ground a dead coal, mixed it with bear's oil and rubbed it on his entire face.

During this time every hole in the tent was occupied with an eye. Among the lookers-on was his grandmother. She was very near relenting. Had she not feared the wrath of the Great Mystery, she would have been happy to call out to the boy: "Keep your dear dog, my child!"

As it was, Hakadah came out of the teepee with his face looking like an eclipsed moon, leading his beautiful dog, who was even handsomer than ever with the red touches on his specks of white.

It was now Uncheedah's turn to struggle with the storm and burden in her soul. But the boy was emboldened by the people's admiration of his bravery, and did not shed a tear. As soon as she was able to speak, the loving grandmother said:

"No, my young brave, not so! You must not mourn for your first offering. Wash your face and then we will go."

The boy obeyed, submitted Ohitika to Wacoota with a smile, and walked off with his grandmother and Wahchewin.

They followed a well-beaten foot-path leading along the bank of the Assiniboine river, through a beautiful grove of oak, and finally around and under a very high cliff. The murmuring of the river came up from just below. On the opposite side was a perpendicular white cliff, from which extended back a gradual slope of land, clothed with the majestic mountain oak. The scene was impressive and wild



Wahchewin had paused without a word when the little party reached the edge of the cliff. It had been arranged between her and Uncheedah that she should wait there for Wacoota, who was to bring as far as that the portion of the offering with which he had been entrusted.

The boy and his grandmother descended the bank, following a tortuous foot-path until they reached the water's edge. Then they proceeded to the mouth of an immense cave, some fifty feet above the river under the cliff. A little stream of limpid water trickled down from a spring within the cave. The little water course served as a sort of natural staircase for the visitors. A cool, pleasant atmosphere exhaled from the mouth of the cavern. Really it was a shrine of nature, and it is not strange that it was so regarded by the tribe.

A feeling of awe and reverence came to the boy. "It is the home of the Great Mystery," he thought to himself; and the impressiveness of his surroundings made him forget his sorrow.

Very soon Wahchewin came with some difficulty to the steps. She placed the body of Ohitika upon the ground in a lifelike position and again left the two alone.

As soon as she disappeared from view, Uncheedah, with all solemnity and reverence, unfastened the leather strings that held the four small bundles of paints and one of tobacco, while the filled pipe was laid beside the dead Ohitika.

She scattered paints and tobacco all about. Again they stood a few minutes silently; then she drew a deep breath and began her prayer to the Great Mystery:

"O, Great Mystery, we hear thy voice in the rushing waters below us! We hear thy whisper in the great oaks above! Our spirits are refreshed with thy breath from within this cave! O, hear our prayer! Behold this little boy and bless him! Make him a warrior and a hunter as great as thou didst make his father and grandfather."

And with this prayer the little warrior had completed his first offering.

The Man of the Past

By E. Kay Robinson*

Science has not yet thrown her searchlights to the uttermost horizon of that misty landscape, and mortal vision still has limits which prevent us from seeing what the ancestor of humanity was like before he became an entity. Even the outlines of his earliest being within our scientific ken are a trifle blurred and indistinct. We must therefore be content with the general assurance that the original man, the ancestor of the human race, was what would in modern language be loosely described as a microscopic dab of mud.

Now let us return to our ancestor, the prehistoric dab of mud which retrospective vision dimly discerns seated on the surface of an as yet inchoate world.

What constituted this prehistoric particle of matter, our penultimate parent, so far as our present family knowledge extends? Not having one to place upon the field of Professor Ptthmlnsprts') microscope, we cannot dogmatize upon its constituent elements; but, leaving this to the professors of the future, we may be

content with knowing, from our acquaintance with the general law of attraction, that a particle of homogeneous matter large enough to be retained in the meshes of a commonplace mind must be composed of minor atoms sticking together.

How tightly they adhered does not matter either; the fact that they adhered is sufficient, because it means that they showed life, and with the commencement of life commenced their struggle for continued and improved existence, and their upward march toward the top-hatted and kid-gloved style now affected by their descendants.

Viewed across so vast a stretch of time, with its innumerable milestones graduating almost to invisible infinity, the progress our ancestors had so far made may not appear extensive. But the first step of the journey is the most important; they had made a start and in the right direction. They had individualized themselves among the surrounding slime, and had acquired a new status and new power. One step necessitates another, and the position of

*The Nineteenth Century.

our ancestors, in the surface of the slough which the world of the past resembled, subjected them to the inevitable process of knocking against other things and each other whenever natural movements agitated their surrounding slime. In such conditions it was inevitable that they should, like pebbles upon a wave-washed beach, tend to assume a rounded or oval outline; and with the conservatism that is the marked characteristic of the animal and vegetable kingdom this early shape of our common ancestors is retained in the beginning of all life, as in the eggs of birds, reptiles and insects, and the seeds of plants. The first triumph, then, of our ancestors was to be able to maintain their position at the top of things, generally by their superior size and what we may call in a prophetic sense their agility, and the second was the accidental acquisition of an oval shape, which enabled them to survive the buffetings of their neighbors. But if they imagined that the struggle for existence was finally decided by those two achievements, the subsequent experiences of us, their descendants, show how vastly they were mistaken. In what way, then, did this struggle for existence next spur them on to self-improvement? It is obvious that those were most favorably circumstanced who possessed, in addition to relative size and regularity of outline, a special power of cohesion beyond the ordinary attraction of matter to matter. The various forms and degrees of special attraction may, therefore, be described as affinity; and our ancestors certainly belonged to that section of the upper classes of the upper past whose constituent parts possessed marked affinity for each other. A particle otherwise composed would have within it a force constantly tending to disruption, and in the long run this tendency to decomposition would prove a decisive disadvantage in the struggle for existence. And among the survivors new subtle distinctions were soon observable—just as among their successors of the present day there is always an élite of the élite owing to the birth of the discriminating faculty. In proportion to the affinity of the elements composing these early beings would be their position in its substance. Those which were the more strongly attracted would be drawn to the center; those less privileged would stand in a ring outside, getting as near the center as they could; the unattractive detrimentials would be severely dropped. Thus each of our ancestors was, as one of their wise descendants has discovered of modern man, a microcosm

in himself, with satellites in their orbits round his center. And even as suitable atoms came within the radius of his attraction they took their proper place, and the larger he grew the more attractive he seemed and the ring of outsiders grew closer. Thus, although to the eye of fact our ancestor was still scarcely, if at all, distinguishable from the slime in which he continued to reside, he had made a great stride up the ladder of evolution. He had mastered the secret of assimilation and of growth.

The faculty which next calls for notice, though all matter had possessed it from the first is that of motion. Everything which was attracted to anything else moved toward it; but our ancestor belonged to that fortunate class of beings whose complex attractions were so evenly balanced that he was always drawn whither it was advantageous to be. He was neither too earthly, nor too spiritual, in his affinities: he was a man of the world, and as such kept himself always in evidence. When the sun rose in the heavens he rose toward it and appeared in public; when the sun set he consoled himself during the hours of darkness with less distinguished society, and, descending to the lower strata of the upper life of the period, often found himself at night in company of which he would have been ashamed in daylight had he possessed the faculty of shame. Besides his affinity to earth and sun, our ancestor owned allegiance to the moon—which appears to have had the greatest influence upon his career, and to be directly responsible for the achievements of many men of science, as will be hereafter shown—and also to other things. As he attracted attractive particles to his inside, so was he drawn in the direction where attractive particles were thickest. Thus early was developed that faculty of mankind during social entertainment to cluster round the bars and supper tables. Oh! man was getting on! And here it is to be observed that the attraction, we may call it the yearning, of our ancestor for his food proceeded directly from his inside—that is to say, the central part of him, which had the strongest attraction for the stuff he wanted, was the part which drew him toward it. We, his superior descendants, have a brain which polices our actions, and we do not reach after a sandwich with our stomachs. But we need not be proud. Our relatives, the amœba and the star-fish and others, do this thing still, and the habit is one to which we owe much. In defaults of organs of prehension, mastication, and so on, it was something for our

ancestor to be able to reach out, as it were, with something for his dinner. Not that, in all probability, he greedily extruded his simple internal arrangements. It sufficed if their tendency was to gravitate toward that margin of his ovoid person near which the food was situated. The rest was simple, for the outer ring-rind (or skin we might call it nowadays) of semi-attractive atoms with which he had clothed himself had no such cohesion as to refuse admittance to a favored morsel. It was against our first parent's claim to very high rank, as rank goes in modern times, that he took in his food at any part of his person; but here, again, the *amœba*—what evolutionists would have done without the *amœba* I cannot say—comes to our rescue. The *amœba* does it, unblushingly, in the glare of this so-called twentieth century.

And here we come to the penultimate triumph of life; namely, the faculty of reproduction. Hitherto the life of the individual was indefinite. The influence of the sun was necessary to produce that equipoise of conflicting attractions—the earliest "balance of power" known in mundane politics—which enabled our honest ancestor to hold his own among others, as may be seen from the diurnal rotation of our elementary functions. The influence of the moon had much to say in the matter also: witness the lunar periods in the life of many animals. And that we are of the earth, earthy, goes without saying: else we would not be glued to it by our feet all our lives. Those creatures survived (our ancestor among the number) who were able to accommodate themselves to the changing conditions created by these conflicting influences. I am inclined to believe that it was at the close of an unusually hot day in spring that he got left high and dry above the high-water mark of the period. Not very dry, because everything, including the air, was wet in those days, but still out of his element rather. And it is always this factor of novel, and apparently unsuitable, environment which has brought out the highest qualities of the human race. The achievement of our ancestor, who was left high and damp by a retiring spring tide, throws the conquest of India and the administration of Ceylon into the shade. He invented reproduction. Let us think what this means. Hitherto the life of a species, or a genus, or a kingdom, had been the life of the individual. It did not matter how cleverly our ancestor or any of the other persons who might have become the ancestors of beings totally different from ourselves

adapted themselves to their surroundings: without reproduction, the world would have been filled only with the original individuals who were once microscopic dabs of mud. All that was needed for everlasting existence was the faculty of adaptation to the various forces of attraction.

Well, our ancestor might have had the good, or bad, luck to find himself so adapted to surrounding circumstances that he continued to expand and grow, swallowing everything he had a mind to, until his slimy, shapeless bulk covered what we call continents and oceans, and became in a size a worthy rival of the air and the water, and an example to the various minerals cramped down below in their restricted areas. But in that case he would not have been our ancestor, because it was only owing to the fact that he met with an accident in being cast up beyond the reach of ordinary tides that he was compelled to invent reproduction. He may not have seemed happy at first. The air scoffingly passed over his surface and dried his skin: but he took what he wanted, all the same, from the air as it passed. His more fluid portions displayed an unworthy inclination to sink into the ground, but he got something out of the ground, too. And when the sun rose next morning, it shone upon something just a little different from anything which it had seen before. Shriveled somewhat, and as deplorable as a stranded jelly-fish, our ancestor boldly met the gaze of the sun, and he took what he wanted from the sunlight. So the day passed and the night, and other days and nights to follow, until another high tide came at the full moon and washed over our parent once more. And what happened then? During his long rest between high-water marks he had got stuck too tightly to the ground to leave it again. Some of him had indeed sunk into crevices between the particles of the soil—a habit which the roots of the vegetable kingdom have inherited and improved upon—and held him where he was. But the bulk of him strove to loyally obey the old impulse that used to draw him upward to the sunlight when he was what naturalists would call a free-swimming embryo of his present self. The attraction of food was strong upon him also, and the moon that drew up the tides strained him, too, toward her. Thus for the first time in his life he felt, as Britain felt when the American colonies claimed the right to independence, that he must part with a portion of himself. It stretched upward, and the bond that held

them together grew thinner and weaker. His rind—may I call it "skin?"—assumed an elongated shape, with an hour-glass constriction between the part which held to the earth and the part that would float through the water. At last, with a wrench almost like that of dissolution, it parted; and a fragment of him, small, globular, and free, as once he was himself, rose upward to the sunlight or to bask in the moon's rays. It is unfortunate that we cannot decide which was the attraction; but from the lunar periods connected with reproduction, I am inclined to think that the moon was the governing influence. At any rate, what was left of our ancestor settled down again, contentedly, for he had borne a son. Nor was that the only one. The changing seasons brought him new opportunities of growth, and at favorable periods he cast off in the same way other fragments of himself; and continued doing so to a very great age, until perhaps his great-great-grand and so on grandchildren who had risen in the world would have been ashamed to recognize the simple old fellow, with no organs and no specialized functions whatever, as their ancestor. We are not so proud. But our concern is with our ancestor and his progeny only. These might not have survived, and quite a different being to myself might now be speculating upon the origin of the world's inhabitants but for the fact that our ancestor's children proved themselves to be true chips of the old block. He had invented "reproduction"; they responded with "heredity."

All this while insensible variations were being introduced into this hereditary type. Infinitely small departures by accident from the original were found to give new generations the slight determining advantage which decides the struggle for existence: and of these two ultimately survived. One was a type of creature which attracted within itself such elements as were needed for the sustenance of life through infinitely small apertures or pores in its skin, and the other, the bolder type, which drew within it by the same force of attraction other entire creatures, subsequently separating the desired elements from those which were not required.

The first type became the parent of all vegetables, which draw their sustenance in microscopic solution from earth, water, air, or decomposed organisms; and from the second type originated the animal world, which captures its food in the shape of other organized beings, animal or vegetable, and assimilates the parts required for sustenance, rejecting the

residuum. With the first type we have no concern here save to notice that it has proved to the advantage of this class to remain usually in a fixed position, in the shape of trees and seaweeds, which draw nourishment from their surroundings, being content with very modest arrangements for the mobility of their offspring, in the shape of spores or seeds.

The second type of creature—the ancestor of the animal kingdom—preferred the life of motion. Some, indeed, as corals or sea anemones, retain the stationary habit, and many molluscs attach themselves to fixed spots: but the habit of living upon organic creatures, while it materially assisted development, necessitated in most cases free motion, either to fresh fields and new pastures or to happier hunting grounds when the old ones were exhausted. And the development of the higher classes of the animal kingdom depended entirely upon the habit of locomotion adopted. They all started from the common accidental device of excrescences protruding beyond the outline of the body, against which floating bodies lodged and were thence absorbed: but in one type the tendency was developed to produce these excrescences impartially on all sides of the body, thus producing ultimately radiate creatures like starfish and polypi, while another type had the advantage, as it has proved, of acquiring the habit of annexing its food "end on," so to speak. As ages passed innumerable variations of this type were doubtless produced, but it seems that, again, two only survived. One of these attained mobility and safety—for at a very early period those only began to survive who could protect themselves against the absorptive faculties of their neighbors—in a jointed and hardened integument; while the other type had the joints and the stiffening inside. From the former type have descended all such creatures as worms, woodlice, lobsters, and insects; and with these we have no further concern. Our ancestor belonged to the other type; for he was undoubtedly a person with his stiffening inside, else what should we be doing for backbones? He still lived in the shallows of the vast sea, propelling himself through the water by the wagging of his body; but as ages passed, one member of the family acquired the habit of scrambling over the mud by means of projections, which in succeeding generations were improved into rudimentary limbs, stiffened by lateral prolongations of the stiffening inside. That is why our legs and arms are jointed to our backbones.

At every subsequent parting of the branches of the genealogical tree of humanity we can see how by chance our ancestors always had forced upon them that which was the best for the future. But the highest evolution arises from the successful negotiation of the greatest obstacles; as we may see in the superiority of our hardy Northern races, who have always been compelled to labor in order to live, over the uncivilized inhabitants of luxuriant regions where the problem of livelihood presents no difficulties. So long as monkeys can live like monkeys they will remain monkeys; but the hard struggle for existence may teach them, too, as it has taught us, to acquire new powers in order to escape extinction, and then they will cease to be monkeys, though they will not be men. They parted company from us at the last corner in our difficult journey, and there are no short-cuts to recover lost ground in evolution. And we cannot help feeling sorry for the monkeys, because it really seems as if this particular turning was the only one of real importance since our common ancestor elected by accident to have his stiffening inside instead of outside. Between the eating, fighting, and love-making of the crocodile, the eagle, the lion, or the whale, and that of the monkey, there does not seem much difference; and what other joy in life has he which they have not? He has, in fact, gained nothing by belonging to our branch of the family when we discarded our tails as means of locomotion; retained our four limbs for the purpose of running on the ground instead of flapping two of them like birds; and learned to use our toes for the purpose of grasping. The originator of the monkey family may indeed have considered, if he thought about the matter at all, that our ancestor was much to be pitied when he began to abandon the use of his hind toes in this way, for the greater convenience of a flat foot in running or walking. And no doubt the abandonment was quite involuntary on our part. It may be that our ancestor was driven forth to find his living in a treeless land, where he acquired the habit of running hungrily after the prey on which he was forced to subsist, in place of fruit plucked without effort in the primeval forests. Perhaps it was in some such chase that—possibly in a fit of anger such as balked monkeys fall into—he seized his first missile and flung it, with the happiest effect, at his escaping dinner. Hence the art of hunting and the use of weapons. And familiarity with the weapon in time suggested its use as a tool-

the earliest application of the tool being doubtless analogous to carving-knife or hammer, to divide a slaughtered animal among the family, or to smash through the hard shell of turtle or mollusc. Speech was first evolved by the necessities of combination to guard against enemies: for an animal which had learned to use lethal weapons, missiles, and tools, ceased to be dependent upon either his personal agility or powerful teeth for the purpose of offense and defense. It was doubtless by combination that our ancestors excavated their cave fortress; and from the necessities of watch and ward, as well as the constant companionship within, arose the habit of speech, rising from mere signals to action, such as grunts of anger and cries of warning, to notes of encouragement, admonition, approval, and so on. Thence language would naturally develop in the direction of expressing domestic needs and wishes: then communal instructions and words of command, with expressions of assent, dissent, or criticism. Thus by degrees speech was built up, and by combined labor and the communication of ideas, man was enabled so to protect and perhaps to fortify his cave dwelling that the species acquired its characteristic of slow development. The young hare, brought forth in a tuft of grass, can see and run as soon as born. The young rabbit, born in a safe burrow, is blind and helpless for days. So cave-dwelling man acquired the habit, which he still possesses, of slower development from birth than any other creature, because in addition to the natural safety of his dwelling, he had learned the art of protecting it, by combination and distribution of work, against all enemies. The tool of utility he learned to use as an implement for the adornment of himself and his belongings. He scratched the outlines of the beasts he had slain upon the weapon that slew them; he decked himself and his mate in their spoils. His powerful canine teeth decreased, the useless hair upon his body disappeared, the multiplying problems of his many acquired habits developed his powers of thought; and when he strode forth from his cave and viewed the animal and vegetable world around him, he felt that he was their king. Forces mightier than himself he recognized in the wind and the thunder and the blazing sun. These he feared and called them superior beings: and, lest they should slay him in wrath some day, he strove to propitiate them. Thus arose religion, which, being gradually changed and softened by knowledge, has lost most of its terrifying aspects for civilized men.

The Mystery of the Universe

By F. Legge*

It is stated that a distinguished physicist once dreamed that he had discovered the mystery of the universe, and before he was thoroughly awake, jumped out of bed and wrote it down. Returning to bed he slept again till the morning only to find, on finally waking up, that he had written two lines of doggerel which could convey no meaning to anybody. It is certainly not by this method that Prof. Osborne Reynolds has approached the problem of which he announced the solution in the Rede Lecture delivered at Cambridge last June; for he tells us that his researches on the subject began twenty years ago, and his principal theory of dilatancy was demonstrated at the Royal Institution as far back as 1891. Yet when we consider how complete an inversion—to use his own phrase—of the popular conception of the universe his new discovery involves, it may well appear to us likely that it will be at least another twenty years before it becomes thinkable by the man in the street.

First, however, let us try to formulate to ourselves what the popular idea of the universe really is. I suppose most people would nowadays agree that the sun is the center of our system and that the earth is one of the eight planets which revolve round it, each spinning meanwhile on its own axis. Those of us whose acquaintance with the elementary ideas of physics goes a little further might be inclined to guess that the sun and the whole solar system in like manner revolve round one of the stars which we see on most fine nights in the year, which is sometimes stated to be Sirius and sometimes one of the stars of the Pleiades; while others, who have followed the controversies which have sprung up in the learned world during the last half century, may be acquainted with the theory that the space between us and the other stars, as well as the interstices between the molecules of terrestrial matter, is filled with a substance called "ether," which has been figured for us as an incompressible elastic jelly of almost inconceivable tenuity, the quivering

of which produces light. But we have no sooner got those theories firmly in our heads than the unsolved problems begin to appear. If the earth revolves on its own axis and we are, therefore, as Prof. Reynolds reminds us, standing all our lives on a floor moving at the rate of twenty miles a second, how is it that we do not fall off? And if light, whether coming to us from the sun or from some artificial source like a candle, is only due to undulations in the ether, how comes it that it is reflected from polished surfaces and absorbed by rough ones? And if both these questions could be answered satisfactorily, how could we account for the existence of the phenomenon we call electricity, which, so far as we know, has no recognized place in the solar system at all, but which appears as if it were a fluid—which we are told on good authority it is not—flowing from some place and towards some place of the existence of which we have never yet been able to form even a conception? Such are only a few of the problems that Prof. Reynolds sets himself seriously to answer.

This he does by drawing our attention to a property of certain forms of matter which has hitherto received little attention and which he calls, as we have seen, dilatancy. If a sponge be filled with water—to take his fundamental experiment—and squeezed between two boards, water, as we can all see without repeating the process, will be squeezed out; but this is not true of all forms of matter. If the matter to be squeezed be what he calls granular, that is to say consisting of a number of rigid spheres in free contact with each other, as for instance in the case of a quantity of shot or sand enclosed in an india-rubber envelope, the effect of squeezing in contact with water will be that instead of the water being expelled, it will be drawn in. To put it in more general terms, granular matter "possesses the apparently paradoxical or anti-sponge property of swelling in bulk as its shape is altered."

From this Prof. Reynolds goes on to explain the different problems of the universe in terms

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which certainly involve, as he admits, a complete inversion of all our former ideas upon it. Let us imagine, he says in effect, the ether, which we are just beginning to think of as filling all otherwise unoccupied space, as being, not a jelly, but a mass of grains inconceivably small, but absolutely unconfined as to its boundary. We shall find, he tells us, that it will reproduce all the qualities of elasticity and incompressibility with which we have endowed the ether when we supposed it to be a jelly, with a density which may be if we please ten thousand times that of water. But how then can we think of matter, as we have hitherto called it, in distinction from the ether? It is quite possible to conceive that, although the constituents of any portion of matter may be constantly changing, its outward appearance may remain the same. Such a phenomenon presents itself when several billiard balls are arrayed on a table or, still better, suspended in a row and another is propelled rapidly on to one end of the group with the result that it adds itself to it, and causes one of those already there to be detached with equal rapidity from the other end. Hence we can think of the constituents of each group of matter as being in rapid motion among themselves at even the rate of twenty miles a second without causing it to lose its outward form, and this, if I read Prof. Reynolds rightly, is pretty much what is happening. But what then are the molecules or smallest constituents of matter? Merely, he says, waves in the medium which, although they may cohere, cannot pass through each other. To conceive this, he has to suppose that the medium is stationary and the molecules are moving with the velocity of the earth, "the grains," as he says, "within the surfaces being continuously replaced by other grains by the absorption of other grains in front, and the detachment of the original ones behind without any mean effect on the motion of the grains." Yet this seems to me to raise the further question: What causes the rotation of the earth? and to this I do not see that Prof. Reynolds's lecture affords an answer.

However that may be, if we once allow his premises, which he claims to have inductively verified and supports by experiments which I regret I cannot reproduce here, there seems to be no doubt that his conclusions follow from them logically enough. Gravitation is explained by him as being due to the variation of the inward strains "caused by curvature in the normal

piling of the medium," and the explanation, although rugged from its brevity, seems to be sufficient. Electricity is in the same way accounted for as being due to the "effort to revert" of irregularly piled groups of grains, and the explanation has the additional advantage of disposing once and for all of the eternal question whether positive and negative electricity are two things or only different aspects of the same thing. By similar means, we get the explanation of light which is said, without apparently doing violence to Clerk-Maxwell's theory, to be the result of electric discharges "the recoil from which sets up a vibration in the medium which is exhausted in initiating waves of light and heat." Thus at one swoop we get rid of most of the principal problems that have hitherto vexed us in our attempts to form a rational conception of the universe.

Which things may be, and although most people have an instinctive distrust of keys which are said to unlock all doors, it is fair to say that one argument which Prof. Reynolds brings forward should appeal strongly to those who argue, as most of us do in such transcendent matters, by analogy. He began his lecture to the Royal Institution by reminding his hearers that Nature has hitherto appeared to act like the diplomatist in Poe's story of the Purloined Letter, who, knowing that strenuous attempts would be made to steal a particular document, left it exposed to view unsealed. All our great discoveries have come to us through means that have been lying, so to speak, under our noses since the beginning of time. The possibilities of the steam engine seem now to have been perfectly patent to everybody since the experiments of Hero of Alexandria, yet for nearly twenty centuries they remained unnoticed. So the first experiment in electricity was made, if legend can be trusted, by Thales of Miletus some five centuries B. C., but the second step in the matter was not taken until so recent a period that we are even now debating what electricity is, and whence it comes? Hence it is quite possible to suppose that the solution of this and other high problems has really been lying ready to our hands, and written, so to speak, in such common matters as sand and billiard balls until the insight of Prof. Reynolds has read it for us. And this may well be, although the "equal validity for all normally constituted minds," which is the ultimate aim of all scientific theories, is yet a long way off.

A Side Light on American Greatness: Some of Our "Infant Industries"

The purpose of this compiled department is to give some idea of all the American industries. These are interesting in themselves and, moreover, in light of the renewed agitation upon the tariff question, they have a present importance. We mean therefore to give, from time to time as shall seem expedient, a résumé of these so-called "infant industries."

PROGRESS IN MATERIAL INDUSTRIES. . . . SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

A moving picture of conditions in the United States at decennial intervals from 1800 to 1850 and annually from 1850 to 1902 is presented in a monograph issued by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics entitled "Progress of the United States in Its Material Industries." This monograph consists of a series of tables showing area, population, wealth, debt, money in circulation, banks and bank clearings and depositors, farms and farm values, manufactures and their value, revenues, expenditures, imports, exports, railways and their business, the shipping industry, and many other features of national development, in the census years from 1800 to 1850 and annually from 1850 to 1902. The figures presented, regarding more than one hundred subjects, show an interesting, and in many cases a phenomenal, growth in the industries, finances, production and transportation of the country. The area has grown from 827,844 square miles in 1800 to 3,025,600 square miles in 1902, exclusive of Alaska and the islands belonging to the United States. The population per square mile, which was 3.6 in 1810, was 26.1 in 1902, notwithstanding the great increase in area meantime. The total wealth has grown from \$7,000,000,000 in 1850 to an estimated \$94,000,000,000 in 1900, and the per capita wealth from \$307 in 1857 to \$1,235 in 1900. In no feature has there been greater fluctuation perhaps than in the public debt and interest charge. In 1800 the public debt was \$15 per capita; in 1840 it had fallen to 21 cents per capita; in 1852 it was \$2.67 per capita; in 1861, before the beginning of the war, \$2.74, and then mounted rapidly until it became \$76.98 per capita in 1865, gradually falling again after the war to \$38.27 in 1880, \$14.22 in 1890, \$12.64 in 1893, \$13.60 in 1896, and \$12.97 in 1902. The money in circulation amounted to \$13.85 per capita in 1860,

touched \$20.57 during the period of paper currency near the close of the war, but again fell below the \$20 mark until 1881, when it rose to \$21.71 per capita. By 1892 it had reached \$24.60 per capita; in 1896 it was \$21.44, in 1900 \$26.93, and in 1902 \$28.40 per capita, the highest point that it has ever reached. Deposits in savings banks amounted to \$1,138,576 in 1820, \$6,973,304 in 1830, \$43,431,130 in 1850, \$149,277,504 in 1860, \$549,874,358 in 1870, \$819,106,973 in 1880, \$1,524,844,506 in 1890, \$1,810,597,023 in 1895, and \$2,597,094,580 in 1901. Meantime the individual deposits in national banks had grown from \$500,910,873 in 1865 to \$3,111,690,196 in 1902.

The cause of these financial conditions above noted—the increase of currency, bank deposits, etc.—is found in other tables showing the development of farms, manufactures, and of the various industries. The number of farms increased from 1,449,073 in 1850 to 5,739,657 in 1900, the value of farms and farm property from \$4,000,000,000 in 1850 to \$20,000,000,000 in 1900, and the value of their product, which was not measured until 1870, grew from \$1,958,000,000 in that year to \$3,764,000,000 in 1900. The value of farm animals increased from \$544,000,000 in 1850 to \$2,981,000,000 in 1900. The value of the product of the manufacturing industries grew from \$1,000,000,000 in 1850 to \$13,000,000,000 in 1900, while the number of people employed therein grew from less than 1,000,000 in 1850 to 6,750,000 in 1900.

AMERICAN TOOLS IN ENGLAND. C. CHURCHILL. AM. MACHINIST

The advent of American tools and machinery into Great Britain began as a business about the year 1865. Previous to that date a few tools had been imported by engineers who had visited America, had there seen tools that were suitable for some special work, and had purchased some for their individual needs, but no importer had brought the tools here for sale or had endeavored to introduce them as a commercial business.

The writer has been in England since 1862, having come here in charge of some special machinery for covering steel wire used in the manufacture of crinolines or hoop skirts, which

were worn so generally by the ladies at that period. In that connection certain tools were required, and not finding them on this side of the ocean, they had to be imported from the United States. The knowledge of such tools that the writer possessed led to the belief that a good market could be found here if they were introduced to the British engineers, and all of my time and efforts have since been devoted to that work.

The first tools thus introduced were American chucks made by the Cushman Chuck Company and E. Horton & Son Company. To these lines followed the Morse twist drills and, later on, the small tools of the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company and other makers. The introduction of such tools did not meet with much favor generally. In many places they were looked upon as an attempt to introduce "American rubbish," and provoked the taunt that we were "bringing coals to Newcastle."

The period following the American Civil War, when there was much unkind feeling toward the States, was especially trying, and made the task all the more difficult; consequently the business was at that time slow and almost discouraging, but persistent pushing and the fact that the goods were all that they were represented to be gradually overcame prejudice. The ten years first spent in that way showed sufficient advance to indicate the eventual success which is now familiar to all who are interested in tools. Having brought the small-tool business to a successful issue, we then began to introduce machine tools and to find a market for lathes, drills, planers, shapers, milling and grinding machines and other (special) machines. These tools met with a good deal of opposition from the workmen, who did not readily change from their old and fixed views of what a machine should be. The work of overcoming this opposition has not been light or easy, and, in fact, it is not yet entirely overcome, though there is so much less of it these days that, by contrast, if not otherwise, our task seems easy. As we look back upon the work now we see that steady progress has been made; a curious feature of the growth of the business being that, if we disregard the "hump" in the curve of our progress, caused by the bicycle boom of 1896-97 the curve is generally regular and steadily upward.

One of the first plants of American machine tools placed here was for the Gatling Gun Com-

pany, whose works were started in Birmingham in the year 1889, under the management of an American, and this plant, when in successful operation, began to attract the attention of other works, and opened the way for other plants. Seeing is believing, and many doubters who could not be otherwise convinced that good tools could come from America, nor, in fact, from anywhere else except from British workshops, were compelled to believe the evidence of their own eyes.

The great bicycle-making boom gave a fresh impetus to the demand, and the introduction of automatic machines which were previously working in America attracted the attention of all the new works. Orders for all kinds of American machine tools flowed in freely, and their successful working indicated to engineers generally that tools which were so valuable in that line must be equally good for engineering work, and from that date the demand has steadily increased, so that to-day the output of the American shops is recognized as the up-to-date equipment, and though there are, of course, still some who stoutly assert what they seem to regard as the necessary superiority of British-built machinery, there are many who think differently, and, on the whole, Americans tools are fairly treated, most of the difficulties that now arise in connection with their use here springing from the fact that what is known as the "shop practice" of the two countries still differs considerably, so that for what at first may appear to be the same work the requirements may be entirely different.

When the writer began to introduce American tools there was not a place in Great Britain where they were on sale. To-day the small tools can be found in the shop of nearly every dealer in Great Britain, and they and the machine tools as well meet with universal favor among users.

With the increased use of American machinery here, and the reflex influence such use has exerted, and still exerts, upon American design, it seems as though the shop practice of the two countries will eventually become more or less amalgamated, so to speak, and this will of course, tend toward a constantly better understanding.

IRON NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT

With the exception of a few scattering ships which are running on belated trips on the lower lakes, the season of navigation on the Great Lakes of North America is over. It has been

the heaviest ever known. Over 27,000,000 tons of iron ore have come out of the mines of the Lake Superior country and have been dumped on the docks of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan, by far the greater portion coming to Lake Erie. The story of this traffic has no parallel in the history of commerce. Taking this traffic in iron ore alone it is three times as great as the commerce of the Suez canal; and greater than the commerce of Suez and the port of New York put together. Every pound of it passes through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie where it is measured to the ounce. Were it not for the supervision of the government officials at Sault Ste. Marie there would be no measure of commerce whatever on the great lakes. Yet how essential it is that this commerce should be actually gauged and known. Twenty-seven million tons of iron ore. That is three-quarters of all the iron ore that is produced in the United States. The balance of the country produced last year 7,000,000 tons, making a grand total for the United States of 34,000,000 tons. It can therefore be seen how completely the Lake Superior region dominates in the production of iron ore. Indeed, Mr. James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway said in a recent address that were these mines of the Lake Superior country closed to-morrow industrial supremacy of the United States would be gone forever. It is their abundance, and the cheapness with which the ore may be transported to the furnaces, that has made the United States the great industrial nation that it is. They lie close to the shores of Lake Superior and have water carriage for early 1,000 miles. The ore is transported to the furnaces for less than one-tenth of a cent per ton per mile.

Since iron ore was discovered in the Lake Superior country 219,000,000 tons have been mined and sent to the furnaces. What these 219,000,000 tons have meant all men can see. They have lifted the United States from among the least to the greatest of the manufacturing nations. They have made her supreme in her position as the world's maker of iron and steel. Unquestionably in an industrial sense the greatest blessing that has ever been conferred upon this nation was the discovery of the iron deposits of the Lake Superior region.

Iron ore was discovered in the upper peninsula of Michigan in September, 1844, by William A. Burt and his party of surveyors, who were surveying the country for the purpose of running the township lines. Mr. Burt was well

along in life, and was, indeed, a wonderful old character. He was the inventor of the solar compass, and also of the first typewriter that was ever designed. He did not, however, develop his typewriting machine. In running the township lines near what is now the city of Negaunee the magnetic needle in Burt's compass began to fluctuate wildly. The old man grew tremendously excited as the needle varied from the pole, and when it actually pointed due east he cried out: "Boys, look around and see what you can find."

The three pioneer mines of the wonderful Lake Superior country were the Jackson, the Cleveland and the Lake Superior. What they went through to develop this great country would fill volumes. They all had the idea that the peninsula was the place in which to make iron. They tried it. They built little forges and smelted the ore and converted it into blooms. Of course, it was all made from charcoal, there being no coal whatever in the peninsula. As charcoal iron is a superior grade of iron, and as the ores of Lake Superior are of better quality than any found elsewhere in the United States, this was really the best iron to be had anywhere. But the cost of making it was prodigious. Kilns had to be built and trees felled for the charcoal; the ore had to be mined and wheeled by human labor to the forge; then it had to be carted in wagons to the shore of the lake fourteen miles away; then it had to be piled in small schooners and taken to Sault Ste. Marie where it had to be unloaded and portaged around the rapids, there being no canal at that time; then it had to be loaded again on another vessel and sent to the lower lakes. When it reached Pittsburg, then as now, the iron center of the country, it had cost \$200. As the ruling price of iron was at that time \$70 per ton, it can be seen that the companies lost money fast. In fact, the making of iron in the peninsula, or rather the attempt to make it, bankrupted all those who attempted it. About 1852 it began to dawn upon the iron companies that the real business of the peninsula was the shipping of iron ore and not the manufacture of iron. The first to reach that conclusion was the Cleveland Iron Mining Company, and it proceeded forthwith to enlist the support of the other companies in the construction of a plank road from the mines to the lake, a distance, as stated, of fourteen miles. When the plank was finished strap rails were placed upon it and the shipment of ore began. The

cars held four tons each and were hauled by horses. The grades in the road were frightful, and frequently the cars ran away, mangling the horses fearfully and finally leaving the track. As a matter of historical significance it may be noted that the first ore to leave the peninsula was shipped by the Cleveland Iron Mining Company to the Sharon Iron Company, Sharon, Pa., in 1853. It consisted of 150 tons and was the first Lake Superior ore ever to be used in a blast furnace. It was the success in smelting this ore that led the companies to build the plank road. It was quickly seen, however, that the plank road would never do, and arrangements were made to construct a steam railway to the mines. Meanwhile Congress had undertaken to assist in the construction of a canal at Sault Ste. Marie. The canal was finished in June, 1855, and the steam railway in August, 1855, or two months later. The first company to utilize the canal for the shipment of ore was the Cleveland Iron Mining Company, which sent a cargo through in August, 1855. Altogether there passed through the canal in that year 1,449 tons of ore, every pound of which was sent by the Cleveland company. The little railway had only two little locomotives on it, the Sebastapol and the Norkersley, and they were pitiful little affairs.

This commerce has grown steadily since, but it is only within the past decade that it has advanced by such leaps and bounds. In fact, the early years of the Lake Superior country were years of hardship and struggle. None of the companies declared a dividend for over ten years. The opening up of the new country was very difficult, which is almost impossible to realize in these days, when money and modern methods can conquer with ridiculous ease almost any problem that may be presented. In 1856 the ore shipped reached a total of 36,343 tons, and it continued to increase steadily until the war broke out in 1861, when it fell off. It is a significant fact that even as late as 1880 the total shipments were under 2,000,000 tons per annum, and even as late as 1896 they had only reached 9,000,000 tons per annum. It is within the past six years that the enormous development has taken place in this region. The great increase has been due to the discovery of the great Mesabi range in Minnesota, which was stumbled upon in 1892 and has 1,000,000,000 tons of ore in sight. The ore lies loose like dust in enormous piles on this range and can be shoveled like dirt upon the cars. It is the most wonderful deposit known anywhere on

earth, and is largely the property of the United States Steel Corporation. More ore has, therefore, been shipped from the Lake Superior mines during the present year than was shipped from 1855 (when Sault Ste. Marie canal was first opened) until 1884, inclusive. During the first thirty years a total of 26,000,000 tons were shipped; this year 27,000,000 tons were shipped. What picture of material development could be more powerful than this? Of these 27,000,000 tons the United States Steel Corporation contributed about 17,500,000 tons, showing how completely it dominates the iron industry of the United States.

Out of these ores have come the glistening rails that span the continent from ocean to ocean, the great office structures that adorn every city, the proud fleets of steamers on the lake, the plows, the reapers, the harvesters and binders, the warships and their ordnance, the thousands of locomotives that annihilate the magnificent distances of the continent, and the innumerable things of which iron is the base. Without these deposits the United States would be industrially spineless.

THE COAL SUPPLY NEW YORK HERALD

Coal is king of our industries, as the coal famine has demonstrated. It supplies light and heat, from the little gas stove in the working girl's attic room to the big furnaces under the boilers of a big ocean liner. An eminent authority on coal is Mr. Frederick E. Seward, editor of the Coal Trade Journal. For thirty years he has been quoted by operators, miners, and the press. Regarding the coal supply of the future Mr. Seward says:

"Lord Kelvin says the coal supplies of the world will be exhausted in four hundred years. His figures are based on the consumption of coal in the wasteful fashion of the past; but, even without reform in this respect, I estimate that the anthracite coal supply of Pennsylvania alone will last for one hundred and fifty years, and the bituminous coal of the country will certainly last ten times as long, or fifteen centuries.

"With the economical methods of using coal that will be introduced, the life of the coal supply can be prolonged at least an extra century. The bituminous resources of the country are far beyond those of the rest of the world. We are really but scratching the surface of the coal deposits in our search for fuel, using up the coal that is found above water level in large seams and which can be mined at low cost.

"As soon as the effects of the coal strike are over we shall be producing more fuel than ever, supplying coal to foreign countries whose available supply is very much less than ours. West Virginia alone has more bituminous coal than Great Britain. Then there are the other Southern States yielding coal, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama having vast deposits that have scarcely been touched.

"A great change has come over the coal outlook. Every railroad in the country is now prospecting for new coal mines, not only to supply their own demands, but to ship abroad and supply the trade generally. The total annual output of coal in the world is figured at about 840,000,000 net tons and the quantity to be credited to the United States is about 288,900,000 net tons, while Great Britain is put down for 246,000,000 net tons, and Germany for about 155,000,000, with none of the other countries sending out more than 50,000,000 tons annually.

"The total American output of anthracite, as reported by the mine inspectors last year, was 58,819,626 tons, of which 53,568,601 were shipped to market.

"The total bituminous coal distribution of the United States is as follows: Shipments, 173,265,272; local, 7,870,592; at mines, 3,743,097; coke, 27,634,951. Pennsylvania anthracite: Shipment, 50,709,816; local, 1,208,450; at mines, 5,449,649. Grand total net tons of 2,000 pounds each: Shipment, 223,975,088; local, 9,079,042; at mines, 9,192,746; coke, 27,634,951.

"All this immense growth in coal production has been the result of developing the mines during a period of about fifty years. I remember that forty years ago the total coal output of the country was only about twenty million tons annually. Now it is nearly three hundred million tons annually.

"Bituminous coal in the United States forms the largest tonnage, but its production is spread over a wider territory than the anthracite. West Virginia will soon reach second place as a coal-producing State, for everywhere there has been a largely increased production. In all the mines of the Central States the output has increased, and even in the far West the coal trade is expanding. Wyoming, Montana and Utah, and particularly Colorado, are increasing their tonnages from year to year. A remarkable feature of the trade has been the expansion of the export trade."

EXTENT OF THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY . . . AMERICAN EXPORTER

The report just issued by the United States Government upon the condition of the electrical industry of this country has awakened widespread interest. Electricity, perhaps, of all the forces in mechanics, is looked on as being the greatest. In 1880 and 1890 the figures of electrical manufacturing were loosely collated, without any attempt to give precision beyond the round totals; but it was recognized that the growth in the art during the last ten years called for a more respectful and elaborate treatment. Aside from inquiries into electrical manufacturing, the census office has hitherto attempted little in the electrical field. A cursory investigation of telephones was made in 1880, and in 1890 there was an interesting study of street railways as well as a report on electric lighting in the State of New York; but for telegraphy in late years the telegraph companies have had to be looked to for details. The permanent census office, as now constituted, is able to prosecute inquiries into all these fields.

In the returns it is shown that 580 establishments in the United States, with a capital of \$83,130,943, some 5,000 officers and 40,890 wage-earners, produced apparatus and supplies in 1900 valued at \$91,348,889. There were, however, reports considered from 132 other establishments, making apparatus of an electrical character as part of their business, and, all told, these 712 concerns turned out product to the value of \$104,738,719. Nor was this in reality the limit, for it is pointed out in the report that many companies, within and outside the electrical field, build a great deal of their own apparatus for themselves, but not for sale. No account, moreover, is taken of electric launches, automobiles or locomotives, these being accounted for in the respective branches of ship building, carriage building and locomotive building; while they would obviously include and duplicate some apparatus already reported otherwise by electrical manufacturers. There is also no inclusion of any electrochemical or electrometallurgical products, although well-nigh all our copper is refined electrically, and all our aluminum, carborundum, calcium, carbide, etc., is the product of electricity.

The activity revealed by this report in electrical production has not fallen off in the last two years, but has been maintained and intensified. An average increase of 20 per cent. each year would bring the total output for 1902 up to about \$150,000,000. The largest

concerns have enjoyed a bigger increase. The American people are spending at least as much on electricity as on daily bread, and it would not be easy to find any one fact more typical of the temperament and progressiveness of the nation.

While electrical manufacturing is shown to be chiefly concentrated in some six Eastern and two Middle or Western States, the industry is fairly widespread, its data being furnished by no fewer than nineteen States. It is a little surprising to see Pennsylvania head the list of States, with a total of nearly 21,000,000, but New York had nearly 18,000,000, and Illinois nearly 12,000,000. It is hard to tell just what conditions determine locality for the plants, but three causes seem to be influential, viz., nearness of steel and iron; cheapness of lumber, and abundance of skilled labor. One point which emerges is the tremendous increase in the production of electric motors and their use in general manufacturing. But, after all, such motors are still only 4 per cent. of the power employed in the manufacturing industries of the country. It had seemed to reach a good deal more than that, but there are many outlets for motors.

BUTTON MAKING.....WORCESTER SPY

The use of hooks and eyes and various devices for fastening clothing still leaves great demand for buttons, the making of which in the United States has been a sufficient industry to give it place in the census reports, beginning with the Third Census. It was not, however, until the Twelfth or last census that the industry was treated in a special report. In the ten years ending in 1900 an important development had taken place in button making, owing to the discovery that vast quantities of mussel shells in the Mississippi River, formerly considered of no value, could be turned into shell pearl buttons. So valuable are the shells for button making that a new and important manufacture has sprung up in Illinois and Iowa.

There were, in 1900, 238 button making establishments in the United States, representing a capital of \$4,212,568, which includes the value of land, buildings, machinery, tools and implements and live capital utilized, but not the capital stock. The value of the product was \$7,695,910, and the amount of wages paid was \$2,826,238, exclusive of the salaries of officials and clerks.

Button making, as a recognized industry,

is not so very old, dating back only to the reign of Elizabeth. The first button establishment in this country is supposed to have been founded in Philadelphia prior to 1750. Brass was the material used then. Late in the century another factory was started in Philadelphia where wooden buttons were made. It was necessary at the time of the Revolutionary war to import the buttons used by the Continental soldiers from France. The first metal button factory in Waterbury, Conn., which is now the center of the metal button industry, was established just prior to 1800.

Samuel Willston of Easthampton, Mass., founded the industry of manufacturing by machinery buttons covered with cloth. The process has been greatly improved until now nearly all the work is done automatically. Until 1892, however, the lasting and other parts used to cover buttons were imported. Now, for the most part, they are made in this country.

The manufacture of vegetable ivory buttons, the raw material for which is a seed of a South American palm, was introduced in 1859. These buttons, dyed in various colors and made in various patterns, are still very popular. The next step was the manufacture of composition buttons. They are made in many colors and designs. Horn and certain other materials are also used.

Young as the manufacture of pearl buttons in this country is, the value of the product in 1900 formed forty-eight and four-tenths per cent. of the entire value of the button output. These buttons include the mother-of-pearl buttons, made from shells brought from South Australia and the South Sea Islands, and those made from the shells of the Unio which come from the Mississippi River. These last are called fresh water pearl buttons. In 1890 there was not a single fresh water pearl button made in the United States. The making them in 1900 constituted the second most important branch of the industry. Such depredations have been made upon the mussels that in some places they have already become exterminated, and the question of protecting the Unio from extinction is being discussed. The buttons made from these shells, through the use of acids, are capable of receiving a very high polish.

The census of 1900 has compelled Massachusetts to yield first place in button making to New York. Indeed, it forced this State to sixth place, Connecticut being second; New Jersey, third; Pennsylvania, fourth; and Iowa, fifth.

Cartoons upon Current Events



"IT WILL BE TOUGH FOR SOME, TENDER FOR OTHERS."—BOSTON HERALD



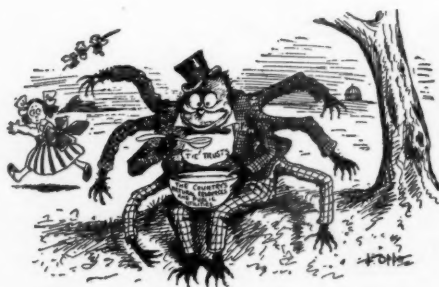
RECRUITS FOR CONGRESS.—ATLANTA JOURNAL



AS THE CZAR IS CONTROLLED BY HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE WHY NOT BRING THE REST OF THE POWERS IN LINE TO SOME PURPOSE?—N. Y. TIMES



LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET,
EATING HER DINNER ONE DAY;



THERE CAME A GREAT SPIDER, SAT DOWN BESIDE
HER,
AND GRABBED THE REFRESHMENTS AWAY.
—N. Y. AMERICAN. Copyright, 1902, by W. R.
Hearst.



LABOR'S TWO WORST ENEMIES.—N. Y. WORLD



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.—
WASHINGTON STAR



NEWS BULLETIN: GERMANY AND ENGLAND HAVE
DETERMINED TO TAKE JOINT ACTION AGAINST VENE-
ZUELA.—CLEVELAND LEADER



WHO'S A-GOING TO BACK UP?—BROOKLYN
DAILY EAGLE



WHAT THEN?
THE TOAD—"SUPPOSIN' I REFUSE TO BUDGE?"—
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



THE GOSPEL OF HOPE.—CHICAGO CHRONICLE



UNCLE SAM—"ALL RIGHT, COLLECT YOUR MONEY, BUT DON'T FORGET THE MONROE DOCTRINE."—CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN



A LOT OF FUSS FOR A FEW FEATHERS.—N. Y. HERALD

The Poetry of Frank L. Stanton



Prominent among the American lyrists of the present day is Frank L. Stanton. His verse, a great part of which is in dialect, is known from one end of the country to the other, and is widely popular. Its principal characteristics are its mellifluousness and its musical qualities, some of his poems, indeed, being true songs. A higher optimism pervades his work and gives it one of its chief charms. The examples selected are taken from his

latest volume.*

DOWN ON THE OLD PLANTATION

In spite of politics an' sich
A-worryin' of the nation,
We're doin' well in Georgy lan'
Down on the ol' plantation.
We're fixin' now fer cotton white—
To fleece the fiel's from left to right,
An' take ol' Georgy out o' sight
Down on the ol' plantation!

Ain't nothin' throws us out o' gear,
Or hinders our salvation;
We're good fer all the wear an' tear
Down on the ol' plantation.
We're workin' whilst it's called to-day
To meet the Good Times on the way,
An' life's a regular hooray!
Down on the ol' plantation.

Fer still the seasons as they go
Shout joy from every station,
The joy o' reapin' what we sow
Down on the ol' plantation.
Joy in the singin' o' the rills—
The mockin' birds, the whippoorwills;
We've struck the halleluia hills
Down on the ol' plantation!

HERE'S HOPIN'

Year ain't been the very best—
Purty hard by trouble pressed;
But the rough way leads to rest—
Here's hopin'!

Maybe craps wuz short; the rills
Couldn't turn the silent mills;
But the light's behind the hills—
Here's hopin'!

Where we planted roses sweet
Thorns come up an' pricked the feet;
But this old world is hard to beat—
Here's hopin'!

Pr'aps the buildin' that we planned
'Gainst the cyclone couldn't stand;
But, thank God, we've got the land—
Here's hopin'!

Maybe flowers we hoped to save
Have been scattered on a grave;
But the heart's still beatin' brave—
Here's hopin'!

That we'll see the mornin' light—
That the very darkest night
Can't hide heaven from our sight—
Here's hopin'!

WHEN JENNY CAME ALONG

Fishin' in the river, an' Jenny come along,
Apern full o' flowers, an' singin' of a song;
"Shame to ketch them fishes—cruel 'tis an' wrong!"
That wuz what she tol' me—when Jenny come along.

Fishin' pole wuz noddin'—fish a-pullin' strong;
Never had sich luck as that, when Jenny come along;
Knowed she wuz a-comin', by the blossoms roun'
the place;
Water, like a lookin'-glass, showin' of her face.

Wound up that 'ere tackle—let the fishin' go;
Walked with her through meadows, with daisies
white as snow;
Wind a-blowin' in my face the bright locks round
her brow:—
Never did like fishin' in a river, anyhow!

THE CALL OF FREEDOM

When freedom calls in thunder tones,
Far sea to sea replies,
And God the cause of freedom owns
And thunders from the skies.

The highest law is freedom's word,
And where her sons have bled
Each wind-swayed reed becomes a sword
To strike oppression dead.

Holy her cause and he who fights,
Contending for a clod
Where freedom mourns her ruined rights,
A Hero is to God.

EVENING SONG

The shadows deepen in the western sky,
The birds take homeward flight;
And one must weep to see the daylight die;
For Love is not; and Memory is a sigh:
Goodnight! Goodnight!

Did any deed unkind, dear, thrill your breast—
A shadow in the light?
A look—a tone that brought a dream unblest?
Breathe sweet forgiveness ere sleep whispers "Rest;"
Goodnight! Goodnight!

One star alone in the still heaven appears—
A bloom where all seems blight;
I come to you, with trembling hopes and fears—
I hold your hand—I kiss away your tears:
Goodnight! Goodnight!

*Up from Georgia: Frank L. Stanton. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. Copyright, 1902 by D. Appleton & Co.

"HEAR WHAT OUR MASTER EVEN YESTERDAY HATH SAID: 'HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM CAST THE FIRST STONE.'"



Mary of Magdala:

A Dramatic Performance of Rare Interest

The drama has come to mean to the ordinary theater-goer amusement, pure and simple. To the greater or the less degree that it serves this mission, a play succeeds or fails. If it succeeds in this sense, few will ask of it whether it be true, whether it be lofty, whether it contain a single connotation on life present, past or eternal. From a daughter of Wisdom and Poetry it has become a distorted ward of Folly and Commercialism. Yet the drama has a mission. It must amuse, it is true, but it must lift, must teach at the same time, or it loses its *raison d'être*. And it is good to see again within these last few years a new awakening of a sense of this value in the earnest work of such men as Ibsen, Björnson, Pinero, Maeterlinck, Hervieu, and in a lesser degree, men of the character of Phillips and Rostand.

They do not follow the old drama, it is true, in its narrowest scope. They strike out an

original scheme. They have created a new drama, allied to the old in nothing but its seriousness of treatment, its earnestness of purpose, and in many cases a strange similarity of theme. Indeed, almost every phase of the early drama can be duplicated in the modern. There is a trace of Hamlet, for example, in Mr. Phillips' Herod. There is a remarkable similarity to a play like Middleton's Changeling in Pinero's Iris. There is a distinct remembrance of the old religious drama, a curious combination of the old Greek tragedy and early miracle in such a play as Sudermann's Johannes, or the play now being produced in New York, Heyse's Mary of Magdala. The drama is slowly, but surely, coming back to its own, coming in a new guise, but fundamentally the same—truth and great teaching linked with pleasure.

Perhaps nothing will better show both the great changes and forces that have come over

the drama, and also whither it is going, than a comparison between two plays which stand at the opposite poles in treatment, but which at bottom are the same. Chance offers the opportunity in the presence of two remarkable plays now being produced in this country—*Everyman*, a quaint old morality, and *Mary of Magdala*, a fine example of the modern religious drama.

Before proceeding further it should be stated emphatically that such plays as *Ben Hur*, *The Sign of the Cross* and *Quo Vadis*, good or entertaining as they may be, are not the real modern treatment of religious themes. They are not in a word, great tragedies with the breadth and scope of a great truth in them. They are fine melodramas and are to be commended only in so far as they work toward the higher thing and aim to throw forth a picture and a lesson. The religious drama is either a simpler or a far more complex thing.

It was a simpler thing in the morality such as *Everyman*. Here everything was earnest, direct, naïve. There were no tricks of acting, no lavishness of scenery, no complexity of stage mechanism. The costuming was conventional, and where music occurred in the modern version it did not rightly belong, and was an anachronism. When originally produced it was seen on a pageant wagon, likely well acted, but acted in somewhat grandiose, stilted manner, without any idea of characterization. Where it touched upon Biblical incidents it followed them to the letter. What it had to say it said outright, without symbolism or suggestiveness, and it drew its lesson not through psychology of character, but through direct preaching. In its

seriousness it was often indelicate, using characters which to the modern mind are shocking and unpleasant.

In apposition to this place Heyse's play *Mary of Magdala*, which Mrs. Fiske is now producing at the Manhattan Theater, New York. The first impression is one of elaborateness. Every detail has been studied and worked out.

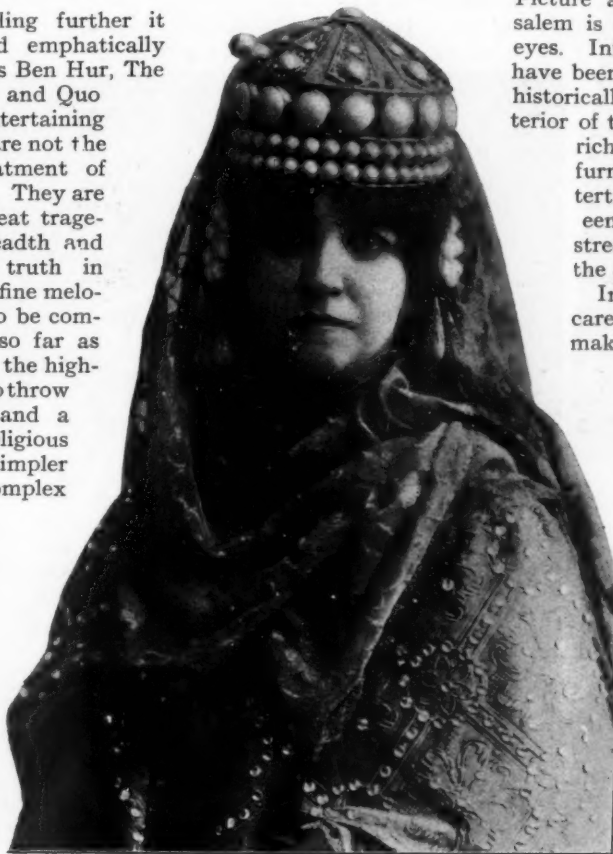
Picture after picture of Jerusalem is flashed before the eyes. Infinite pains and study have been taken to make these historically correct. The interior of the houses, with their rich hangings, their lavish furniture, their very entertainments, are to be seen. Here, too, are the streets and gardens, even the country side.

In costuming the same care has been given to make the representation accurate. The different tradespeople, the rich and the poor, the priest and the soldier, the Jew and the Roman are seen in vivid contrasts and colorings. Were it for nothing else this production would be noteworthy for these views of Jerusalem at the beginning of the Christian era.

This is the first great advance that has been made. Allied to

it is what is known as the "stage business." There is a mob scene in the house of Flavius, which for realism has scarcely been surpassed on the stage. The light effects are especially significant and at times, such as where Judas determines to betray Christ, full of symbolic value. And the climax of all is reached in a thunder storm so realistic that it is almost uncomfortable.

All these changes are what might be regarded as externalities, and if the modern play offered



"I SAW A WOMAN—A GLORY—A CREATURE LIKE NO OTHER
I HAD EVER SEEN"



FLAVIUS

its stage business and—here the point—in its interpretation of Scriptures. This is where the great contrast comes. Here is where the modern drama strikingly shows the sophistication of modern thought and takes its place once for all.

This new manner of treating the Biblical narrative is not simple, but is subtle, both daring and delicate. The old miracle plays were singularly lacking in taste at times, even granting them time and condition. The idea of placing the Deity upon the stage in a garb of white leather has something grotesque and almost revolting in it. The whole treatment of sacred personages was often irreverent to the extreme.

Whatever else may be said of Mary of Magdala, it cannot be accused of irreverence. It is

no greater divergence it would have little cause for boastfulness. But it is in the subtler and finer qualities that the greatest changes have come. An old Coventry miracle play was simple and direct both in

delicately, sincerely reverent. The principal character is really Christ. The whole play centers in and upon Him. He is the motif and whole force of the action. Yet His form is never seen, His voice is never heard; but there is not a moment when His presence is not felt. It reaches even to the home of the Magdalen. Preaching in Simon's gardens; with His disciples in Simon's house; on the cross at Calvary, that strange, weird influence hovers over every

moment, bathing everything in a poetic tragedy.

Of such delicacy and refinement only the modern mind is capable. Such subtlety is wholly modern. It is this subtlety, indeed, that lifts this play to heights it would otherwise never reach. For it



JUDAS

"A MAN OF DARK AND LOWERING COUNTENANCE,
A FALCON AMONG DOVES"

is not a masterpiece throughout, and it is only in certain scenes and bits of characterization that it has the ingredients of the loftiest greatness.

The character of Judas, it is, which shows the finest work-



CAIAPHAS



CAIAPHAS

"WHO SEEKS THE HIGH PRIEST OF JERUSALEM?"

JUDAS

"ONE WHO BRINGS TIDINGS YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR"

manship. He is far from the conventional type. He is a man of intensity, a man distinctly of ideals, a man of loftiness, but at the same time a man of hatred and passion. Whatever else he is, he is never petty. He has in him the elements of the lover, the dreamer, the doer. He is a fitting disciple of the Master. No thirty pieces of silver entice him to the betrayal. The motives that lead him thereto are human and complex. The world empire which had been promised, which drew him from the loving embraces of Mary of Magdala, and which he thought meant an end of Roman sway, he has found to be a simple philosophy of love. This rankles in his breast, and when, in his disappointment and despair, he sees Mary whom he has loved turned from that impure love to the teachings of Christ, hatred, despair, lost hope, fill his heart, and it is then, at the urging of the High Priest, Caiaphas, that he agrees to betray his Teacher. His grief and remorse after the deed, his tragic death, all leave one with a lasting pity and sympathy for a man who has not been so much evil at heart as the sport of fate and disposition.

This realistic treatment is the keynote to the play. Take again the character of Mary. At the begin-

ning of the play she is seen surrounded by luxury, but deserted by her lover. She has come to a place where the glitter and shimmer are found to be tinsel, and life has begun to show its true values. Experience has been her teacher and her schooling has been severe. It is something more than mere curiosity that urges her to visit Flavius's house, whence she can hear the preaching of the Nazarene. It is partly a desire to know the power of the man who could draw from her charms her lover, partly the search for a new sensation, a vague longing for something better. When at last she does see Him, when she hears His words, her life changes in a singularly true manner. Piety becomes, even as love before, a passion with her. She is enamored with it. It permeates her being and is expressed in her walk, her movements. Her eyes soften and sparkle with a new light under its power. Then the newness wears off and the passion melts into pain and the Magdalen becomes the creature of sorrow, the penitent, pitiable suffering creature, the humblest and the truest mourner at the foot of the cross.

Enough has been said to show the modern treatment of the religious theme. Psychology is its keynote. It is the portrayal of the spirit rather than the letter of the Scriptures. It is reverent, beautiful, holy—a lesson, an education, and an intellectual pleasure.

And the effect of all this upon the modern audience? A glance of some of the criticisms will give an idea.

The critic of the New York World says:



"GO BID THE MUSIC SOUND —"

Mary of Magdala will stand by itself as an example of the purely intellectual and dignified in stage undertakings as far as current theatricals in New York are concerned. It was substantial throughout; it had nothing of tinsel or the tawdry about it. It is a play for the serious minded, and by them it will be appreciated and applauded.

The New York Sun says: "The play is a moving poetic spectacle."

The New York Times, comparing Mary of Magdala with other so-called modern religious plays, comments:

Mary of Magdala is as truly religious and as truly dramatic as these are falsely religious and falsely melodramatic. Its whole atmosphere is as dignified and elevated as theirs is cheap and commonplace. Its code of esthetics is as sound as theirs is flashy and banal. If those who delight in the religious melodrama of theatrical commerce wish to see what a truly religious drama can be they have only to go to Mrs. Fiske's latest production.

One word remains to be said concerning the author and the actors. Paul Heyse, the author, is a German who has long been called the dean of German letters. He has been a very prolific writer, with a hundred or more novels and plays attached to his name. Most of these are of religious or psychological character. The combination of these two qualities is seen in this his greatest and best piece of work.

In regard to the acting, the most notable thing is the evenness of tone and purity of style. There are no divergent schools to be seen. Everything is subordinated and co-ordinated to make a single perfect harmonious picture. Three characters stand out especially—Flavius, portrayed by Mr. Woodruff; Judas, by Mr. Power; and Mary, by Mrs. Fiske. Of Mr. Power's work too much can scarcely be said. It is a perfect study, a careful analysis of a complex character in which every shade and color is nicely brought out. Side by side almost he stands with Mrs. Fiske in her portrayal of Mary. In spite of what critics have said, it seems to us that this is the finest piece of work which this great actress

has given. No one on the American stage could have portrayed Mary as she did any more than any other actress could have equalled her Tess. For downright greatness both in originality of conception and clearness of portrayal, for pure art freed from trickery, she stands alone.

Mary of Magdala is one of the most striking and most worthy modern plays which has been seen in America the last five years. For the seriousness of its endeavor and its loftiness of purpose it deserves the highest praise. For the perfection in which it is produced it merits the support and gratitude of the American public.

Finally, to the lover of the drama, it is full of interest and full of promise. It shows more clearly than any other recent play produced in this country in years that the serious drama is not quite a thing of the past, and that a real tragedy is still profitable from a financial as well as from an artistic standpoint. After all, in the modern ephemeral so-called "society plays," there are just so many situations which after a time become as a game of chess, the only interest being the moves and—the time limit. According to the manager, the formula for a successful play might be reduced to something like this: a laugh alternating with tears. And this formula can, indeed, be traced in most of the "successes," the laugh often being dragged in simply to produce a contrast. In other words, the appeal is entirely to the emotions; the intellect very often is all but insulted. The eternal craving for simple amusement is usually bought at any cost—whether the price be an outrage upon art or morals.

But this cannot go on forever. Already the tide is turning. Among this year's productions we have seen or are to see a serious, worthy play by Mr. Pinero, and Mr. Phillip's Herod, while several Shakespearean revivals by Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Gillette speak of better things, and show something of undercurrents.



"ALL HER THOUGHTS ARE FIXED ON HIM"

The Art of René Lalique

By Irene Sargent*

In the ability to connote, to concentrate beauty and truth within narrow limits, M. Lalique is not unlike Browning who, in four lines of verse, paints in A Toccata of Galuppi's a complete picture of Venice: earth, air, sea, and so on down to Shylock's bridge with the houses standing upon it. By this power of rapid representation, which is the gift of genius alone, M. Lalique reveals his rank as an artist. And this is further shown by his fertile, ever-working creative imagination which has made him reject the old traditions of his art and craft, and caused him to turn to Nature as to the only worthy inspiring force. Of his originality a French critic has said that he devises jewels which have never been conceived since women and lovers of personal ornament have existed; that he has completely changed such ornaments, as to character, dimensions, form and color; in short, that an important art must hereafter be dated from him.

In the existence of M. Lalique, therefore, France possesses a powerful champion to aid her in maintaining her old-time supremacy; just as the quality of the artist's genius is in itself a happy indication for the future: refuting with fact the gloomy and jealous prophecies of those who are over-anxious to announce her decadence. The fresh and immediate ideas of Nature expressed in the flower-jewels of the French artist-craftsman speak volumes of hope for the continuance of the national art. In him history repeats itself. He has rejected the combinations of lines, the old meaningless symbols used by generation after generation of his predecessors, to draw inspiration from plant and animal life; just as

the Gothic artists spurned the dead Byzantine decorative principles to create their own vigorous and vital ornament.

The originality of M. Lalique in design is matched by what may be termed his democracy in the choice of material. The flower of the Luxembourg, not intended for personal adornment, but rather executed as a *tour de force*, is, in all respects, a typical example of his work. Here, one finds the different textures of stem, calyx, ovary and petal represented by different enamels or *smalti*: used not as by

the old craftsmen of Limoges, nor yet as by modern skilled goldsmiths, but after the manner of a discoverer and with the confidence of a master.

The colors, especially those of the greens in stem and seed-vessel, are enchanting: having that grayish-white effect which in nature overspreads the green, and is due to what is named by botanists pubescence; that is, a covering of fine, soft hairs. The petals of the poppy are even yet more marvelous

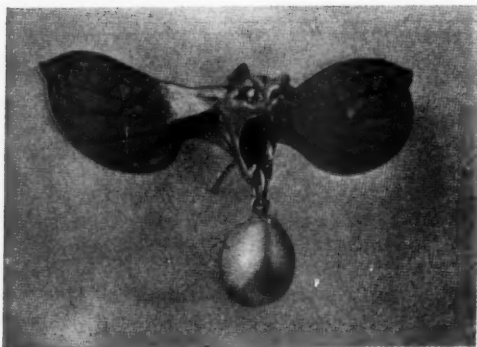
to the spectator, whether he be an unskilled admirer of the beautiful, or yet again one who, through observation and study, knows something of enamels and of the difficulties attending

their production. The petals of the flower are gray; the enamel being of a translucence very nearly approaching transparency, and the color varying: passing from pale, light and somewhat cold effects up to spots or rather dashes of black; the whole being marked with a most delicate and involved system of veining resembling a minute network, and exactly counterfeiting the structural peculiarity of the field flower. By this complete mastery over a stubborn, subtle and elusive substance, gained by patience, chemical knowledge and an expenditure recalling that of the old alchemists who, never despairing,



DIADEM

*Text by permission of The Craftsman. Illustrations with one exception otherwise credited, by courtesy of The International Studio.



BROOCH

again and again threw their all into the crucible, M. Lalique has gained a freedom never before attained by an adept in his special art. Thus, no longer confined to the use of the few metals called precious, and to that of rare and costly stones, he has reacted against the excessive, one might almost say the abusive, employment of the diamond. He chooses his gems for their beauty and appropriateness, not for money value, or according to the fashion of the moment, which is in itself based upon a passing caprice of some sovereign or aristocrat. The preference of a certain king for the moonstone may send the rich idlers of Europe on a mad quest through the *rue de la Paix* for gems large and lustrous, which shall rival the radiance of the earth's satellite; or a queen may adopt designs of costly combinations, inartistic in themselves and with nothing in their favor save royal patronage. But such conditions are ignored by M. Lalique who, it cannot be too often insisted, has raised his art to a new level from which it will be most difficult to lower it. For it is not too much to predict that his lovely creations will never be found in museum collections of curios, but rather that they will rank among the works of master-artists who have added to the real glories of France. What has before been characterized as his democratic use of material is sometimes carried to a point which would be perilous for an artist of less distinction. The Luxembourg poppy contains no mineral more precious than onyx, and this is by no means an unusual simplicity for the jewels and ornaments of M. Lalique. Often to adorn and crown a marvel of workmanship he chooses a baroque pearl, which, a few years since, would have been rejected by the expert as a vagary of nature—a poor, misshapen thing, fit to form the hunch on the back of a dwarf in a toy-

jewel, such as one sees in the gem-cabinets of Florence and Dresden. But he is not content with the substitution of irregular forms for the round and regular pearls prized in the world market, or with his preferences for comparatively inexpensive or semi-precious stones, chosen for their qualities of color and substance, as fitting some general scheme. His innovations extend yet further, and he has bestowed the touch of his genius upon material hitherto regarded as common or vulgar. The costly shell of yellow tint, so highly prized by goldsmiths as often to be incrustated with diamonds, he has replaced in his work by a certain kind of horn, which, instead of a surface of unvarying translucence, offers graded chromatic tones most grateful to the eye. For color also he often chooses agate, forming of its soft, opaque greens and whites a background for some exquisite piece of craftsmanship, or for some high-light made by the flashing body of a jewel. He has even forced his democracy of choice to the point of using, in his more elaborate designs requiring a wide range of colors and values, the small red pebbles found in France in the sand of gardens.



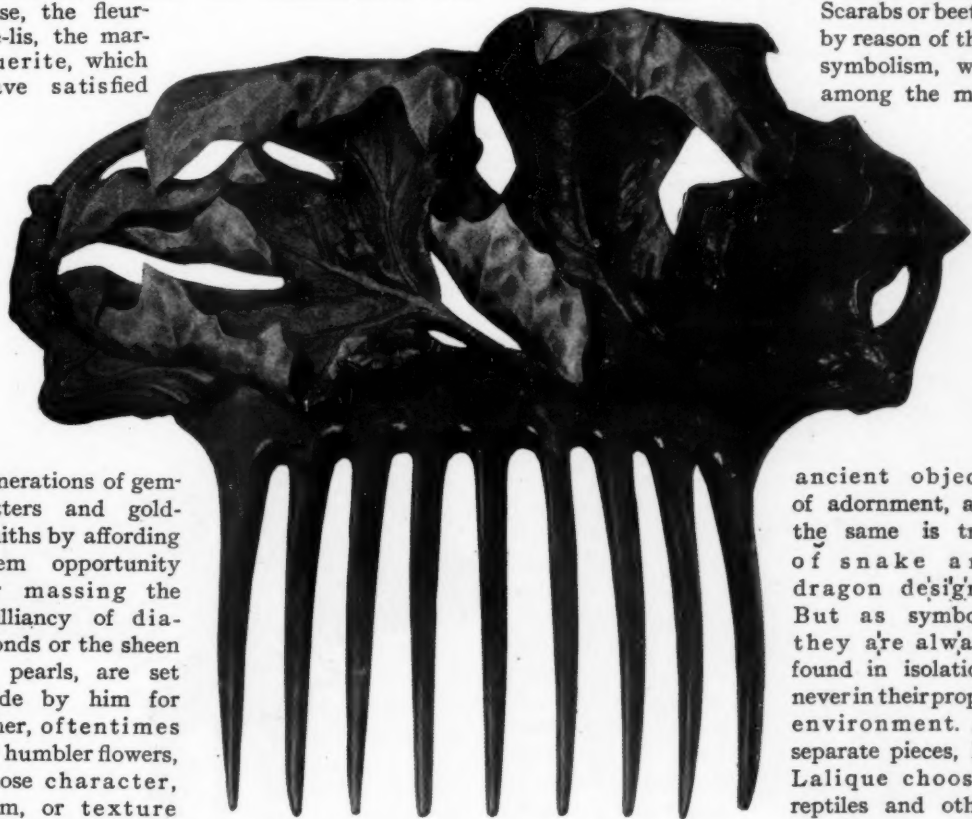
BOUQUET DE CORSAGE

The democratic spirit shown in M. Lalique's choice of material is quite paralleled by his freedom in selecting a subject for treatment. Not that he pursues vagaries, or forces himself to produce the unusual; for no artist could be more restrained or well-balanced than he shows himself to be even in his most daring schemes. He has simply enlarged the legitimate field of his art and craft by using the prerogative of genius to go beyond the conventional and the commonplace. The rose, the fleur-de-lis, the marguerite, which have satisfied

simply as types amid the great variety of his work, mark him as one who has explored the infinitude of Nature, and they recall that other great French artist and craftsman, Bernard Palissy, the ceramist, who, like Lalique, as an innovator in an aristocratic art, lovingly studied and portrayed the lower and more obscure forms of plant, insect and animal life.

In the treatment of the latter class of subjects, the modern goldsmith stands alone in his art.

Scarabs or beetles by reason of their symbolism, were among the most

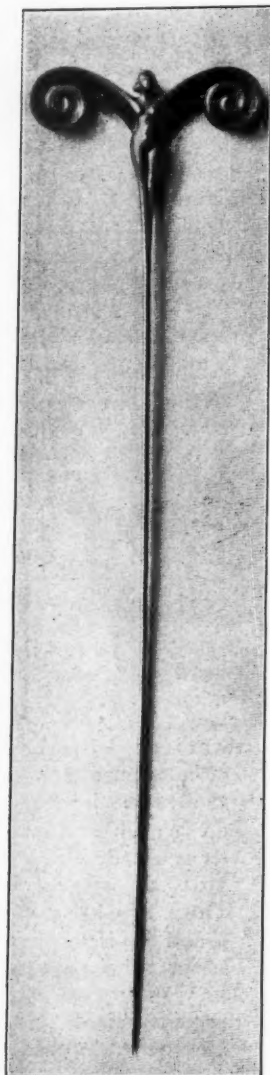


COMB. LEAVES OF SYCAMORE, HORN AND SILVER

generations of gem-setters and goldsmiths by affording them opportunity for massing the brilliancy of diamonds or the sheen of pearls, are set aside by him for other, oftentimes for humbler flowers, whose character, form, or texture offers possibilities hitherto unperceived by workers in the precious metals. Frequently he treats the yellow jonquil and the anemone, rendering their individuality by a bald yet chaste use of the *art nouveau* line. Again, he chooses the mistletoe for its sharply defined foliage; the wheat-ear for the variety of treatment which it permits; the thistle for the beauties of both calyx and corolla; and various aquatic plants and sea-weeds for their structural effects. These subjects, chosen

ancient objects of adornment, and the same is true of snake and dragon designs. But as symbols, they are always found in isolation, never in their proper environment. As separate pieces, M. Lalique chooses reptiles and other animal types for their charm of

line and their beauty or brilliancy of coloring. Beyond this, he introduces them into his more complicated designs, because of their affinity for certain plants, or their agreement with a general scheme which, in miniature, almost assumes the character of a landscape. As a case in point, one may cite an exquisitely wrought comb, in which enameled bees with wings, transparent as in nature, are seen scaling flower-stalks and



HAT PIN

gathering honey; the poise of the insects telling that they are intoxicated with perfume, unwieldy through weight, and that their legs are hindered by wax: a situation drawn to the very life and rich in the most delicate humor.

The studies of plant-life found in M. Lalique's jewels are no less admirable. They represent both flower and leaf in the successive stages of their existence: sometimes in the full beauty of bloom; sometimes in decline, when they wither and take on the color of rust; when their texture, according to the species, thickens and stiffens, or else becomes thin and hard, revealing the shrunken and contracted veins of nourishment. And here again the patient French craftsman becomes an eloquent nature-poet, receiving a

powerful impression from all that is beautiful and wonderful in the world about him, and giving out again that impression scarcely diminished in force, although transmuted into unyielding substances and reflected within the narrowest limits.

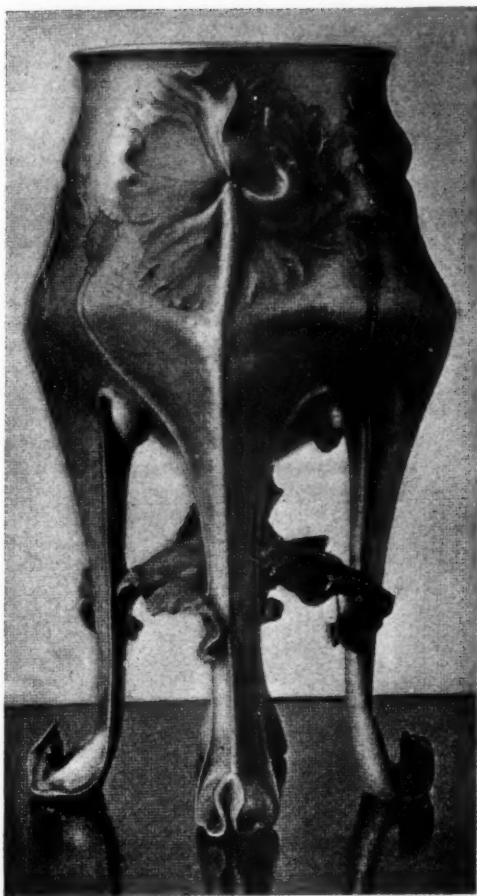
Another artistic trait of M. Lalique remains to be noted. That is his quality as a decorator: his manner of transforming the real into the conventional. His process has

been described by a French critic as one of simplification, of seizing and isolating the chief characteristic of an object; by which means he but follows the indications of Nature and renders his conventional flower plant, or animal, truer to its type than any given specimen of the same species, modified by accidents and subjected to special conditions.

Side by side with his great power of conventionalizing, he shows the other essential quality of the decorator, that is to say, the color sentiment. He graduates and shades, he strengthens or weakens his effects as easily as a musician regulates his sounds from *piano* to *fortissimo*. He distributes his color-elements to support, or to contrast with one another, so that no fragment is lost, and that all concur in a general harmony, rich or simple, at his will. It would seem, in fact, that his subtle eye, like the highly-trained ear of a violinist, was constantly intent upon dividing and subdividing tones, to the end of creating a delicate and infinite scale with which to play upon sensuous perception. Sometimes he



COMB IN HORN, SILVER, BLACK ENAMEL AND OBSIDIAN. INSECTS IN GOLD

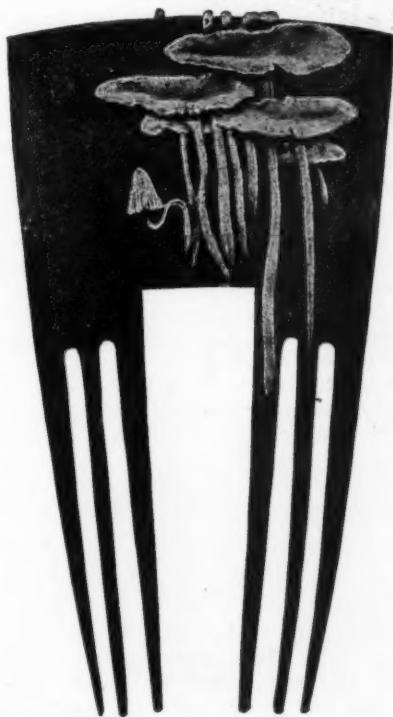


SILVER VASE

composes with pearls of differing colors and tones, crossing and mingling their reflections until they become a very orchestra of color. Sometimes he selects a ruby which appears on his work like the expanse of deep-toned crimson dominating in a Venetian painting. Or again, with equal but grave effect, he constructs a harmony in which the sapphire carries the principal theme. But always he is the same master, never barely attaining his results, but by his ease and brilliancy giving assurance that his powers have not yet been exerted to their limit.

Taken thus for all in all, M. Lalique is an artist of that type—the creative—which appears most rarely in the course of time. He has given a new direction to the art which

he practises, and indicates to those who shall succeed him alluring possibilities of beauty. He has raised the objects which he creates from the rank of toys and talismans up to that of true works of art. This he has accomplished by a double means: the force of genius and the force of craftsmanship. The love of Nature and the impulse to translate her beauties into artistic form were bestowed upon him at birth. The power to express what he feels more acutely than common men has been gained through an active union of brain and hand. M. Lalique is at once sculptor, painter, enameler and goldsmith. His thought gathers in the loveliness of the material world and his hand reaches out for the tool lest the heavenly vision be dissipated and the wealth of impression reduced to nothing. The tool has admitted him to the number of the immortals. Nor will it refuse a similar reward to other enthusiasts who shall follow in the path of M. Lalique. The tool for the coming century is the sign of salvation.



Courtesy of The Craftsman

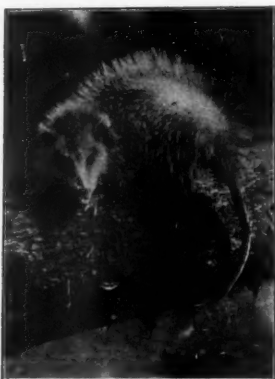
COMB

Some American Animals

An excellent work has been prepared by Witmer Stone and William Everett Cram, which, in its scope, includes some account of the entire American mammalia.* Not only is the text matter valuable for the purpose of the student, but it makes as well reading of unusual interest. This result is much heightened by the many fine illustrations, the great majority of which are photographs from wild life. In the following brief selections one small animal has been chosen from each of the great orders of land mammals. The sea mammals and bats are not represented. We are indebted to Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., the publishers, for both text and illustrations.

THE OPOSSUMS; ORDER: MARSUPIALS

The marsupials form a special class to themselves, and of these we have but one representative in America:



OPOSSUM CAUGHT UNAWARES

The opossum is our only representative of that remarkable class of beasts in which the young are born at such an early and undeveloped stage that the mother is obliged to carry them about in her pocket for several weeks; when first born a kangaroo, an opossum, and a mouse are of very nearly the same

size, about half an inch in length. A mother opossum takes her half-dozen or more infants as fast as they are born and drops them into her pouch, and for the next few weeks the little family of brothers and sisters do nothing but sleep and grow.

Opossums are anything but attractive or intelligent beasts. About the most marked exhibition of intelligence that they ever appear to display is their well-known trick of feigning death or playing possum as a last resort in danger. Even this has become so habitual with the species as to be almost or quite instinctive, and it is doubtful if they ever knowingly pretend to be dead any more than the numerous beetles and spiders which possess the same habit.

Nature most effectually assists the possum in making the ruse successful, as anyone who has ever seen it tried is bound to admit, for the long, lean, dull, white jaws and black withered ears and skinny tail bear in themselves the very semblance of death. And

when the possum plays possum he invariably draws back the gums from his glittering white teeth until he looks as if he might have been dead for a month; especially as his fur has at all times the faded, colorless look and loose, wind-blown texture of hair that has been exposed to wind and weather for an entire season.

ARMADILLOS; ORDER: EDENTATES

The first of our non-marsupial animals are the edentates. Of these likewise the Americas afford a single example:

The Edentates stand at the bottom of the series of the non-marsupial mammals. In distribution they are almost entirely restricted to South America, the best-known members of the group being the ant-eaters, sloths and armadillos.

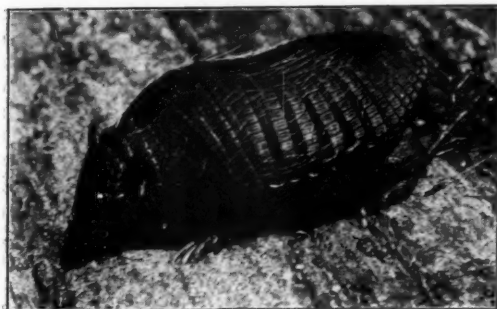
In former ages we had in North America gigantic beasts of this order, as is shown by the fossil remains of the megalonyx and mylodon, huge sloth-like animals, which existed along with the mastodon and saber-toothed tigers, and doubtless served as the chief source of food supply for the latter.

When we think of these former giants it is disappointing to find that our only representative of the edentates within the limits of the United States to-day is a single species of armadillo which crosses the Mexican boundary into the State of Texas.



WHITE-TAILED SPERMOPHILE

*American Animals; Witmer Stone and William Everett Cram. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Copyright, 1902, by Doubleday, Page & Company.



SIX-BANDED ARMADILLO

Covered from end to end with his bony armament, the armadillo at once recalls the box tortoise; and his sudden transformation, when harassed, into a round ball of horny plates, reminds one not a little of the snapping shut of the shell of the turtle.

The armadillo is an habitual digger, making his burrows in the dry soil of the arid regions in which he lives and venturing forth mainly by night. In the matter of food he is not particular; vegetable and animal matter both appear on his bill of fare, and carrion forms no small part of his diet, while the insects and maggots which it attracts are not overlooked.

THE PECCARIES; ORDER: UNGULATES

Passing to the ungulates or hoofed animals, the next in the ascending order of land mammals, we choose the Texas Peccary as a typical representative:

Peccaries are the American representatives of the pig family and take the place of the wild boars of Europe. Like many other products of the western hemisphere, they are an improvement upon their like in the Old World, inasmuch as they are distinctly more advanced in development. They have a complicated stomach, somewhat like that of the ruminant mammals, and have three instead of four toes on the hind feet.

In general appearance the peccary resembles a small black pig, with a mane and slender legs, and he is said to root and wallow in a truly pig-like fashion.

The home of the Texas peccary is low river bottoms with dense thickets and overgrown swamps. Here he may be found singly or in small droves feeding on the acorns, pecans and walnuts, or grubbing up roots. Spots which are particularly frequented by them usually smell strongly of the peculiar skunk-like odor which they emit.

Whatever there may be in the stories of the fierceness of the South American peccaries,

our species seem to be a harmless beast, preferring to escape by flight rather than turn upon its pursuers, though its sharp teeth and well-developed tusks would make it a rather formidable enemy.

PORCUPINES, BEAVERS, MARMOTS, SHREWS; ORDER: RODENTS

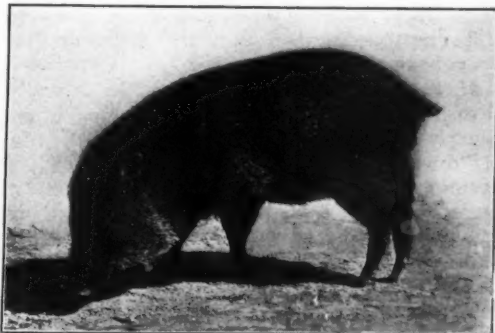
Among the rodents, the next group in American mammalia, we have chosen five representatives of the smaller animals:

The porcupine is much more interesting as a species than as an individual. Looked at either as an example of the beneficent protection which is rendered to every creature according to its needs, or as a branch of the rodent family that has succeeded in perfecting a most unique method of defense through the law of the survival of the fittest, it furnishes an interesting study.

The Canada porcupine of the present day is apparently a result of this sort of selection, stumping about the woods like a turtle in its shell, intent only on filling his stomach with the green bark of trees he hauls himself laboriously up among the branches and strips them bare, killing a tree for his meal.

The porcupine's quills are hard to avoid, and each one is fitted with numberless little barbs that, once the quill penetrates the skin, keep forcing it deeper and deeper into the sufferer's flesh with every involuntary twinge of his muscles, until a vital part is stabbed and the hunter pays high for his meal, many a porcupine avenging his own death weeks after he has been eaten; even the wily fisher is said to be occasionally killed in this manner.

The beavers are our largest gnawing animals. They are heavily built and thoroughly adapted for an aquatic life, with their wonderful broad, flat, naked tail, and webbed hind feet. Both fore and hind feet are four-toed, but the second toe of the hind foot is peculiar in having two claws.



COLLARED PECCARY



CANADIAN PORCUPINE. QUILLS THROWN FORWARD

Everyone knows that it is the beaver's custom to dam up small streams and build their thatched and mud-plastered log cabins on the margins of the ponds thus made. The dam is made of logs and trunks wattled together and filled in with stones and earth, the whole cunningly bent against the current to withstand the pressure of the water.

It is frequently reinforced by other dams just below that back up the water against the first and relieve it of a part of the pressure.

As the water rises the beavers watch the shores carefully and every depression in the bank likely to lead the water off to one side is promptly dammed and the pond at last brought to the desired level.

If, as seems probable, the woodchuck really sleeps all winter long, then his waking hours occupy an extremely small portion of his life, for during the entire summer he spends the greater part of his time in his hole, and as he never takes his meals there, it is hard to imagine how he can occupy himself at such times except in sleeping. He is, perhaps, the least industrious animal in existence except when engaged in digging his hole, when he works away at a tremendous rate until it is finished;

but once it is completed, he seldom attempts to enlarge or remodel it in any way, but spends his days in luxurious ease, coming out to get his breakfast soon after sunrise, while the dew is still on the grass, at which time I fancy he makes his most substantial meal, though he may occasionally be seen feeding at any time of day. At noon he is pretty sure to make his appearance above ground for luncheon, but apparently spends more time then in sunning himself than in eating. Late in the afternoon he again shows himself, and feeds until nearly sunset, when he descends into his burrow for the night. It is not often that he is obliged to go many steps from his doorway in order to fill himself, and by autumn he has usually reached a perfectly ludicrous state of obesity.

The spermophiles, closely allied to the chipmunks, form as it were the connecting link between the squirrels and the marmots. They are restricted to the prairie regions of the West, where there are a number of species, two of which cross the Mississippi. The best known and most widely distributed form is the striped spermophile or "striped gopher" as it is also called. Vernon Bailey, in his report upon these animals, says: "Throughout the prairies of the Mississippi Valley the little striped spermophile is a familiar object as it darts through the grass to its hole or is seen standing upright on its hind feet, straight and motionless as a stick. With its short ears, smoothly-rounded head, and the forefeet drooping at its sides, there is no point about its outline to catch the eye, and at a little distance it is impossible to distinguish it from old picket



THE CANADIAN BEAVER

pin or fence stake. Standing thus the animal will often allow one to approach within a few yards, then quickly dropping on all fours it utters a shrill chatter and dives into a hole close by."

Nearly all the insectivores are terrestrial, the moles burrowing in the ground, the shrews living in burrows and also on the surface. They are mainly insectivorous, as their name implies, though some species vary their diet.

Our American species are all of small size and are clothed with very soft, silky fur. The eyes are small and rudimentary, while the teeth bear considerable resemblance to those of the carnivora.

Dr. Merriam, speaking of their voracious habits, states that he once confined three of these restless little beasts under an ordinary tumbler. "Almost immediately they commenced fighting, and in a few minutes one was slaughtered and eaten by the other two. Before night one of them killed and ate its only surviving companion, and its abdomen was much distended by the meal. Hence in less than eight hours one of these tiny wild beasts had attacked, overcome, and ravenously consumed two of its own species, each as large and heavy as itself."

I have never seen a live marsh-shrew, though I have hunted and set traps for them along various little brooks and similar moist and watery places. It would appear that they occupy much the same position among the shrews that minks and otters hold in the weasel tribe, swimming about or diving beneath the surface for minnows or water beetles, or racing along the margin to stop here and there to overturn wet leaves or dig in the mud for worms.

Tadpoles and caddis worms and the multitudinous variety of wriggling larvæ that inhabit the bottoms of little brooks must furnish them with sufficient food at all seasons. In all likelihood they also make frequent excursions to higher and drier ground, as the whim seizes them.



MARSH SHREW

WEASELS, LYNX; ORDER: CARNIVOROUS

Passing over bats the next group is the carnivorous or flesh-eating group, many of which are large animals. Of the numerous smaller ones a representative of the weasels and of the cat tribe are given here:

The various kinds of weasels in this country are much alike in their habits, and there is probably as much difference to be observed between the ways of individuals of each species as between the different species. There are certain family characteristics, however, which apply to all of them. First of all, they are hunters; if they ever follow the example of the majority of the flesh-eaters and partake of beechnuts, berries, mushrooms, or herbs on occasions, they have evidently never been caught at it and reported by the student of nature.

They hunt tirelessly, following their prey by scent, and kill for the mere joy of killing, often leaving their victims uneaten and hurrying on for more;

when game is abundant they content themselves with sucking the warm blood. In cold weather they frequently hide the game they are unable to eat as a provision against period of hunger.

They like best to follow old tumble-down stone walls overgrown with weeds, squeezing into every crevice that may harbor a mouse or



WEASEL

chipmunk; white-footed mice in particular furnish them no end of sport, for they are scarcely inferior to the weasels themselves in leaping powers, and once very abundant everywhere in the woods. In eating a mouse, the weasel first sucks the blood through the large veins of the neck, then bites through the skull and eats the brains, and after that, if still hungry, he eats the flesh, turning back the skin as he does so, leaving it turned inside out with the feet and tail attached.

I cannot learn of any other creature that is more thoroughly possessed of the lust for blood than are these slim-bodied little hunters.

The Canada lynx is a savage, flat-faced beast, with enormous muscular legs and paws out of all proportion to the size of its lean body and absurd retrousse tail. Its soft fur of clouded gray is so blended with various shades of pale buff and tawny as to be extremely difficult to distinguish in any light or against almost any background; even in the cruel publicity of a barred cage it is still indistinct, and one might well fancy the cage empty at a little distance.

In the northern woods the lynx travels with silent leaps, his broad paws supporting him on the snow, or alighting without a sound among brittle twigs or dry leaves of a past summer, enabling him to pounce on grouse or hare before they have time to take alarm. He can also climb trees with ease, to rob the nests of birds and squirrels, or stretch himself along a lower branch from which he can launch himself on whatever may pass beneath. Yet since every creature that he hunts is equally well fitted for the contest, and even more earnest and watchful in its endeavors to avoid him and so enjoy its own wild life in the woods a little longer, the lynx must necessarily go without food often for days together in the



CANADIAN LYNX

winter, glad enough perhaps to pull some frozen scrap of flesh or skin out of the snow, dropped there by more fortunate hunters weeks before. They hold on to life grimly through long, cold nights in the dark northern forests, believing somehow that at last spring will be in the woods again, bringing flight birds from the South, and awakening the small creatures that sleep all winter down deep in the frozen earth where the most desperate lynx can never reach them. Until then the lynxes must hunt as best they can, tireless and in splendid health, and quite unconscious of the cold, but oh, so hungry!

One of the most astonishing facts in nature is the length of time that most flesh-eating animals can go without food, on long hunts through deep snow, night after night.



A PAIR OF WOODCHUCKS NEAR THEIR BURROW

Music, Art and the Drama

PLAYGOERS WHO POSE... ADOLPH KLAUBER... NEW YORK TIMES

Not since that afternoon several months ago, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell brought joy to the hearts of the symbolists by enacting that weird and somber concoction, Pelleas and Melisande, generally referred to by Oscar Hammerstein as Paresis and Molasses, has there been in the theaters such a coming together of long-haired enthusiasts and short-haired emotionalists as were assembled at the Victoria on the night when Eleonora Duse exposed in all its nakedness *La Citta Morta*, the late frenzy of Gabriele d'Annunzio. Indeed, the audiences which Duse has succeeded in assembling are quite worthy of study, for apart from that particular element which seek out plays that bear the seal "literary," there were present on the several nights of the actress's engagement as variegated a collection of freaks as is ever likely to meet beneath one roof.

One feels instinctively on such occasions that much of the wild exhilaration is largely in the nature of "pose," for only to the very fewest number at any time is the revelation of genius patent. The great majority may recognize, at times, a particularly incompetent piece of acting; they may even be moved to applause by that which is fairly competent, but of the entire number of those who make up the regular patrons of the theater it is certainly true that only the smallest number is able to discriminate between that which is only ordinarily good and that which approximates most nearly to nature in acting. The acting of a Duse is somewhat apart from most of what is offered in theaters simply because it is most nearly a genuine simulation of reality. For that very reason it is inappreciable to the considerable majority, which does not know, never has known, and never will know life in all its varied aspects and complexities.

When Millet's *Angelus* was put on exhibition here people flocked to see it, stood in mute admiration, and came forth whispering about the artist's sublime achievement. But the great crowd was "faking" pure and simple, for the direct appeal of the painter's work, its simple beauty, and its spiritual suggestiveness, was as unintelligible to most of them as a sermon in a foreign tongue. So it is with

Duse. The natural difficulties of appreciation that stand in the way are enhanced by the fact that the players speak a foreign language. Human emotions are perhaps the same in all languages. But the manifestation of these emotions differs largely in different races. The Italian may find it necessary to illustrate his more strenuous emotional flights with much gesticulation, and, in consequence, Hamlet's injunction, "Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand—so," may not be so applicable to him. The person ignorant of the player's language might make allowance for the different methods of expression and the national characteristics of outward manifestations of hate, and love, and rage. But it is an exceedingly limited audience that has the intelligence to make a similar allowance for the difference in mentality, view-point, and emotional capacity which distinguishes and differentiates the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races. It seems hardly probable that over one-half of one per cent. of the audience at the Victoria had the mental grasp that would justify them in going into paroxysms of joy at what was disclosed by the Italian players, and any depreciation of the acting on their part would have meant just as little as the praise they accorded.

Notwithstanding all this, the audience at the Duse performances rose en masse and proclaimed, with noisy demonstration, bravos, and much hand clapping, the presence of genius. For weeks and months, even for years, one is apt to be told of "the night I saw Duse." One meets that sort of thing all the time.

How many of these same enthusiasts would have talked about Duse's genius if she had come to some minor theater unheralded? That same one-half of one per cent. perhaps, if they had happened to drop in to see her.

There is no intention here to discredit the moving force of Duse's acting. To the sensitive auditor the mere presence of her exquisite personality is a cause for satisfaction, the sound of her voice a gratification, and the potency of her intelligence a revelation; but to how many are these things disclosed? Oh, the folly of the pose—the mockery of the cant!

BOOK ILLUSTRATION AS AN ART... F. J. MATHER... INDEPENDENT

Very often graphic illustration serves not art, but utility. In a history, for example,

we are bound to reproduce with the greatest possible fidelity portraits, historic landscapes, buildings, documents and the like, quite irrespective of the beauty of the objects reproduced or of the relation of the picture to the printed page. Similarly books of travels must give a true image of the country described in portraits of the natives, their houses and utensils; in maps and charts—and all this without in any way falsifying for the sake of artistic effect photographs and drawings which may be in themselves unpleasing. There is in this documentary kind of illustration a better and a worse way of printing and arranging the plates, but the consideration of artistic effect remains secondary—and properly so—to the truthfulness of the historical record. Comparatively few books, then, lend themselves naturally and completely to the artist illustrator; and these books deal less with facts than with the imagination. In poetry, fiction, and the drama the artist illustrator finds his most congenial theme.

The methods of the illustrator depend, however—or should depend—upon the appearance of the book which he is to illustrate, or more narrowly upon the typographical character of the page in or opposite which his picture is to be placed. For the printed page has a distinct decorative character, good or bad, from which the accompanying illustration should not greatly deviate. It is to the disregard of this obvious consideration that the inadequacy of most modern illustration is due.

The printed page, decoratively speaking, is a square or oblong panel of black and white surrounded by a broad white border. The letterpress panel, again, is made up of horizontal strips, each of which is composed of combinations of straight and curved lines of some thickness. The panel is varied by blacker lines and dots (large capitals and certain marks of punctuation), and by occasional spots of white where paragraph indentation or an incomplete line occurs. The whole letterpress shows a strong contrast of black and white, and an almost equally notable alternation of straight and curved lines. The black in well made books is of a peculiar depth and sharpness which can only be obtained from the pressing of moist paper upon an inked relief block.

Illustration of a technically perfect kind should have all these characteristics of the printed page—should be composed of thick black lines contrasting sharply with the white of the page and should be printed from a

relief block with relatively the same amount of blackness and pressure that serves for the letterpress. In other words, the method of the artist illustrator should be as nearly as may be typographical in character, and the highest achievement of the art is reached in the wood cuts after Dürer, Holbein, and the early Italian illustrators.

To call all book illustration done in any other medium than the black line (which includes the bolder "white line" wood cuts) inferior may seem very narrow. But the logic of such a view is impregnable. Always in comparison with the printed page, any design executed in monochrome tone is a blurred space; carried out in colored tone, a smeared space; done in solid and overlaid colors, a splotched space; traced in too thin line, a scratched space—in every case the illustration has the look of something washed or nigged—not, as it should have, of something printed. Beautiful pictures are made in all these ways; perfect books only by the use of the black line for type and illustrations.

So much for the pure doctrine of book illustration, which modern taste and commercial considerations make an impractically austere one. Among the best illustrators of to-day the theoretically best method is the least popular for the following historical reasons: The strong black line work disappeared with the decadence of the printer's art and the simultaneous improvement of copperplate engraving and etching. The various attempts to revive the better method were thwarted by the attempt to imitate in wood on the one hand the tonal effects of painting and photography, on the other the fine copperplate line. In the one case the solid black line dissolved into a web or a mist, in the other it dwindled to a scratch too slight to hold its own with the type.

It is the photograph that has played havoc with good pen drawing, just when photo-engraving was making it easy to reproduce drawings of all sorts without recourse to the slow processes of wood cutting. People like the "finished" look of a photograph, and it is probably vain to tell them that to this finish all the higher expressional qualities are sacrificed. But the damage of the photograph goes deeper than photography itself. It has produced a school of designers in monochrome who fairly rival the dulness of the photograph without attaining its depressing accuracy. This is not to condemn either photography or drawing in tone. The latter, indeed, is in

itself a beautiful method, but it is certainly, when used with a handsome printed page, an inappropriate method.

POPULAR SONGS. . . . JULIA R. TUTWILER. . . . N. Y. EVENING POST

If a Confederate soldier had been told during the war that "Dixie" was written for a "walk around" by an "end man" born in Maine, his answer would probably have been a word and a blow. To-day he would either listen in courteous, incredulous silence, or prove, to his own satisfaction, that the spirit of the melody is inherently Southern. Indeed, it has not been very long since a white-haired Confederate honored me with a long and logical account of the "real origin" of this one of our popular songs—an origin as far from the truth as the public's impression of where many, if not most, of our popular songs come from.

The audiences who delight in them, the boys who whistle them, and the street musicians who play these melodies are as unconscious of their significance as the average churchgoer and church singer are of the racial characteristics, the religious and sociological history, the definite period of secular artistic development, and the individual creative activity embodied in the Gregorian chants. As far apart as these two branches of music stand, they are not dissimilar in the manner of their composition. Many of the Gregorian chants are incorporations or adaptations of the old folk-songs; many of our popular songs are adaptations or plagiarism of old melodies. Sometimes the whole melody is taken, as in *The Seven Joys of Mary*, familiar to us as *The Man Who Hath Good Peanuts* and *Giveth His Brother None*; here the only change made is in the chorus of the college song, and this is built up on a phrase of the hymn. Sometimes half a dozen tunes are worked into a motive, as in *The Holy City*, different parts of which are incorporated into as many different songs and hymns. Sometimes the only change made is that of time and key, as in *May Irwin's Bully*, which is the old *Maid of Athens* transposed in key and set to rag-time; or *Annie Rooney*, which was originally a Baptist hymn.

It was wholly by chance, while waiting in the dark passageway of a private house which had been converted into cheap flats and lodging rooms, that I stumbled upon two ways of earning a living which in their combination are one of the most faithful sources of our popular songs. The sound of apparently intermittent

whistling and discordant banging on a piano—not more than one chord and combination out of six harmonized—first confused and finally fixed in my consciousness a musical phrase that puzzled me by its familiarity later in a music hall until I suddenly remembered where I had first heard it, and traced back to the dark passageway and discordant whistling and banging what may be termed "the second period" of the popular song. The first is when the tune or melody is whistled by the man who devises it—the process can scarcely be called composition. For many of our popular songs are in their first form the work or play of men who have a melodic gift not strong enough to impel them to the drudgery of study necessary to the production of musical harmonies, but which expresses itself easily, instinctively in melodies that they either turn to account by writing out for the words of local or topical songs or use for words of their own composition.

Oftener still, having devised a tune, a professional is to take down these tunes on the piano by notation and write accompanying harmonies, and while they whistle the melody note by note, the accompaniment maker picks out on the piano the chords that he afterwards writes down in correct musical form. This work is paid for at the rate of \$5 or \$10 a song, with royalties when the melody is by a man whose songs have already become popular, for the man who invents the melody, not the one who harmonizes it, is known to the world as a musical composer.

History repeats itself in music as in men and events. Melodies were sung long before there was such a thing as musical notation, and though we shall never know through what changes the medieval folk-songs passed in their earliest stages, an analysis of some of our old sacred music shows that phrases, motives, or the whole melody of these unwritten songs of a barbarous people form a part of it. Handed down at first by word of mouth from parent to child, the music of the Christian church, while anathematizing the ribald words and heathenish spirit of the Teuton songs, could not escape the influence of their melody. Ages after they were first sung, the monks who learned musical notation and modulation incorporated or adapted the semi-barbaric melodies with deliberate intention or in unconscious and instinctive obedience to the law of subconscious reminiscence, and later still these melodies assumed the secular musical form known to us now as the folk-song.

Sport, Recreation and Adventure

THE ANCIENT GAME OF BOWLS. . H. W. EDDY. . ANGLO-AMERICAN

Of the many sports and pastimes now enjoying popular favor few have had a more interesting history or a more rapid rise to wide popularity than the very ancient game of bowls, or bowling, as it is now generally termed. From a despised and humble origin, whose date is lost in the dimness of antiquity, it has persisted, in spite of degrading associations and the most rigorous legal repression, and finally, in the brief space of a few years, has become our most popular indoor sport.

Originally bowling was an outdoor sport, and it probably is the only one which has been so successfully adapted to indoor play that the indoor adaptation has entirely superseded the original outdoor game. Its origin, like that of golf, is believed to be due to the efforts of shepherds to beguile, by games, the tedium of the watching of their flocks. What more probable than that they should pick up some convenient rounded stone, and endeavor to see which could come the nearest to some chosen mark? Even if a level piece of turf was found for a green, the irregular shape of the stones would make practice necessary in order to learn the knack of the best delivery, and so the game would develop.

In this, its most primitive form, the game is yet played to this day in some parts of England and Scotland. A green is laid out ninety to one hundred and fifty feet square, and the turf is closely clipped and rolled. At one end the jack is placed, a small cone, ball, or some other mark, generally painted white to make it more easily seen. The players stand on a line about sixty feet from the jack; they are divided into sides, and each has two bowls, the one nearest the jack to count. The ancient stone bowls have been superseded by those of wood, but the shape is the same, not spherical like the modern bowling ball, but egg shaped. On this account a peculiar knack of delivery is necessary, as the bowl must be thrown not directly at the jack, but so as to roll around to it. This essential feature of the outdoor game explains the following passage from Scott, which is meaningless as applied to the modern sport: "Like an uninstructed bowler, he thinks to attain the jack by delivering the bowl straight upon it."

When the modern indoor game was invented and substituted for the ancient outdoor form is not known, but it was at a comparatively recent date. At first the pins were nine in number and were arranged in the form of a diamond, with three pins in the widest row, two in the next adjacent rows, and one at each of the two end points. Later a tenth pin was added and the arrangement altered to a triangle, with four pins for the base, three in the next row, two in the next, and one at the apex, in front, which is the present form. The balls are spherical, with holes for the thumb and middle finger, which allows the bowler to give it a twist which will cause it to roll in a curve.

The scoring of the game is very simple. Each player rolls two balls and scores the number of pins he knocks down in the two plays. If he disposes of all ten in the two shots he is allowed a third, but in order to save time this is not rolled immediately, but the score on his first ball in his next play is taken instead and added to the ten made previously. In case he gets all ten pins with his first ball it is called a strike, and he is given two more balls—that is, the score he makes with his next two balls are counted on the previous play as well as in their proper place. Each player is allowed ten innings, which are called frames, and as the highest possible score in a frame is thirty, the maximum score for a game is three hundred, which is seldom made. In fact, any score in excess of two hundred is accounted a good one.

Although there is evidence that the game was played by the Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam, as is proved by the existence of the Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway in New York, and many references in early literature, and continued to be played long after Dutch dominion gave way to that of England, the game seemed to have almost entirely died out during the middle of the last century, and to have been introduced anew with German sponsors about thirty years ago. For a number of years its progress was slow, principally on account of the vulgar associations, as most of the alleys were mere adjuncts to some barroom or similar place, usually in the

cellar or basement and without an independent entrance.

Bowling is not only a manly and healthful sport, but it is as much a gentleman's pastime as is the game of billiards. The exercise involved in giving the ball the impetus required to travel with sufficient force the length of the alley calls into equal play all the muscles of the body, and the direction of the ball's delivery, an operation which to the novice is very delusive, compels an exercise of cool mental precision, all of which is so generally exhilarating and thoroughly diverting that business and professional men find the sport a means of restful and healthful recreation, so that the ancient, Anglo-Saxon game of bowls bids fair to become a national indoor sport with Americans.

CHASED BY COYOTESBUFFALO NEWS

I was sitting at my desk in the office, making out my reports. I felt rather drowsy, as I had done a hard day's work. As I pored over the papers I kept wishing that something would turn up to relieve the monotony of struggling with those figures. Suddenly the telegraph instrument in the office began clicking out a message for me to hasten to the front at once.

I telegraphed back and asked: "What is the matter? What do you want?" but I could not receive an answer. I then concluded some thing serious must have happened, so I instructed Pat, the night watchman, to get out my velocipede and then I started down the track.

The moon was in its first quarter and not a cloud was in sight, the stars in the firmament sparkling brightly. It was a beautiful night, a glorious night; just one of those nights that are never seen nor enjoyed in any other part of the American continent outside of the States of Nuevo Leon, Coahuilla and Durango.

When I mounted the velocipede I felt that I would have fair going, and by sunrise would reach the last bridge that had been completed. This bridge was 150 miles away.

I was in good shape when I pulled out and everything went along smoothly until I passed the San Carlos siding. When I passed that point I saw some dark objects crossing the track a few hundred yards ahead of me. I judged by their actions that they were a pack of coyotes that were out hunting for something to eat, and that they were not at all particular what they came across.

I was alone and realized that if they attacked me I would not stand much of a show with them,

as I was unarmed. I made up my mind at once that the only chance I had for my life was to rush right through them, and when I got clear of them to work the velocipede for all it was worth. I did so, and as I rushed through them they made a dash for me, but missed.

As I passed clear of them they set up the most terrific howling that I ever heard, and caused the hair on my head to stand on end and the cold chills to crawl up and down my spinal column.

As they caught up with me some of them rushed past. They snapped at my legs and attempted to bite me; but I kept working the velocipede with hands and feet as hard as I could, as I felt that I was then engaged and contending with the most cold-blooded and cruel beasts that were ever created and turned loose upon this earth.

By the time I reached the 30-mile post one of them attempted to spring upon the velocipede, but he missed it and fell in front of it, and the wheels ran over his hind legs and broke them. That caused him to howl with pain, and as the others saw that he was disabled they turned on him and tore him to pieces and devoured him.

No sooner did they get the taste of blood than they became more ferocious, and took after me with renewed efforts, with the expectation of soon making a meal of me.

As I knew I was approaching a long trestle bridge, and that they could not cross it at the speed at which they were going, I concluded that I would outgeneral them. If I failed in that, all would be lost.

By this time the moon began to drop behind the mountain in front of me, and the darkness increased. The thought of being devoured by these bloodthirsty beasts caused the blood in my veins to become congealed, my brain to become rattled, and my nerves unsteady.

If I could only reach that bridge before they tired me out, I felt that I had one chance for my life. I figured that when I got on the bridge the coyotes would not dare to follow on the trestle-work, but that they would swim the river. Then, when they reached the opposite side of the river, I would start back to Torreon as fast as the velocipede would take me. The animals did just as I had anticipated, and while they were in the water I started back.

Now this part of my story shows what shrewd beasts these coyotes are. One of them, evidently looking for a flank movement on my part, had stayed on the bank, and as he saw me starting for home he set up a yell that sounded

as if some one was filing into the seat of my velocipede. It caused a cold perspiration to ooze from every pore in my body. That wail was responded to by the whole pack, and back they came and took up the chase after me.

It looked to me as if their eyes were as large and bright as the headlight of a locomotive. But I kept pumping away with all my might. As I was approaching the San Carlos station one of the coyotes jumped up on the velocipede alongside of me and looked up at me with mouth wide open.

I kicked him away, and finally, just when I was on the verge of collapsing, found myself approaching a steep grade. Then it was all off with the coyotes. Down that grade I went like a loop-the-loop machine, and when the velocipede slackened up I found myself safe and sound at Torreon, with Mike on the platform to help me off. Some of the laborers said that on the following day they found several dead coyotes on that grade. If such is the case they must have run themselves to death. You know, coyotes are queer animals, especially when their ferocity has been aroused to its highest pitch.

TOSSING THE CABER M. TINDAL PEARSON'S

To those to whom Fate has not been so kind as to give the Scottish Highlands as a home, the first sight of Highlanders engaged in their sport of tossing the caber is a marvel and a revelation.

What a caber is, and how it is tossed, few other than Scotchmen could say, and the history of the sport none knows, except that it is as old as the hills. A caber, then, may be described as the stem of a young fir or larch tree, or other log of wood which, when trimmed of its branches, is shapely and straight, of weight about one hundredweight, in length some fifteen feet.

The art of tossing it consists, briefly, in throwing it from you, after you have raised it from the ground and have it held balanced with its lighter end on your two hands, in such a way that when the heavy end strikes the earth, the light end falls away from you, and the caber finally lies on the ground at right angles to the line over which the toss is made.

Caber tossing is really a feat of strength and skill, rather than a sport, for there are no marks to be scored, no records to be broken, as in most games. The winner in a competition is he who tosses his caber so that it falls most nearly at right angles to a base line; when the

competition is ended and the caber is carried away, the winner has nothing to show. He has tossed his caber more truly than any other man, and that is all that he can say. The length of a throw counts for nothing.

One after another the brawny Highlanders come forward to test who can toss the caber in the straightest line. If at first the caber is found too long for any one to handle, a piece is sawn off the top, and another attempt is made. If it is still too long and heavy, another bit is taken off, until it is cut to a length when a man can balance it. Then the first of the competitors to test his strength puts a foot upon the caber at its thin end, and stoops to take a grip of it with his hands, while a helping hand raises the heavy end from the ground. No one man could lift a caber to his shoulder. But between them they raise the caber upright, and the competitor sets his right shoulder to the bottom—which is really the top—of the young tree, and with his left hand upon the caber close to the ground, gives a mighty upward heave.

Thus he gets the caber into the air, pressing it against his right shoulder, his fingers interlaced around its bottom—and holding it so, staggering and tottering under its weight as he tries to balance it, he takes a few running steps forward, pauses a second to gather strength, and hurls it from him. The motive power to send the caber hurtling into the air is given mainly by a strong forward push on the part of the right shoulder.

A second later the heavy end of the caber strikes the ground—and now is the critical moment. If the light end has gathered sufficient weight, it will follow on in a forward direction, and fall away from the tosser; if not, it will drop back toward him. Sometimes it is such a near thing that there is a breathless moment when the caber hesitates, swaying back and forth, not knowing which way to fall; if it falls forward, and in a straight line with the direction of the tosser's feet, it is a good toss; if it falls back, the toss counts for nothing.

You must be a strong man to toss a caber—moreover, you must be a Highlander. It is almost an impossible feat for any one who is not very strong merely to balance the caber against the shoulder with its light end resting on the hands; and mere strength will not avail in giving the necessary forward jerk. In this as in other sports there appears to be a certain knack which counts for more than does mere brute force.

Child Verse

THE WIZARD.....CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

He can't go forth and say to men,
 "You shall do that or this";
 He can't with one stroke of a pen
 Send millions woe or bliss;
 But he can reach with little hands
 And sweetly smile at me,
 And I forget that Sorrow stands
 Where Gladness ought to be.

He can't by saying "yes" or "no,"
 Cause idle wheels to turn;
 He cannot give to millions woe,
 Or lessen their concern;
 But he can twine two little arms
 Around my neck, and I
 Forget that wealth possesses charms
 And, gladdened, cease to sigh.

THE LITTLE PONY CART.....BOSTON JOURNAL

Most every day a little boy comes driving past our
 house
 With the nicest little pony—just the color of a
 mouse—
 And a groom rides close behind him, so he won't
 get hurt, you see,
 And I used to wish the pony and the cart belonged
 to me.

I used to watch him from our porch and wish that I
 could own
 His pony and his little cart, and drive out all alone,
 And once when I knelt down at night I prayed the
 Lord that he
 Would fix it so the pony and the cart belonged to me.

But yesterday I saw him where he lives, and now I
 know
 Why he never goes out walkin'—'cause his legs are
 withered so!—
 And last night when I was kneelin' with my head
 on mother's knee,
 I was glad he had the pony and the cart instead of
 me.

OUR POLITE PARENTS...CAROLYN WELLS...SATURDAY EVG. POST

BABY'S LOOKS

Bobby with the nursery shears
 Cut off both the baby's ears;
 At the baby, so unsightly,
 Mamma raised her eyebrows slightly.

SEDATE MAMMA

When guests were present, dear little Mabel
 Climbed right up on the dinner table
 And naughtily stood upon her head!
 "I wouldn't do that, dear," Mamma said.

MERRY MOSES

Merry, funny little Moses
 Burnt off both his brothers' noses;
 And it made them look so queer
 Mamma said: "Why, Moses, dear!"

THE MOTHER.....DORA SIGERSON.....LONDON SPECTATOR

"Ho!" said the child, "How fine the horses go,
 With nodding plumes, with measured step and slow.
 Who rides within this coach, is he not great?
 Some King, I think, for see, he rides in state."

I turned, and saw a little coffin lie
 Half-hid in flowers as the slow steeds went by,
 So small a woman's arms might hold it pressed
 As some rare jewel-casket to her breast;

Or, like Pandora's box with pulsing lid,
 Where throbbing thoughts must lie forever hid.
 "Why this? why this?" comes forth the panting
 breath,

"And was I born to taste of nought save death?"

"Ho!" said the child, "how the proud horses shake
 Their silver harness till they music make.
 Who drives abroad with all this majesty?
 It is some Prince who fain his world would see?"

And as I looked I saw through the dim glass
 Of one sad coach that all so slow did pass
 A woman's face,—a mother's eyes ablaze
 Seize on the child in fierce and famished gaze.

"Death drives," I said, and drew him in alarm
 Within the shelter of my circling arm.
 So in my heart cried out a thousand fears,
 "A King goes past." He wondered at my tears.

POLLY'S BEDTIME.....ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.....LIPPINCOTT'S

When Polly tumbles into bed
 Across her room the fairies creep,
 And silently around her spread
 A soft gray gown of sleep.

Some nights they bring a different dress,
 All sewn with stars and silver seams,
 With moon-rays spangled o'er,—I guess
 It is a robe of dreams.

ON FILEY SANDS.....B. PAUL NEUMANN.....LONDON OUTLOOK

Forth they go, a band of merry children
 Eager for the sea their mighty playmate:
 Waiting for them, smiling—ever smiling.

On the warm, brown sand they build their castles,
 Laugh to watch the quick waves onward leaping,
 Shout in glee as mound and bastion crumble.

Suddenly a mighty arm encircles,
 Comes between them and their weeping mothers
 Holds them from the hands outstretched to grasp
 them.

Mighty arm, impassable, relentless;
 Death the solemn eyed, his face unveiling,
 Rears his dreaded wall of separation.

On the far side of that wall, what meetings!
 Yea! O stricken hearts, though faith be baffled,
 Love, your love, will lead you to your children.

Songs in Milady's Name

LOVE'S DREAM FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN AINSLEE'S GARLANDS E. N. LONDON BLACK AND WHITE

If it were mine to measure
The ecstasy supreme,
And all the pride and pleasure
That fill a lover's dream;
O, what an untold treasure
This heart of mine could show!
Give me but this
One dream of bliss;
All other dreams may go.

Before my vision dances
A form of grace divine,
Whose loveliness enhances
The rapture that is mine,
The fairest of all fancies,
Love's dearest gift and best!
Give me but this
One dream of bliss;
The world may have the rest.

Like melody her voice is;
Her face like morning fair;
And all my heart rejoices
Because her love is there;
What dream of dreams so choice is—
So strangely sweet and true?
Give me but this
One dream of bliss;
Sweetheart, the dream of you.

"A VOICE IN THE SCENTED NIGHT" ... AUSTIN DOBSON ... CENTURY

A voice in the scented night,
A step where the rose-trees blow,—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

Cold star at the blue vaults' height,
What is it that shakes you so?
A voice in the scented night.

She comes in her beauty bright,
She comes in her young love's glow,—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

She bends from her casement white,
And she hears it, hushed and low,
A voice in the scented night.

And he climbs by that stairway slight,
Her passionate Romeo:
O Love, and O Love's delight!

And it stirs us still in spite
Of its "ever so long ago."
That voice in the scented night:
O Love, and O Love's delight!

"YVONNE" BLISS CARMAN FRANK LESLIE'S

Over the sea is a scarlet cloud,
And over the cloud, the sun.
Over my heart is a shining hope
And over that, Yvonne.

If Love and I were all alone,
I might forget to grieve,
And for his pleasure and my own
Might happier garlands weave;
But you sit there, and watch us wear
The mourning wreaths you wove;
And while such mocking eyes you bear
I am not friends with Love.

Withdraw those cruel eyes, and let
Me search the garden through,
That I may weave ere summer set
The wreath of Love for you;
Till Love and you, whom Love adorns,
Its hidden thorns discover,
And know at last what crown of thorns
It was you gave your lover!

O BEST BELOVED THE SINGER TOWN TOPICS

Thou dost, O best Beloved, with knightly grace,
Unveil my soul's blind eyes to Love's sweet face,
And with thy tender, magic touch disclose
Where blooms in Iram's garden fair the Rose.

What ecstasy is mine, since thou dost prove
That life's a barren dream, bereft of Love!
The waters of my soul's deep sea arise
To bear me through the gates of Paradise.

I drain great Jamshid's cup, held to my lips
By thy dear hand. All sorrow slips
Into the deep, still darkness of the past,
As thou dost lead me to the light at last!

O best Beloved, whate'er the years may bring,
Of grief, or woe, my quivering heart will cling
To thee, as happy bird that joys to rest,
Secure from storms, within the sheltered nest!

"POOR LOVE!" FLORENCE EARLE COATES HARPER'S

"Poor Love!" said Life, "thou hast nor gold,
Nor lands, nor other store, I ween;
Thy very shelter from the cold
Is oft but lowly built and mean."
"Nay: though of rushes be my bed,
Yet am I rich," Love said.

Persisted Life,—"Thrice fond art thou,
To yield the sovereign gifts of earth—
The victor sword, the laureled brow,
For visioned things of little worth!"
Love gazed afar with dream-lit eyes,
And answered: "Nay: but wise."

"Yet, Love," said Life, "what can atone
For all the travail of thy years—
The yearnings vain, the vigils lone,
The pain, the sacrifice, the tears?"
Soft as the breath breathed from a rose,
The answer came: "Love knows."

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

Edited by Robert Blight

One of the most interesting questions that can present itself to the gardener is the one that has regard to the origin of the things which he entrusts to the ground and cultivates and watches with such care and anxiety. Whence came the various grains, vegetables and fruits which minister so greatly to man's necessities and luxuries? When once the question has appealed to the mind, the vastness of its scope and the absorbing interest there is in obtaining answers can scarcely be realized. The earliest pages of literature have been searched for allusions, and theories have been built upon these. Philology, too, has lent its aid, and a race that can be found to have coined a name for a certain object of cultivation, and to have handed on that name to other peoples with other tongues, has been regarded as the earliest cultivators of that object. This method of reasoning appears very feasible at first sight, and has been largely used by that most famous writer of the last century on this subject: Alphonse de Candolle. The subject is not an easy one, and involves other branches of anthropology besides language. How far reaching it is may be gathered from the words of the anthropologist, Tylor, who says: "How good a working analogy there really is between the diffusion of plants and animals and the diffusion of civilization comes well into view when we notice how far the same causes have produced both at once. In district after district, the same causes which have introduced the cultivated plants and domesticated animals of civilization have brought in with them a corresponding art and knowledge." Whoever cares to take up this phase of the study of plants will be delighted with it; and the following passage on the American origin of agriculture is one of the latest and best contributions to its literature:

AGRICULTURE..... O. F. COOK..... POPULAR SCIENCE

The history of agriculture shows a conservatism probably unequaled in any phase of human activity. Not only have no important food plants been domesticated in historic times, but even in the most enlightened communities changes in the culture and use of the food plants and products to which our physical constitutions and domestic customs have become adapted take place with extreme slowness except as they accompany movements of colonization. Remembering this strict self-limitation of man to traditional food materials it becomes obvious that the possession of the same seedless plants, such as the yam, sweet potato, taro, sugar-cane and banana by the primitive peoples of the islands of the Pacific, as well as those of the adjacent shores of Asia

and America, indicates, with attendant facts, not only an older communication, but an intimate contact or community of origin of the agricultural civilizations of the lands adjacent to the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

Notwithstanding the immense distances by which the tropical islands of the Pacific are separated from the continents and from each other, European discoverers found them already occupied by an adventurous sea-faring people who knew enough astronomy to navigate their frail canoes in these vast expanses of the ocean without the assistance of the mariner's compass. The agriculture of the Polynesians was, however, no less wonderful than their seamanship, and was not less important to them, since the coral islands of the Pacific are not only deficient in indigenous food plants and animals, but the natural conditions are distinctly unfavorable to agriculture.

FOOD PLANTS FOUND IN THE ISLANDS

It is certain, however, that among the Polynesians the cocoanut is a cultivated plant, no less than the yam, taro, sweet-potato, sugar-cane, banana, breadfruit and numerous other species found in use throughout the tropical islands of the Pacific. Moreover, an especial interest attaches to the cocoanut in that there are adequate botanical reasons for believing that it originated in America, the home of all related palms.

The agricultural achievements of the Polynesians become the more impressive when we reflect that so many of their cultivated species were not propagated from seeds, but from cuttings. Many of the economic plants were native in some of the islands of the Pacific, though their constant presence among the peoples of widely separated archipelagos gives sufficient reason for including them in the list of twenty-four species which Professor Hillebrand believes to have been brought to the Hawaiian Islands by the early Polynesians. This number, however, must be greatly increased, since there were many varieties of the sweet-potato, taro, sugar-cane and banana. Moreover the Hawaiian group is scarcely more than subtropical in climate, and lacks numer-

ous seedless sorts of breadfruit, yam, taro, and other plants of the equatorial belt of the islands, so that a complete enumeration of the species and varieties carried by the Polynesians would include nearly a hundred.

AN OVERSIGHT OF ETHNOLOGISTS

Our knowledge is far from complete regarding even the present distribution of the principal tropical food plants, but the need of further investigation should not obscure the striking fact that several of the food plants with which the Spaniards became acquainted in the West Indies were also staple crops on the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and even across tropical Africa. Ethnologists who might have appreciated the bearing of this have passed it by because of the absence of maize, or Indian corn, among Polynesians. But in addition to the unreason of accepting negative evidence as an offset for positive fact two pertinent considerations have been overlooked; first, that most of the varieties of maize do not thrive in the humid climates of the equatorial islands, and, second, that maize was found by Captain Moresby in cultivation with yams, sweet-potatoes and sugar-cane in eastern New Guinea and the adjacent islands, among Polynesian tribes who had never been visited by Europeans and who were ignorant of salt, iron and rice. Tobacco was also known among many primitive peoples of the Orient before they came in contact with Europeans, though these and many similar facts have remained obscure because the European discoveries of the East and the West Indies were practically simultaneous. Moreover, nearly a century elapsed between the discovery of America and the realization that it was indeed a new world and not merely an eastward prolongation of Asia, so that the community of food plants did not at first appear remarkable.

THE AGRICULTURE OF ANCIENT AMERICA

The most important food plants of the Polynesians were seven in number, the taro, yam, sweet-potato, sugar-cane, banana, breadfruit and cocoanut, of which six, or all except the breadfruit, existed in pre-Spanish America, and of these, five, or all except the cocoanut, were propagated only from cuttings.

From the botanical standpoint the breadfruit is as distinctly Asiatic as the cocoanut is American, but, although many seedless varieties of the breadfruit were distributed among eastern archipelagos of Polynesia, these did not reach America until introduced by Captain

Bligh, in 1793, while the cocoanut must have crossed the Pacific thousands of years before, in order to give time for the development of the numerous and very distinct varieties cultivated in the Malay region. Except with the banana, botany gives much evidence for and none against the new world origin of the food plants shared by ancient America with Polynesia and the tropics of the old world, though few of them are known under conditions which warrant a belief that they now exist anywhere in a truly wild state. The partial or complete seedlessness attained by several of the important species also indicates dependence upon human assistance in propagation for a very long period of time, and precludes all rational doubt that their wide dissemination was accomplished through the agency of primitive man.

Ethnologists will not deny that in the old world this distribution was the work of the ancestors of the Polynesians, who have been traced from Hawaii and Easter Island to Madagascar, and even across the African Continent. We have not, however, been provided with any explanation of the existence of these food plants in America, for it is now generally agreed that the tribes, languages and arts of the American Indians are of truly indigenous development, while it is held, on the other hand, that the Polynesians migrated eastward from Asia, but without reaching the shores of America. That these two suppositions cannot be both true is apparent as soon as it is known that there has been a transfer of numerous cultivated plants between Polynesia and America, and other agricultural facts enable us to judge between the inconsistent theories. Since it is reasonable to suppose that the food plants which the Polynesians shared with the tropical peoples of both continents were carried by them across the Pacific, it is also reasonable to seek the origin of these widely distributed species on the continent which gives evidence of the oldest and most extensive agricultural activity, and to the question in this form there can be but one answer.

THE AMERICAN ORIGIN OF AGRICULTURE

The agriculture of the old world tropics is adequately explainable by the supposition that it was brought by the Polynesians, since the root-crops of the Polynesians were also staples of the old world tropics. This proposition would not apply to America, where, in addition to the sweet potato, yams, and yambean and taro, which crossed the Pacific, the aborigines also domesticated a long series of

root-crops, all of considerable local importance. The simplest of cultural methods, propagation from cuttings, was applied to all these root-crops and has been in use for so long a period that several of them have become seedless. With equal uniformity the distinctively old-world root-crops are grown from seeds. American root-crops belong to at least twelve natural families, and the only important old-world addition to the series is the mustard family, a distinctly temperate group, the cultivated members of which have not been greatly modified in domestication, and are still known in the wild state.

This apparent superfluity of American root-crops is explainable by the fact that different plants were independently domesticated in different localities, which means also that conditions favorable to the development of agriculture were very general among the natives of America. That most of these plants are not known in the wild state testifies also to the great antiquity of this agricultural tendency, while archæology gives equally vivid testimony to the same antiquity and diversity of prehistoric civilizations of America. From the mounds of Ohio to the equally remarkable ruins of Patagonia, the American continents and islands are, as it were, dotted with remains of rudimentary civilizations which must have required centuries and milleniums to rise from surrounding savagery, culminate and perish. The constructive arts by which the existence of these vanished peoples is made known took the most diverse forms; some made mounds, some expended their energies upon huge carvings on high inaccessible rocks, some dug devious underground passages, some set up monoliths and carved statues, and some built massive pyramids, temples and tombs, while still others are known only from their pottery or their metal work. In civilization, as in agriculture, the tropics of America stand in striking contrast to those of the old world. Here men of the same race showed great diversity of plants and arts; there races are diverse, while arts and staple food plants are relatively little varied. The early civilization of the eastern world resembled some of the primitive cultures of America more than these resembled each other.

The American origin of agriculture is thus not doubtful, since not merely one, but several, agricultures originated in America. The same cannot be claimed for Asia and Africa, where only root-crops shared with America attained a wide distribution, an indication that they

reached those continents before the uses of the similar indigenous plants have been discovered.

This all too brief quotation from an able article will show the line of argument pursued by Mr. Cook. Its very reasonableness will appeal to all students of economic botany, although the conclusions are at variance to much that has passed current as authority. But whether America deserves or not the title of Mother of Agriculture, it is certain that in no country at present is there so much energy and intelligence devoted to this adjunct of civilization. Not to name many of the successes of American agriculturists, we may point to the seedless orange as one triumph, and the following passage records another:

FROST-PROOF ORANGE PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER

The Department of Agriculture has for several years been trying to produce a new orange that will withstand the cold waves that have devastated the groves of Florida within the past decade. Herbert J. Webber, one of the physiologists of the Department, has been occupied with the problem for several seasons and is now ready to announce that he has developed an orange that can be grown two hundred miles further north than the varieties hitherto commonly grown in Florida. He has accomplished this by crossing the Japanese trifoliate orange, an ornamental tree, with the common varieties successively until a fine fruit, capable of enduring extreme cold, has been produced. The new variety has not been named.

No one who reads these pages will fail to see the aptness of the following passage. Our gardens are too frequently sources of delight for a few months only. We waste half the year in expectation, and are content to gaze on bare ground and withered clumps, instead of having all the year round some object of interest and delight. At this beginning of the year it may be well to see how this can be avoided.

THE TRUE ORDERING OF GARDENS. .E. K. ROBINSON. CORNHILL

The ordinary way of arranging a garden is to start in spring with an assortment of summer and autumn flowers, allowing the gardener, when these have finished blooming, to "do up" the beds for the winter; which means leaving them brown and bare, like so many mud-pies of symmetrical outline. The empty flower-beds of our parks and private gardens in winter would make that grand "old gardener," Adam, shake his head. They had no mud-pies in Eden. To avoid having them now you must—no matter at what season you may begin work—give your first and best thoughts to winter. In spring, summer and autumn you have the whole florists' catalogues to fill your garden from; but for winter you must use both judg-

ment and skill to have the ground decently robed in green, with such touches of color as the season and climate permit. The bareness of some trees will be inevitable against the sky; but conifers and evergreens may be so placed as to give substance and color to every group of trees; while the fall of the leaf in winter should be your opportunity to display the various ornamental ivies, which can be used to clothe with beauty the trunks and branches of all trees that are otherwise unsightly in winter. Ivy trained and trimmed on walls may be useful to hide brickwork, but it is only beautiful when it climbs in freedom. (Mr. Robinson means the "English Ivy," *Hedera Helix*, a plant that might well be largely used in this country). Some trees, however, such as red and yellow willows, dogwood, and so on, have bright-colored bark, and these should be placed judiciously to contrast with the deep-hued evergreens; and among the evergreens themselves the bright splashes of red and yellow-berried hollies, the flame-berried *pyracantha*, and so on, must not be forgotten; while there are many climbing plants, besides briar roses, which retain some leaves as well as bright fruit in winter. There are winter-flowering plants, too, like winter jasmine, with its stars of gold, which are especially intended by Nature to scramble up among the summer trees, throwing out long strands which are covered from end to end with flowers after the sheltering trees have cast their leaves. Yet in our gardens you will always see the winter jasmine trained against walls, where it is ugly for half the year.

EVERGREENS

Coming to the lower level of the shrubs, you still have embarrassing richness of choice in evergreens and dwarf conifers, as well as quite enough of sweet flowering shrubs and berried bushes to give color to the whole. By careful pre-arrangement and skilful use of rambling and climbing plants, you will find that not more than one bush or tree in four need be an evergreen, nor more than one in twelve a winter-flowering plant. This will leave you two-thirds to select on the same plan for other parts of the year—one-third to make the garden beautiful in spring and early summer, and one-third for late summer and autumn; and by remembering that many plants have two seasons of beauty, with flower and leaf, or with flower and fruit, you may so often use the same plant twice, as it were, that in practice you will find that you may count upon at least half of the shrubs and trees taking

part in your special scheme of color for each season. A garden thus arranged would continue to increase in beauty with recurring seasons, even without any added "garden flowers."

BUT THERE ARE GARDEN FLOWERS

These, however, are necessarily the most important; and again you must think first of winter. For this season there are, firstly, the lovely Christmas rose, a queen of beauty in midwinter, and all through the summer making a lovely setting for brighter flowers with its glorious, glossy leaves. There are also some crocuses, some very beautiful irises, which will flower freely in mid-winter. You have only to understand the meaning of the crocus and iris in order to grow them in abundance to perfection, without ever having to "take them up" or to put up with the unsightliness of their decaying leaves, as happens now when bare beds are filled with irises or edged with crocus. Both crocus and iris and, in fact, all bulbous plants which flower in winter or spring are perfectly comfortable growing among other plants, which cover them when their flowering time is over. It is exactly what they want; and there are scores of our prettiest garden plants which are especially fitted to do this. These are all the classes of plants which in winter have a low, matted growth of evergreens, a very few inches high, from which they send up an immense number of flowering stalks in summer, making a mass of bloom a foot or more in height. According to this height should be selected the class of flowering bulb which they protect. There comes a time, too, when these plants in their turn are glad to be over-shadowed and protected—when they have shed their blooms and are resting before another season's growth. Then is the time when judiciously placed perennials, of the large class that dies down annually out of sight and sends up graceful stems with leaf and flower in season, fill the same site for the third time in the year with beauty. By the time they are cut down in autumn the plant below has got rid of its disfiguring seed-pods and withered flower-stalks, and forms a gracious covering, through which the bulbs beneath are already stirring to thrust their way for winter flowering. You will everywhere find that you can make a perfect give-and-take arrangement for your flowers; and you will realize the value of that large class of plants which we neglect so much and our fathers loved so well, the biennials.

Scientific Progress and Endeavor

FOUCAULT'S PENDULUM AGAIN IN MOTION... HARPER'S WEEKLY

The Société Astronomique de France has re-established in the Panthéon in Paris one of the most impressive experiments ever made to prove that the earth turns daily on its axis. It has set up in that building what is known as Foucault's Pendulum. This pendulum swings in such a way as to mark its course in sand. A constant deviation in the markings is noticed, and what is known as the plane of oscillation makes a complete revolution in 31 hours, 48 minutes, sidereal time.

In plain language, the earth, as it turns from west to east on its axis, slips out from under the pendulum. The observer is unconscious of the earth's motion, and sees the markings of the pendulum in the sand going steadily toward the west at the rate of more than eleven degrees an hour. It is the earth, and not the pendulum, that is turning, for one of the most conclusively proved laws of physics is that a pendulum never changes its plane of oscillation, even though the point from which it is suspended is turned.

Newton first conceived of proving the earth's rotation by this method. As the earth turns, a point high above the surface must revolve faster than one on the sea-level. The high point is further from the center of the earth than our own on the ocean's surface. If, now, a heavy weight should be dropped from a high altitude and should retain the velocity through space that the high altitude has, it should strike the earth a little to the east of a true vertical line. It is turning a little faster than the point which is at the base of the vertical line. It is the same truth which is involved in the Foucault Pendulum experiment.

If a pendulum were hung at the north pole, the string or wire being practically an extension of the pole, and if the pendulum were set to swinging, the observer, at a marking of the end of the swing, would notice that the plane would seem to be turning slowly from east to west, and that it would require twenty-four hours to complete the circuit. The observer would be really turning slowly with the earth around the pole from west to east. If he were at the south pole, standing with his head directly in an opposite direction from that occupied at the north pole, the movement, as

marked in the sand, would seem to be from west to east, because of his changed position. Directly on the equator there would be no movement, the observer retaining the same relative position to the point from which the pendulum is suspended at all times.

Between the pole and the equator the situation is different. The fixed point from which the pendulum is hanging travels with the earth, and is not stationary, as at the pole, and the pendulum shows the rate at which the earth is slipping away from under it by the markings in the sand toward the west.

Foucault began this experiment in the Panthéon in 1851, but the coup d'état in December of that year stopped it all. To Camille Flammarion, the eminent French scientist of to-day, was delegated the present work. He uses a copper ball for a pendulum, weighing sixty-six pounds, and hung on a fine steel wire two hundred and twenty-four feet long. At the bottom of the ball is a protruding knob, which slowly wears away two mounds of sand near the end of the pendulum's swing, and exhibiting a slight change of course with every swing. A graduated card also shows the change in degrees. The time of a single beat is eight seconds.

In an experiment of this kind it is absolutely necessary at the outset to swing the pendulum straight. There must be no side movement. To secure a straight swing M. Flammarion drew the pendulum to the extreme end of the swing, and tied it with a thread. When it was entirely at rest he burned the thread, and set the pendulum in motion. It oscillated for several hours, the resistance by the air gradually reducing its beats. But it traced one of the greatest laws of astronomy in the sand, and made plain to the human eye one of the greatest elementary truths of the universe.

An experiment of this kind has a popular fascination. In the days when Foucault first set up his apparatus in the Panthéon large crowds assembled in the galleries, and watched him at his work. No trace of that work is now left except the railings over which the populace peered at the great scientist at work. The interest of the masses has been just as keen in Flammarion's test. To produce a perfect

demonstration of the great truth revealed by this immense swinging pendulum a perfect vacuum should be provided. Of course it is absolutely impossible to provide even a partial vacuum—if one can speak of such a thing—for a pendulum two hundred and twenty-four feet long to swing in. If the vacuum could be secured, however, the pendulum would swing interminably. Flammarion kept the pendulum in motion for sixteen hours at a stretch.

A NEW AUTOMOBILE NEW YORK TIMES

J. F. Monaghan, United States Consul at Chemnitz, Germany, has made a very interesting report to the Department of State at Washington of a new German automobile which embodies an entirely new feature as applied to automobile construction. The inventor, Ludwig Maurer, has, according to a German technical journal (Kirchhoff's Technische Blätter), after thirteen years of practical experimentation, succeeded in solving the problem of obtaining simplicity, reliability, endurance, and good uphill speed for automobiles through the application of the principle of friction in the transfer of power. The idea which suggests the invention was taken from coining and paper manufacturing machines, in which the transformation of power is obtained by virtue of so-called friction wheels. So successfully did Maurer apply this principle to automobiles that the Nürnberger Automobile Manufacturing Union has adopted the invention in the manufacture of its light sporting vehicles, as well as in business machines having a carrying power of 10,000 pounds.

A drive wheel, which is also the fly wheel, transfers its power directly to a friction wheel. The latter can be slid both ways upon the shaft by means of a forked clutch worked by the driver. On the left end of the shaft containing the friction wheel is a sprocket wheel, over which runs a chain which drives both back wheels.

It will be seen that the further the friction wheel is removed from the center of the fly wheel, the higher will be its speed, and the nearer it is moved toward the center, the slower will be its speed. When the friction wheel is moved across the center of the drive wheel the motion is reversed, and the automobile runs backward. When the friction wheel runs close to the center at the point of slowest motion, the automobile can climb ascents up to 30 per cent., as determined by the gear arrangements. At the point of greatest

speed, on the circumference of the drive wheel, a velocity of 30 to 60 kilometers (19 to 38 miles) per hour is attainable, varying with the power of the motor employed.

The contact between the drive wheel and the friction wheel is effected by moving a lever and forcing the drive wheel backward against a friction wheel. Reversing this motion forces the drive wheel forward and away from the friction wheel. This simple mechanism obviates complicated structures, reduces friction to a minimum, and leaves few parts exposed to dust and grease.

Because of the possibility of attaining any speed desirable, the motor is used to its fullest extent whether running on level or ascending ground, no matter how frequently the change in elevation. This does away with the most difficult problem in connection with the gasoline engine, the difficulty of varying the speed of the motor, and, as a result, a four-horse power machine equipped with Maurer system is said to have a traveling capacity equivalent to that of other motors of six or eight horse-power.

Another advantage consists in the ease with which the driver can get at all of the movable parts of the machine without besmearing himself in the act. The simple construction reduces the weight of the machine, decreases the wear on the pneumatic tires, and effects a pronounced economy in the consumption of gasoline, not only because of the lessened weight to be carried, but because of the gain in horse-power.

The simplicity of the machine enables a ready understanding of its parts, and thus enlarges its usefulness for different persons, whether familiar with mechanics or not. When running, the operator is required to manipulate but one lever with each hand, thereby reducing the possibility of mistakes.

The machine, though readily manipulated by means of the lever which causes the friction contact, can also be regulated by an appliance cutting off the supply of gas. The gas-feeding apparatus can be so operated as to permit the running of the motor at a uniform speed of 400 revolutions per minute, the friction wheel being set at the circumference, or point of greatest velocity. On uphill ground the motor is supplied with more gas, thus increasing the power of the motor and carrying the machine up the ascent without a change of speed, through the manipulation of the friction-wheel lever. Only on unusual inclines need speed adjustments be made by means of the friction wheel. In this

way the wear upon the motor is reduced by virtue of its uniform speed, and the gas consumption is regulated by the changing requirements of the road traversed.

ARE MARTIAN CANALS A MYTH? N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS

Some remarkable experiments have lately been performed by an English astronomer that tend to throw doubt on the reality of the markings on the planet Mars which have been termed canals and regarded as evidence of the existence of intelligent life on that body. These canals (the name is used for convenience) were first seen by Schiaparelli in 1877. He found the lighter areas on the planet covered with a network of fine lines joining the darker areas, supposedly land and water respectively. It was natural to suggest that these lines were nothing else than artificial waterways joining navigable seas and built by a race of beings far more advanced in the mechanic arts than ourselves.

Schiaparelli's observations were later ostensibly verified by other scientists, notably Mr. Percival Lowell of Boston, who built an observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., for the especial purpose of observing Mars.

Both Schiaparelli and Lowell added to the interest in these strange phenomena by announcing that at certain seasons the canals on Mars appeared double. That is by the side of the original appeared a second line paralleling and duplicating it in every respect. No very satisfactory explanation of this behavior on the part of the canals has been offered.

SOME NOVEL EXPERIMENTS

Now for the experiments of Mr. B. W. Lane, the English astronomer already mentioned. He conceived the idea that the canals were optical delusions due to vibrations in the earth's atmosphere, which caused such an apparent lengthening of the real markings on the planet as to suggest the canal. He was led to this by the statement of observers that only one or two of the canals were ever seen at any one time. The dark areas on the planet are bordered by many prolongations called gulfs. These gulfs, Mr. Lane thought, might easily be lengthened into straight lines under certain optical conditions. To test his theory he evolved a novel method.

Making a drawing of the planet, with the markings thereon agreed upon by all observers, but with no suggestion of the canals, he placed it at a distance of ten feet from a woman friend, and asked her to copy it, putting in everything

she could see. She, of course, was totally unaware of the object of the experiment. The lady made a drawing showing the seas, and then she said she could see nothing more. By looking a little longer, however, she added two lines resembling in a general way the marking seen by Schiaparelli. The positions were different, but the original drawing was found to be slightly inaccurate, and Mr. Lane made another with more care, and then submitted it to another lady.

THE TWO PRECISELY ALIKE

This time Mr. Lane copied in the seas for her, and simply told her to fill in anything else she could see. He was careful not to suggest lines, mentioning instead spots and shadings as the things she should look for. In spite of this, after ten minutes' work, she produced a drawing of Mars precisely similar to that of Schiaparelli for the same region except in the amount of detail. All the lines put in by this woman appear in Schiaparelli's map in exactly the same positions.

Mr. Lane next experimented with two boys, both aged eleven years, neither of whom had ever heard of Mars or its canals. Their attempts are startlingly like the results of Schiaparelli. One of the boys refused to believe that the drawing shown to him by Mr. Lane was the same as that from which he had copied, so certain was he that the lines he had put in were realities. The conclusion drawn by Mr. Lane is that the mere shape of the oceans of Mars is sufficient to give rise to the appearance of the complicated system discovered by Schiaparelli.

SEEN DOUBLE, TOO

Besides enlisting other observers, Mr. Lane has tried the experiment on himself, and he maintains that not only has he seen the canals on drawings destitute of them, but he has seen them doubled, and even three, four and five at a time! Here is what he says on this point:

"I have frequently seen these pseudo-canals doubled, and, when my eyes have been in the best condition, have seen not two canals only, but four or five at a time, and have sometimes seen one or more canals so firmly marked that I have had to go up to the drawing to make sure in my own mind that I had not put a line there by mistake.

"When first looked for, very steady gazing is needed to see them at all; in fact, in my case it required two minutes' staring before I could perceive the slightest fleeting indication. If another attempt be made, say next day, they

are seen much more easily than at the first attempt, and the task of seeing them becomes easier every time, until now with me I can scarcely look at the drawing without seeing some one or two.

"The first time these canals are seen they appear as broad, misty, ill-defined bands, which easily change their places, but when a little practise has been had in seeing them they appear as firm, hard lines; indeed, as Mr. Lowell puts it in speaking of the real canals, 'like a steel engraving.' In fact, I should say from what I have been able to gather respecting the appearance of the canals on the planet, it is easier to see canals on a blank drawing placed at a distance of twenty feet from the eye than to see them on Mars."

Believers in the reality of the so-called canals will be slow to see any value in Mr. Lane's experiments, but his claims are sure to create interest and discussion among astronomers.

A NEW FIREPROOF MATERIAL SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Some interesting experiments have been carried out in England with a new fireproof material called "uralite." It originated in Russia, being the invention of Col. Ichenetsky, of the Russian artillery, and takes its name from the Ural Mountains, where a large quantity of asbestos, which constitutes the fundamental component of uralite, is obtained. It has proved a highly efficacious fire-resisting material, capable of withstanding a much greater degree of heat, without exhibiting any apparent effect, than any fireproof material at present on the market. Coupled with this fact it is extremely light, it is of great strength, is durable, and is manufactured in sheets of varying sizes and thickness, thus rendering it a first-class material for building purposes. Another recommendation in its favor is its extreme lightness.

Although asbestos enters largely in the composition of uralite, it is by no means the only important substance incorporated in its manufacture, since asbestos in its pure form, although it will resist high degrees of heat, is liable to disintegrate under the influence of excessive temperature, and this peculiarity to a great extent nullifies its utility.

The most noticeable feature of uralite is the facility with which it may be handled and adapted to other materials as a protection against fire. It can be glued and nailed without any fear of its splitting during the latter process. It is specially available for

paneling or other similar purposes, and can be grained or otherwise treated precisely as if it were wood. It does not swell or shrink under fluctuating climatic conditions, is waterproof, and is a complete electric insulator. The remarkable immunity of the material from climatic changes may be gathered from the fact that a piece of the substance may be plunged into boiling water and then immediately steeped into frozen mercury without showing any shrinking, disintegration or other change, physical or chemical. It is capable of withstanding a great strain—18 tons per square inch in comparison with Portland cement, which is only capable of supporting 9 tons—so that it is an ideal material for flooring and ceilings. Its cost is very low—7 cents per square foot.

A practical proof of faith in the fire-resisting capabilities of uralite is attested by the fact that in London the fire insurance companies have decreased their rates where this material is employed from \$5.25 to \$1.90. It is being adopted on the overhead railroad of Liverpool; in the Soudan for roofing purposes; and also by the Russian Admiralty.

TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT ELECTRICITY CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

The electric telegraph and the telephone are now such common aids to communication between persons distant from one another that we do not often pause to consider what wonderful inventions they are. Even wireless telegraphy has ceased to interest the public, we are so surfeited with the true fairy tales of science that we seem to be losing the power of feeling astonished. There are, however, certain methods of secret signaling, or telegraphy—we hardly know what to call it—known to certain Oriental and semi-barbarous nations, which have long been a puzzle to those Europeans who have had an opportunity of observing their effects. It is said on good authority that the murder of General Gordon at Khartoum was known in the bazaars of Cairo, a thousand miles away, on the day of his death. Similarly, in the first Afghan war, the terrible disaster which befell the British army in the Khyber Pass was known all over the country before it became circulated through the ordinary means of communication. A recent article in *The Spectator* gives some other instances of this "natural telegraphy," the secret of which, in spite of energetic inquiries on the part of many officers and travelers, and the proffer of heavy bribes, has never been divulged to Europeans.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

THE ARTERY OF SLEEP BALTIMORE NEWS

Dr. Steiner observed in Java a method employed to induce sleep. It consists in compressing the carotid arteries. The operator sits on the ground beside the patient, whose neck he seizes with both hands. The index and middle fingers are then pushed forward into the carotids, which are compressed toward the spine. The patient's respiration becomes more rapid and more profound and his head relaxes backward. The method is absolutely harmless, anæsthesia is rapidly obtained, and the patient wakes promptly with no symptoms of nausea or malaise. Dr. Steiner declares the method to be well known in Java, where it is used to relieve headache, sleeplessness, etc., and points out the fact that the carotid artery was known to the ancients as *arteria soporifera*, and that its name in modern Russia is "artery of sleep." He does not seem to know that the method is widely practised in India. Kipling's Kim, for example, is put to sleep by a process of the sort. Dr. Steiner experimented upon thirty Javanese, and was successful in all but five cases. He sat in front of the patient, placing his right hand on the left, his left hand on the right, side of the patient's neck. When the ends of his fingers met at the back of the neck he placed his thumbs back of and a little below the angles of the lower jaw. The beating of the carotid was felt, and then a moderate pressure toward the spine was applied. The loss of consciousness was complete and, in one case, an abscess was lanced without sensation on the patient's part.

THE MULTIPLICATION OF LABORATORIES DR. F. J. SHEPHERD*

One danger of this great multiplication of laboratories is that it induces men to pursue original investigation who have not the true scientific spirit, and who are utterly unfit for such work. They frequently collect and publish a mass of useless and undigested material and therefrom draw inaccurate conclusions. All this will not redound to the credit of medical science. I do not wish it to be inferred that I am opposed to the addition of modern laboratories to our medical schools. They are all necessary, but they must not supplant other work quite as important to a

man who wishes to become a practising physician or surgeon. Again, we must remember that the millennium will not be brought about by laboratories, nor will all scientific problems be solved by them. There is one laboratory which is not so much frequented now as when I was a student. I refer to the hospital wards. Students, while perhaps more scientific—I say scientific because nowadays every one who spends much of his time in a laboratory learning the use of all kinds of modern apparatus, including our old friend the microscope, is regarded as having a scientific training—I may say that students, while perhaps more scientific (microscopical and mechanical), have not the intimate personal knowledge of disease which continued observation at the bedside gives them, so that when started in some out-of-the-way place without their scientific machinery, they are like fish out of water. It may soon be that they will not be able to diagnose a fracture without the x-rays, tuberculosis without getting bacilli in the sputum, and so on without end. Students are not taught to observe so accurately the evident symptoms of disease, and, as I say, are becoming mere mechanics who need an armamentarium, which only a great hospital or university can possess, to make an accurate diagnosis of an ordinary disease; the higher and more intellectual means of drawing conclusions by inductive reasoning are almost neglected. Mind you, I do not wish to disparage laboratory teaching; it is essential, but we can have too much of a good thing, and laboratories nowadays take up too much of the student's time in the latter years of his curriculum. The ordinary student should have a good working knowledge of laboratory methods, and this should be obtained chiefly during his first two years, but the refinements, if insisted, will be acquired at the expense of some more useful and practical information, for the average student can only hold so much knowledge—it is hopeless to attempt to put a quart measure into a pint pot.

SERUM TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM MEDICAL RECORD

It is natural that with the discovery of a microorganism probably pathogenic for rheumatism an attempt should speedily be made

*From an address delivered before the Canadian Medical Association.

to produce a specific serum for the treatment of the disease. Such an attempt has been made by Menzer, who gives an account in the *Zeitschrift für klinische Medizin*, Nos. 1 and 2, vol. 47, 1902, of his progress in the development of a system of serum therapy for acute and chronic articular rheumatism. In spite of the advances he has made, the author emphasizes the fact that the method is not yet perfect, and has limitations, but he claims that its advantages are no less distinct and certain.

To understand the author's theory of treatment, it is necessary to consider his view of the etiology and course of the disease. He bases his theory upon the assumption that, under certain conditions of constitution, weather, etc., the circle of lymphatic tissue which guards the pharyngeal region becomes permeable to the microorganisms habitually present. These overcome the protective agencies opposed to them, and, reaching the circulation, cause metastatic lesions in susceptible organs. In this case, as in many other generalized bacterial invasions, the *loci minoris resistentiæ* are the synovial membranes of the joints, the serous membranes, and the endocardium. The organism, at first prostrated, speedily overcomes the invaders free in the blood current, and then seeks out their separate depots, in order to render these harmless as well. The reaction of the organism to this process is evidenced by the typical symptoms of local congestion, swelling and pain, *i. e.*, the joint symptoms and endocarditis represent, not the infection, but the effort of the body to overcome it.

The underlying principle of Menzer's method now becomes apparent. Streptococci obtained from the tonsils of patients having acute rheumatism were isolated and used for the preparation of pure cultures. These were injected into animals, and the antistreptococcic serum resulting from this method of immunization was used in the treatment. On injecting it into patients having chronic rheumatism, a local reaction, consisting of swelling, redness and heat was caused in the diseased, but not in the healthy, joints. The author interprets this as evidence of the assistance to the body's dormant powers of resistance furnished by the serum. In acute cases a similar series of events is observed. The local symptoms are at first aggravated, but subside rather more speedily than is usually the case, and the defervescence, once occurring, is permanent. The action of the serum differs from that of diphtheria or tetanus antitoxin in being primarily bacteriolytic, though it probably has some antitoxic properties as well.

UNEXPECTED RESULTS FROM TAKING DRUGS . . . BRITISH MED. JOUR.

Sir Lauder Brunton has recently related some curious and unexpected results which have sometimes followed the administration of drugs. I remember, he said, reading the case of a child who was said to have died from one drop of laudanum, but this laudanum had been kept on a mantel-shelf for a considerable time and the mouth of the bottle only stopped by a twisted piece of paper, so that the original tincture of opium had become converted into a strong liquid extract by evaporation. Here was a case in which by keeping, and in a sense deteriorating, the drug had become far stronger than before. But occasionally the very purity of drugs may alter their effect for the worse. Professor Leech pointed out that artificial sodium salicylate owes its inferiority to natural salicylate, not to the presence of any impurity, but really to the absence of a certain amount of methyl salicylate which exists in the natural product.

Some time ago, on prescribing potassium nitrate with the view of lessening high arterial tension and arresting epistaxis, Sir Lauder Brunton found that the patient was immediately relieved by the use of saltpetre which he got at an oil shop, but on getting the prescription made up at a chemist's, with pure potassium nitrate, the epistaxis began again. On hearing of this, he at once suspected that the ordinary saltpetre contained a small amount of nitrite, and on adding about half a grain of sodium nitrite to the 15 or 20 grains of potassium nitrate that he had been taking, the epistaxis ceased immediately. This result explained an observation which had been made by a very old doctor, who had told him that, although he belonged to a very gouty family, he kept gout away by taking 20 grains of nitrate along with 15 or 20 grains of potassium bicarbonate in a tumbler of water every morning, and—here was the point—that the nitre he got from a gunmaker was always better than what he got from a chemist. This was probably due to a small admixture of nitrite which tended to keep down the high tension which his gouty kidneys would otherwise have produced.

Quinine may act very differently, according to the amount of acid in the stomach. In tropical countries quinine is frequently swallowed by the teaspoonful, and a great part of this is often wasted because there is an insufficient amount of acid in the intestinal canal to dissolve it. Should, however, a patient take quinine in this way and have several lemon

squashes immediately afterward, so much quinine may be dissolved by the citric acid they contain as to give rise to unpleasant effects. Calomel, again, may vary unexpectedly in its effects. In persons who live upon a vegetable diet and are accustomed to take but little salt, calomel appears only to have a slight action, but in those who take a lot of salt, or are accustomed to live upon salt provisions, a larger quantity of calomel is converted into corrosive sublimate, and thus an unexpectedly violent action may be produced. Sulphide of antimony, on the other hand, is dissolved by alkalies, so that when compound calomel pills, which contain this drug, are given along with alkalies, a degree of gastrointestinal irritation may be produced which does not occur in other conditions. The solubility of certain resinous purgatives, such as aloes, scammony, jalap and podophyllin, is also much increased by alkalies, and some of the unexpected excess or lack of action of these drugs which occasionally manifests itself is doubtless due, not to impurity of the drug, but to the amount of alkali present at the time in the intestinal canal.

CORNELL'S BRAIN COLLECTION NEW YORK SUN

Although it is improbable that Cornell University will ever secure the brain of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton, because of the objections of the family of Mrs. Stanton, the fact that she left a wish to have her brain entrusted to Cornell, to be preserved with the collection that Prof. Burt G. Wilder has been making for many years, has drawn attention again to the Cornell brain collection in a pointed way. Every university has what a commercial traveler would call "side lines," and this brain collection of Dr. Wilder at Ithaca is one of the most important and peculiar of any of the special works of research engaged in institutions of learning. It is a most serious work, although many persons who know Professor Wilder in a general way regard it as one of his idiosyncrasies.

The secrets of the human brain—or any other brain of considerable development, for that matter—have never yet been found out entirely. Psychological experiments have revealed much as to the operation of the human brain under various emotions, and the knife of the anatomist has laid bare many of the secrets of its structure, but the full story is yet to be revealed. The comparative study of the brain by anatomists is going on steadily, and as new curves and cavities and fissures and convolutions present themselves the puzzle

becomes more involved, although many points are being cleared up gradually.

This brain study has absorbed a large part of the spare time of Professor Wilder for twenty-five years. He has made many important discoveries and has adopted a terminology of his own to a large extent. His unceasing study has brought him fame in his profession and has added largely to the sum of scientific information. His purpose, in a general way, is to establish a standard fissural American brain. He has not yet succeeded, but he keeps at his work, and it is for that reason that he has devoted a large amount of time to inducing persons of various degrees of intelligence to leave their brains to Cornell.

All brains submitted to him are treated with great respect. Few of them are destroyed. Many incisions are made in some of them, but they are preserved intact and are never mutilated. Some of his prize brains are not even cut. They are preserved most carefully, and such study as is made from them is along the line of weight and form of convolutions.

In the collection are the brains of two intellectual giants, Dr. Chauncey Wright of Harvard, and Prof. James Oliver of Cornell. These are treasured most carefully. Students of Dr. Wilder, now in the Cornell Medical College in this city, say that although these men represented in life the highest forms of intellectuality, their brains are not at all similar in aspect. One is highly convoluted and the other is not. If Dr. Wilder could secure the brains of twenty-five such persons it is possible that he could make some valuable deductions for science, either because of their similarities or dissimilarities.

Professor Wilder, of course, does not give out for publication the names of those who have willed their brains to his collection. It became known, however, the other day that Prof. Goldwin Smith, the great historian and philosopher, formerly of Oxford and then of Cornell, and now a resident of Toronto, had willed his brain to Cornell. It is altogether probable that in time a large collection will be secured.

It is expected that after a time there will be less family objection to the scheme, and that when it is understood how valuable to science such gifts may prove to be, the brains of educated persons will come in faster.

The brains of criminals and alcoholics are preserved on shelves close to Dr. Wilder's laboratory door; the brains of the educated class are kept securely locked up and are not to be seen except for scientific purposes.

HEALTH OF THE COAL MINER NEW YORK TIMES

Three physicians who have practised in Scranton or Wilkesbarre took the stand for the miners before the Coal Arbitration Commission and in substance testified that the occupation of a mine worker was "very unhealthful" and shortened his life. One physician, Dr. Frank P. Lennahan of Wilkesbarre, who says he has had a long experience among mine workers, testified that fully 99 per cent. of the men who work in the mines are anæmic. Their health is impoverished, and their general condition is below par, thus decreasing their earning powers. The principal illustration offered by the miners, the

physicians said, were the miners' asthma, rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica. The miners' asthma comes from coal dust, powdered smoke and vitiated air. Dr. John O'Malley of Scranton said that at post-mortems he had seen miners' lungs as black as anthracite itself, and Dr. Lennahan testified that he had personal knowledge of a man coughing up coal dust nine years after he had left the mines. He said he had information that a man had coughed up coal dust fifteen years after he had left the mines. It was also asserted that 90 per cent. of miners who reach the age of fifty years are afflicted with some form of rheumatism.

The Management of a Great Trust

By Henry Loomis Nelson *

The United States Steel Corporation is not a huge aggregate of capital and industrial properties managed by a single head. In putting an end to the competition which naturally existed between the subsidiary companies, beneficent rivalry has not been destroyed. The proprietor corporation does not operate the mines or the factories or run the vessels and railroads. The Carnegie Company, the Illinois Steel Company, the National Tube Company—these and the other constituent companies are the operating companies. Each has its president, its other officers, and its board of directors. The task of the United States Steel Corporation is advisory. It indicates the work which each of the subsidiary companies should do; it counsels the operating officers; it watches the course of the markets; it looks after the maintenance and the perfection of the plants; it buys and installs new machinery; it studies the processes employed in the different works; it compares conditions and results, and thereby it discovers which mill, which forge, which president or superintendent or mine boss, and which machine is doing his or its task at the lowest cost and with the best results.

The corporation is officered by men who have been trained in its business. Of these officers, the president, the three vice-presidents and the two assistants to the president meet daily for the purpose of conference. Here are a president and his cabinet officers, who dis-

cuss at their meetings the reports which they receive from the operating companies. They have before them, in their discussions, the exact state of the business of the whole corporation. Each vice-president and each assistant to the president has his own department. The special province of the first vice-president is with raw material and transportation. He keeps himself informed as to all the details of the work of digging ore and coal, as to the vessels and railroads, the docks, the quarries, and the natural-gas wells. The second vice-president is charged with the supervision of the production of the subsidiary companies, with their distribution, and with their purchases of metal products. He studies the methods and results of these companies, with the object of securing the greatest economy in manufacture and delivery. The third vice-president concerns himself specially with markets. He must know where the corporation's products are going, what are the conditions of the markets of the world; and he is to keep the various companies informed as to his discoveries and conclusions, in order that they may distribute their products to the best advantage.

One assistant to the president investigates and compares the cost of manufacture in the works of the various subsidiary companies; and to aid him in this task, he forms committees of skilled operatives whose duty it is to study and recommend uniform methods with a view especially to effecting economies in the cost of

*Century.

production. The other assistant looks after the mechanical efficiency of the various works, and considers and reports upon any recommendations which may be made for the improvement of machinery or tools.

The committee of skilled operatives is a most important feature of this organization. In considering it, it should be understood that the Carnegie Company's principle of a division of profits gives to the leading men in all its works a personal interest in the prosperity of the business. This is not a general profit-sharing plan; but the men who are at the head of a mill, or of a furnace, or of a department, receive a percentage of profits based on their salaries. Occasionally a workman who is not included among these partners in the business receives an addition to his pay for an unusual piece of work of value to the corporation. So far as it extended at the time of the consolidation this plan has been retained. Its further extension will require careful thought and much time. The committees of operatives also serve to awaken and maintain the interest of the chief and responsible employees in aiding the achievement of the desire of the corporation for success while they work at the very root of the problem. They constitute an important element of the methods pursued for keeping up the rivalry between the subsidiary companies. The president and his cabinet affect the presidents and officers of the operating companies; the committees work upon the professional pride of the technical and practical men who actually carry on the work of production or transportation. The central authorities know from their daily, weekly, and monthly reports which companies are the most successful and which are less successful. They also know whether conditions, favorable or unfavorable, account for the different results. In a large way they realize in advance some conditions that make it wiser to fill this order in Chicago and that in Pittsburg. For example, by reason of the corporation's scattered properties, they are able to save cost of transportation by making rails in Chicago for the West, and in Pittsburg for the East. Through their constant reports and comparisons, they are able to effect other economies of a similar nature. They learn whether the success of one factory, comparing with results at another, is due to the superior mechanical equipment of the first. They also discover whether one mill produces the more material at the lower cost because of devices and methods invented or adopted by its manager. These skilful devices and better methods naturally

would constitute a secret of the individual mill if it were in competition with the other works of the corporation; now they are utilized for all the works, to the end that, other things being equal, production shall be as cheap in one mill as in another which makes the same or similar articles.

Finally, it may be ascertained that production is falling off or is costing more than it should through the incapacity or negligence of the responsible men, of the master workmen, of the superintendent of a mill, or of a department. Here it is that the committees of skilled operatives become of use. These committees represent every branch of the business. They are composed of the theoretical men, like chemists, for example, and the practical men who actually work the machinery in the furnaces the mills, and the other properties of the corporation. They visit the works, examine the machinery, study the methods employed, watch the operations of the establishment, and inevitably ascertain what is wrong and upon whom the responsibility rests. A backward boss or superintendent dreads the visit of the committee of his own branch of the business. It is composed of his fellow-workmen, who are also his rivals, who are not only straining every effort to surpass him, but who are determined to discover his weaknesses, and to bring every factory of the corporation up to the standard.

These visitations of committees are said to be among the most picturesque human incidents of the business.

This criticism is good for the delinquent, and the knowledge gained by the visit, on which the criticism rests, is good for the corporation. It stimulates the man to better work, or it replaces him with a better man; at all events the work goes on better, the product larger or less costly, the company gains, and, if it carries out its professions, the consumer also profits. The manner in which a committee works is as varied as human nature itself, but the practical boss in an investigated factory is dealt with by a group of men who understand his work. He knows this, and he knows also that they are ambitious to secure large results. He cannot deceive them, as he might deceive an owner who has never operated a machine, or produced a pig of iron or a bar of steel. Before them he cannot defend antiquated processes, bad workmanship, or his own slothfulness. He cannot successfully lay the blame on untoward conditions if such conditions do not exist. He must face the music. If he can do better, he must; if he cannot he must go.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

BETTER THAN STRIKES. PEMBER REEVES. BLACK AND WHITE

When, a few years since, it was mentioned in London that a statute existed in New Zealand for dealing compulsorily with labor quarrels, it was spoken of—when it was spoken of at all—as something unthinkable, crazy, or laughable. But this “impossible” statute has now been in constant use for seven years, and though once a quarter or thereabouts some letter or telegram assures us that the experiment is breaking down, or is on the verge of breaking down, it does not break down. Moreover, though its life has so far been short in New South Wales and Western Australia, it is no dead letter in either; far from that. The Arbitration Court in Sydney is almost overwhelmed with business, and from West Australia comes the news of the conclusion of a highly important mining arbitration case of a legal award under which the conditions of labor are to be regulated throughout the great goldfields of Coolgardie and Kalbarli. In the colonies, therefore, industrial arbitration may still be an experiment, but it has passed out of the region of vision and theory. It is a matter-of-fact legal system, a prosaic affair of every day.

The awards of the Arbitration Courts are binding during their currency, which may not exceed three years, and is usually from six to eighteen months. Any person disobeying an award may be fined. The highest fine upon a union or a employer may be £500. The funds of a union may be seized in payment of a fine, and any workman belonging to a union is liable to the extent of £10. The severest fine yet inflicted on an employer in New Zealand was £25. No workers' union has yet been charged with evading or disobeying an award, so none have been fined. Employers, too, have for the most part readily and honorably complied with the Court's injunctions.

The effect of industrial arbitration in New Zealand has been, so far, to abolish serious labor conflicts, to level up the conditions of industry to the level of the “fair” workshops. It has enabled the workers in recent prosperous years to obtain a series of increases of wages without fighting and on carefully considered and practicable lines. It has also enabled employers to successfully resist many excessive

demands, and to do so without resorting to the lockout. It has enlarged the organization both of labor and capital, but is quietly depriving the trade unions of their militant and narrowly-exclusive character.

VALUE OF THE DAY NURSERY. . . . LILLIAN H. FRENCH. . . . CENTURY

Now that time has proved the value of these institutions, we read in one of the latest utterances on the subject: “For the first time in the realm of sociology its students are beginning to take account of the factor ‘the day nursery, or crèche,’ in connection with the great problem of the disintegration of workingmen's families, and they find that it is proving efficient in keeping the families together who are near enough to take advantage of its helpfulness. The aid that the nursery gives is understood by all who have entered intelligently into that work, and is easily comprehended by others when the fact is pointed out that when the man in a family fails to secure employment the woman must become the bread-winner; then arises the problem, Who is to care for the children while the mother is absent? The father may do so for a while, but he is obliged to be out continually seeking employment; or, as is too often the case, he refuses to stay at home to mind the children; or, still worse, he deserts his family in their hour of need. In any case, the mother is forced to go out to work and the children are either locked into a room and left there all day, or are committed to the care of some neighbor, who doubtless does what she can, or are left recklessly to run on the streets. The inevitable result of this condition is that the mother, sick and tired of the anxiety, the trouble, the complaints which come to her on her return, turns to the half-orphan or other asylum or home, and there places her children, from whence, as statistics show, they seldom return, and the family is effectually broken up.”

TO LABEL SHODDY. FRANCIS E. WARREN. INDEPENDENT

The bill which has been introduced in Congress “to provide for Federal inspection of mixed goods and the proper marking of the same,” and which is known generally as the Anti-Shoddy Bill, is not designed by its advocates to destroy or cripple any industry. On

the contrary, it is designed to place the various products entering into the manufacture of clothing on their own individual merits, with the idea that if this is done no legitimate industry will be injured and the public will be benefited. No objection is offered to the use of shoddy or its manufacture, provided it is sold on its merit. By the provisions of the bill, manufacturers of mixed goods—that is, goods made in imitation of woollens, which are not composed wholly of pure wool—shall mark or tag such goods so that the constituent fibers and the relative portion of each of which such goods are composed shall be plainly shown; that garments made of mixed goods shall be marked and labeled so that the relative portion of each substance composing them shall be shown, and that imports of clothing or cloth shall be likewise marked or labeled. The bill provides for the imposition of a penalty for the offense of selling or offering for sale cloth or clothing not properly labeled.

The sheep and wool growers of the country are a unit in supporting the measure; but, in advocating it, they do not wish to embarrass their friends, the woolen manufacturers. They feel that the manufacturers should co-operate with them to the end that what is offered and sold as the product of the sheep, or the wool which grows upon the sheep's back, should be sold as such; that when the product is mixed with rags, shoddy, etc., it should be sold as mixed or shoddy goods; that if mixed with cotton, it should be sold as woolen-and-cotton; and that all substitutes used with wool should be indicated in some unmistakable way, in order that those offering goods for sale would be obliged to confine themselves to a true statement with respect to the ingredients and quality, and thus protect the buyer.

The use of shoddy in the manufacture of clothing is claimed by many to be a constant menace to the public health. Shoddy is the fiber of woolen cloth separated and rearranged for spinning by machinery. The best is made from the sweepings of tailor shops and the emptyings of rag bags in civilized countries. The worst comes from no one knows where, but it is reasonably certain much of it is made from the rags gathered by ragpickers in the slums and alleys of European cities and shipped to America under the term, "re-used wool fiber." Disease is, of course, liable to lurk in this product, and it is asking little of the national legislature that it may be marked so that it may be avoided by those who do not wish to use it.

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED. *BULLETIN OF THE DEPT. OF LABOR

By an order of the governor of New South Wales bearing date of May 8, 1900, a labor commission was appointed to provide work for the unemployed. The duties of the commission are to organize and control all labor of both sexes not in employment and to assist the unemployed in securing situations. A card system of registration is used, the men being classified according to their own preferences, then according to their capacity as determined by an inspection, and lastly, after an assignment of work has been completed, on the basis of reports furnished by a foreman or officer in charge of the work. Branch offices are maintained in different parts of the country, by which means it is expected that a general knowledge of labor conditions will be gained and disseminated.

Opportunities for employment were formerly determined by drawings, but the method was unsatisfactory, and a system of rotation has been adopted. This system is modified to some extent by local and conjugal conditions, applicants residing in the vicinity of the proposed works being preferred to non-residents, so far as the supply extends, and married men to single. Married men having dependent children are further favored over those without children. Emergency work is provided, however, for the immediate relief of destitution, and various concessions are made to enable men to avail themselves of the opportunities offered. Thus, railway fares are provided at reduced rates, and advances made to cover this and other preliminary expenses, as for tents, blankets, etc., while cost of provisions has been guaranteed to storekeepers giving credit to men beginning work. This last privilege was so abused that it has been withdrawn. Men leaving dependent families are required to sign orders empowering the department to pay their wives a portion—not less than one-half—of their weekly wages.

For men physically unfit for steady work, and therefore not easily graded as to fixed pay, a system of co-operation called the *butty-gang* system is made use of. Under this plan the work is let as a job and the returns are equally shared by the members of the gang performing it. This system, which is stated to have succeeded well in New Zealand, was found not to be satisfactory, as the least competent or least willing set the pace, with the result of small returns and general dissatisfaction among the workers.

* November, 1902.

A casual labor farm, furnished with huts and tools and run on the co-operative basis, provided employment for 198 men for various periods during the year. The period of residence set by the commission was three months, though the majority did not stay so long; others requested an extension of the period, which was in some cases allowed. This farm furnished opportunity for recuperation, mental and physical, and for getting a little sum ahead with which to make a new start on leaving, besides some practical experience in plowing and other farm work, which increased the opportunities for future employment.

To provide for another class of the destitute, including tramps and beggars, a labor depot and refuge was established within a few miles of Sydney, to which men are admitted and provided with food and lodging in return for a few hours' work, leaving them free during a large part of the day to seek employment. For those who work more than is thus required a credit system is used by which weekly accounts are kept, and any balance is paid over in cash at the time of final departure from the depot. This refuge was opened only three months before the close of this report, during some portion of which period 48 men were in residence, 23 being still in the institution when the report closed. Of the 25 who went away, 20 took certificates of good conduct, 4 of very good, and 1 the manager declined to certify. Three secured employment before leaving.

The number of applicants for work registering during the year was 10,501. The numbers of offers of work was 16,172; these were accepted in 7,899 instances, rejected in 3,237, and in 5,036 cases no reply was received. The number of individuals accepting work was 5,049, making an apportionment of about 15 jobs to each man that worked.

About 40 per cent.—3,175—of the jobs were of less than one month's duration; 1,493 lasted from one to three months, 535 over three months, and in 1,711 cases the duration was not reported. A few jobs lasted a full year. Sickness and accident compelled 159 men to leave their work, and 1,454 deserted. In 645 cases there was a mark of "very good" as to ability and willingness, "good" in 1,502 cases, and 903 were not granted certificates. Conduct was marked "very good" in 797 cases, "good" in 4,894, and 460 were denied a marking. It would appear, therefore, that incapacity was more in the way of success than was disposition; though the failure of 3,485 original registrants to give any further

attention to their applications is suggestive of the use by beggars of the registration certificates to prove that they want work, when in reality they have no such desire.

STREET RAILWAY COMPANY PROFIT-SHARING....ELECTRIC AGE

The British Columbia Electric Railway Company (Limited), of London, owner of the street railways in the cities of Vancouver, B. C., and New Westminster, has recently entered into an arrangement with its employees whereby it voluntarily agrees to continue to pay all of the men their wages or salaries at current rates, and in addition to divide among them at the end of each year one-third of all the clear profits after a 4 per cent. dividend has been paid to the stockholders. It is estimated that the dividend to the men will amount in the first year to about \$30 each, to \$50 each at the end of the second year, and that in five years it will reach the sum of \$100 each.

Following is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Buntzen, general manager of the company, to the directors: "After the ordinary shareholder has received a dividend of 4 per centum (4 per cent.) any additional profits available for dividends will be divided as follows: Two-thirds to the shareholder; one-third to the regular employees. It might seem to the shareholders that this would be giving away their legitimate earnings, but on careful consideration it will be seen that more will be gained than lost. The labor question is a difficult one to solve. Men naturally try to get higher wages whenever possible, and sometimes when it is not possible. The result is trouble, ill feeling, unrest. And surely it is better for the shareholder to meet the demands of the employees for higher wages out of the actual earnings than to be called upon for unreasonable advances which the earnings do not justify. Strikes or lockouts, whatever their ultimate results, are poor means of adjustment. Everyone loses, not only in a financial way, but also in the loss of that mutual confidence which is essential to the success of all co-operation between capital and labor.

I wish it distinctly understood that what I recommend is to pay the men standard wages, and, in addition, give them a share in the company's profits beyond 4 per cent. on the ordinary stock, and I base my recommendation on the grounds that the increased interest in the company's welfare on the part of the employees created by the system will add so much to the company's success that employees and shareholders will all be the gainers by it."

In the World of Religious Thought

THE SYMBOLISM OF A DOGMA.....QUARTERLY REVIEW

Dogmas are to religion what words are to thought. Like words, they are living organisms, and are in continual transformation. It is not that any truth which they symbolize changes, but that our apprehension of that truth changes. A dogma is like an algebraic formula which represents ideally a given quantity, but is not that quantity itself. It is no new thing which we are now writing. St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, St. Thomas Aquinas, Butler, Newman—to name no others—lay it down that theology is an economy, that is to say, a parable, or exhibition of the truth in symbols. No religion that exists, or ever has existed, can claim to be in exclusive possession of religious truth. Cardinal Newman, in the first book he ever wrote, expressed this verity in emphatic language: "Revelation, properly speaking, is a universal, not a partial, gift. It would seem that there is something true, and divinely revealed, in every religion, all over the earth, overloaded as it may be, and, at times, even stifled, by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of men have incorporated with it."

SOUL WANDERING...E. M. CESARESCO...CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

In the Vedas, it is stated, that the soul may wander, even during sleep, and that it will surely have a further existence after death, but there is nothing to show that in this further existence it will take the form of an animal. Man will be substantially man, able to feel the same pleasures as his prototype on earth; but if he goes to a good place, exempt from the same pains. What, then, was the Vedic opinion of animals? On the whole, it is safe to assume that the authors of the Vedic chants believed that animals, like men, entered a soul-world in which they preserved their identity. The idea of funeral sacrifices, as exemplified in these earliest records, was that of sending some one before. The horse and the goat that were immolated at a Vedic funeral were intended to go and announce the coming of the man's soul. Wherever victims were sacrificed at funerals, they were originally meant to do something in the after life; hence they must have had souls. The origin of the Suttee was the wish that the wife should ac-

company her husband, and among primitive peoples animals were sacrificed because the dead man might have need of them. Not very long ago an old Irish woman, on being remonstrated with for having killed her dead husband's horse, replied with the words, "Do you think I would let my man go on foot in the next world?" Apart from what hints may be gleaned from the Vedas, there is no inherent probability against the early Aryans, any more than the modern Hindu, believing that the soul of man or beast comes suddenly to a full stop. To destroy spirit seems to the Asiatic mind as impossible as to destroy matter seems to the biologist.

From the moment that soul-wandering became, in India, a well-established doctrine, some three thousand years ago, the conception of the status of animals was perfectly clear. "Wise people," says the Bhagavad Gita, "see the same soul (Atman) in the Brahman, in worms and insects, in the outcasts, in the dog and the elephant, in beasts, cows, gadflies and gnats." Here we have the doctrine succinctly expounded, and in spite of subtleties introduced by later philosophers (such as that of the outstanding self), the exposition holds good to this day as a statement of the faith of India. It also describes the doctrine of Pythagoras, which ancient traditions asserted that he brought from Egypt, where no such doctrine ever existed. Pythagoras is still commonly supposed to have borrowed from Egypt; but it is strange that a single person should continue to hold an opinion against which so much evidence has been produced; especially as it is surely very easy to explain the tradition by interpreting Egypt to have stood for "the East" in common parlance, exactly as in Europe a tribe of low caste Indians came to be called gypsies or Egyptians. Pythagoras believed that he had been one of the Trojan heroes, whose shield he knew at a glance in the Temple of Juno where it was hung up. After him, Empedocles thought that he had passed through many forms, amongst others those of a bird and a fish. Pythagoras and his fire-spent disciple belong to times which seem almost near if judged by Indian computations: yet they are nebulous figures; they seem to us, and perhaps they

seemed to men who lived soon after them, more like mysterious, half Divine bearers of a word than men of flesh and blood. But Plato, who is real to us and who has influenced so profoundly modern thought, Plato took their theory and displayed it to the western world as the most logical explanation of the mystery of being.

The Hindu is as much convinced that the soul is reborn in different animals as we are that children are born of women. He is convinced of it, but he is not consoled by it. Let us reflect a little; does not one life give us time to get somewhat tired of it; how should we feel after fifteen hundred lives? The wandering Jew has never been thought an object of envy, but the wandering soul has a wearier lot; it knows the sorrows of all creation.

OCCULT FAITH...GEORGE W. COOKE...BOSTON EVE. TRANSCRIPT

I have attended about a dozen religious meetings that are placed under the head of "miscellaneous" in the church announcements. They are somewhat difficult to classify, but they agree in having no denominational connections. Perhaps the oldest of these societies is the Church of the Higher Life, and the youngest may be that which takes the name of Universal Religion. Then there are meetings devoted to Harmony Through Music, New Testament Study, and others that are announced under the name of the speaker who addresses the meeting. With these societies may be classed the Independent Church, as having important common characteristics. With them also may be enumerated the two Theosophical societies, which agree with them in some particulars, at least.

These societies and meetings agree in being unsectarian, and in being independent of one another. They are all "liberal" in the sense of being without a creed, and also in fostering freedom of utterance. They are individualistic to a large degree, and magnify the worth of personal thought and utterance. The members agree not to agree with one another, and each establishes his own creed. It is true of the members also, that each has some cherished notion of his own, to which he is trying to convert his fellow-worshippers. Reforms of all kinds are advocated in these meetings, but by individuals rather than by societies.

The majority of these independent societies are off-shoots from Christian Science churches, or have come into existence, directly or indirectly, through the influence of Mrs. Eddy. The wonderful success of the Christian Science

founder and leader has led other women to imitate her example, but none of them has shown like skill in securing a following. I suppose that most of these women honestly differ from Mrs. Eddy, and they have separated from her because they could not accept some one or more of the doctrines taught by her. Her autocratic methods, her extreme idealism, her fanatical theory of spirit, her insistence upon the absolute dominion of mind, her superstitious conception of the nature of disease and of curing it, have led many thoughtful persons inclined to her way of thinking to rebel from her extreme views. There has resulted what is sometimes called "the New Thought movement." It is Eddyism with a different Christian Science qualified by sounder thinking.

The one common characteristic of all the societies is their acceptance of the occult. This statement applies to the Theosophists as well as to the new thought and independent movements. They believe in and practise "mental healing." In this respect, as well as in the acceptance of his idealism, they are followers of Emerson. In many of his lectures Emerson declared that sickness is the result of mental imperfections, a failure to think soundly and to give the mind dominion over the body. No utterance of Mrs. Eddy is more emphatic than some of his as to the cause of bodily ailments. He taught in plainest terms that the cure of disease must be spiritual and not physical. He appears not to have followed up his theories with any system of mental healing. The new thought people not only believe as he believed, but they practise what he taught. His is the theory, and theirs is the method.

One of the chief characteristics of this whole movement of which I am writing is its development of a pronounced individualism. In this it differs widely from Christian Science, which has been so largely successful in its organized efforts, because it is a form of spiritual despotism.

Those who are willing to accept leadership, albeit friendly and sympathetic, have joined the ranks of Mrs. Eddy's rapidly growing religious army; but those who were too individualistic to be dictated to by another have connected themselves with the new thought movement. It would take a genius for organization greater even than Mrs. Eddy's to bring these new thought societies into a denomination. The tendency is rather in the direction of division.

The ✦ Sketch ✦ Book

Character in Outline

"NOTHIN' DOING" N. Y. TIMES

Col. Opie Read, novelist and playwright, was for many years identified with country newspapers in Kentucky and Tennessee. He says that one day he approached a farmer in a Kentucky town and asked him if there was any news in his neighborhood.

"Not a bit uv news," said the farmer. "We are all too busy with our crops to think uv anything else. All quiet in our neighborhood."

"Pretty good crops this year?" queried Read.

"Bully," said the farmer. "I ought to be in my field this minute, an' I would be if I hadn't come to town to see the Coroner?"

"The Coroner?"

"Yep. Want him to hold an inquest on a couple of fellers down in our neighborhood."

"Inquest? Was it an accident?"

"Nope. Zeke Burke did it a-puppis. Plugged George Rambo and his boy Bill with a pistol. Got to have an inquest."

"What caused the fight?"

"There wasn't no fight. Zeke never give the other fellers a show. Guess he was right, too, 'cause the Rambos did not give Zeke's father an' brother any chance. Just hid behind a tree and fired at 'em as they come along the road. That was yistiday mornin', an' in an hour Zeke had squared accounts."

"Has Zeke been arrested?"

"Nope. What's the use? Some of Old Man Rambo's relatives come along last night, burned down Zeke's house, shot him an' his wife, an' set fire to his barn. Nope, Zeke hasn't been arrested. But I ain't got time to talk to you. Got to git back to my harvestin'. But there ain't no news down our way. If anythin' happens I'll let ye know."

THE MOTHER LONDON ACADEMY

The cottage where Jonathan and his wife lived was not easily found. You might walk down the lane twenty times without spying it nuzzling into the hillside, at the foot of a flight of steps rough cut into the clay. It was a tiny cottage, but three counties could be seen from the porch; overhead you might watch the weather in the making; just beneath was an orchard. In that cottage Jonathan's wife

spent her days; he was a wanderer, she was a stay-at-home. A thin, restless woman, never idle, she was one of those housewives who are always cooking something over a fire, or carrying a pail or a platter between the yard and the house. She never shared in the talks between Jonathan and myself; she regarded them, I am sure, merely as another of man's ways of wasting time. Sometimes I wondered vaguely what were her thoughts, what was her view of life. Once, many years ago, her emotions had been deeply stirred: that I knew. There was the locked door in the cottage to remind me. A housewife, with but three rooms to control, does not renounce one of them, except under some strong compulsion. Lizzie's bedroom with its music-stand, its violoncello, its faded articles of attire, its books, was unchanged since the day she died. It was dusted every morning—that was all. We never spoke of her.

For his supper Jonathan liked a steaming Spanish onion, with a piece of bread and a glass of ale. That was the hour when we talked about books, or rather I talked, and he made comments. Indeed, it was for the sake of those comments that I willingly exchanged the hearth of my own cottage for his. Sometimes I read a review aloud. He would sit in the chimney corner, staring straight at me with those deep-set eyes, smoking placidly, while his wife bustled to and fro, making no remark, except the peremptory command when the onion was dished from the pot, and placed steaming on his plate: "Now then, come and sit up." Jonathan obeyed, hungry or not, while I continued to read. He could not, or would not assimilate much at a time; when some passage moved him to speak, he would put down his fork and speak. On the evening of which I am writing, the fork was placed on the table when he had taken but a few mouthfuls. The onion became cold and flaccid. I had been reading this passage: "Tennyson, more and more as life advanced, seems to have been dominated by the horror of the thought of losing individuality at death." There Jonathan stopped me. In the silence the tick of the clock seemed very loud. I was conscious that the woman was standing still behind

my chair. I turned. She was looking at her husband.

Jonathan did not speak. In those few minutes of pregnant silence I knew that I was near to the heart of things. Authority, tradition, clerical influence, the contagious sympathy of a common belief had no hold on this old man and woman, with the soil beneath, the sky above, and nothing to draw upon but their own simple wisdom. . . . Slowly and sadly Jonathan shook his head. The woman rested herself on the edge of the table, examined her bruised hands, and said, "Nor I, Jonathan."

Then, it all happened in a second, they both glanced toward the closed door, and stared hard at it. A change came over them. Jonathan did not move, but the woman rushed at him, flung her skinny arms about his neck, and sobbed, "Yes, dear, yes!"

SUPPOSING. . . . CARROLL WATSON RANKIN. . . . METROPOLITAN

Lester followed the porter into the chair-car, hung up his overcoat, and settled down to read; but he could not fix his attention upon his novel.

The occupant of the chair across the aisle disturbed him. Apparently she was asleep. She was pale and there was a pathetic droop to her lips. The book in her lap was slowly but surely slipping from her unheeding fingers.

Its slow progress troubled Lester. He wished the volume would travel faster and get the threatened catastrophe over with, so that he might attend comfortably to his own reading.

The expected happened at last, however. The owner of the book opened a pair of startled brown eyes and looked straight into Lester's interested blue ones.

"Why Sidney!" she exclaimed, flushing from throat to brow. "Is it really you? You're not a ghost?"

"Certainly no ghost," said Lester, crossing the aisle and taking the vacant chair facing the young woman. "To think I didn't know you, Margery! But it's been—let me see, how many years?"

"Don't speak of years; what are you doing in this part of the country? Are you on a wedding trip, or anything?"

"Certainly not a wedding trip; and you?"

"Not guilty. I'm going to Washington to spend Sunday."

"So am I."

Lester did not think it necessary to state

that the main purpose of his going was to ask a certain young woman an important question. Perhaps, as things turned out, it was quite as well that he refrained from going into details.

"Do you remember," asked Margery, "what good times we used to have in Cleveland, in the rose garden?"

"We were next-door neighbors then, weren't we? I used to crawl through the hedge on my hands and knees to visit you. What was it we used to play?"

"Supposing. 'S'posin' we called it then."

"Oh, I remember. You sat on the bench near the beehives, with your lap full of big pink and white roses, and I sat on the ground at your feet. It began like this: 'S'posin' a pirate should come and carry you away—'

"'Off in a great big ship with lateen sails—'

"'And a crew of murderous Lascars—'

"'And chests full of gold—'

"'Gold, certainly. I'd follow—'

"'Would you, Sidney?'"

"Of course," said Sidney, not noticing that the girl's voice had grown tremulous. "'S'posin' this is the ship."

"Yes—yes—"

"'And we're sailing—sailing—'"

"To a far-off country, and the pirate is waiting at the wharf—"

Margery glanced apprehensively over her shoulder. "Waiting to seize me and to carry me to his dungeon. Yes, go on. I can see him." The girl shuddered.

"I'd draw my sword and slay him, and say: 'Fair one, be mine. Come to these arms. I love thee.'"

"O Sidney! you—didn't say it, afterward, when—I used to wonder sometimes."

The girl's face flushed and then paled suddenly.

"But the pirate didn't come. You didn't need me. If he had, you know—"

"But I think—I have reason to believe I'll find him waiting for me at the station. He's a wealthy pirate with chests of gold, and—the family expects it."

"I'll run him through with my broadsword—my umbrella—if you say so."

"No, it's too late. I rather think I shall have to let him carry me off, and yet—s'posin'—s'posin' at the last moment—"

"Brush you, lady?"

It was the obsequious porter. Lester leaned forward: "The pirate?" he asked.

"One of the fraternity, surely," smiled Margery. "A deck-hand, possibly."

"Let me take your satchel. You are sure—"

"Look! Just inside the gate."

"Not Dorniton, Margery! Surely not Dorniton, of all men?"

"Yes, Dorniton. The pirate, you know."

"Marjorie, s'posin'—O Margery, let me save you!"

"Do you mean—"

"Yes, everything. Quick! may I save you—now—always? I always meant to, Margery."

"Oh, do, do!" cried the girl, with a lovely color flooding her face and her eyes dewy with tears of joy.

THE GREAT BANK MYSTERY...ISAAC ANDERSON.... SMART SET

When the watchman of the Security National Bank awakened from his nap, which he was quite sure had not lasted more than three or four hours, he was astonished to find the door of the great vault lying on the floor. Never before, in the whole six months during which he had faithfully guarded the interests of the bank, had such an unheard-of thing happened, and something told him that he ought to notify somebody. So he went to the telephone, and rang up the president of the bank. The latter, though plainly annoyed by being disturbed at such an hour, praised the watchman for his zeal, and said he would give the matter his personal attention as soon as he had made the necessary changes in his attire. Meanwhile, he asked the watchman to notify the police, and also to request the cashier to appear at the bank as soon as possible.

The president and the cashier arrived at the scene simultaneously. Entering the bank they found a sergeant of police and two patrolmen, together with a gentleman in citizen's clothes, whom the sergeant introduced as Mr. Hoyle, adding, in an impressive stage-whisper: "Sure, ye've heard uv Showman Hoyle. He's over here on a visit, an' th' old man put him on this case, so he wudn't fale lonesome with nawthin' to do."

The great detective swept the room with a glance of his keen, gray eyes. One felt, instinctively, that nothing could escape this wonderful man. And nothing did. When he had seen enough to satisfy him he spoke quietly, but with an air of conviction: "There has been a robbery," was all he said.

The solution was simple; yet no one had thought of it before. With breathless interest, they waited to hear what he would say next. "The robber," continued Hoyle, "was evidently unfamiliar with the combination of the

vault." Then seeing the look of amazement on the faces of those present, he continued: "Otherwise, it would not have been necessary to use explosives."

After a glance into the open vault, the detective's face lighted up with the joy of one who has made an important discovery. It was the first sign of emotion he had shown. "The burglar," he announced, confidently, "was a man of less than medium height."

"But how—?" began the president.

"Very simple, indeed," interrupted the detective. "Do you not see that package of thousand-dollar bills on the top shelf? If the burglar had been tall enough, he would have reached them. Furthermore, he was not a professional cracksman, or he would have carried a step-ladder for use in just such emergencies."

Paying no attention to the murmur of approval which greeted his wonderful exhibition of deductive analysis, Hoyle picked up his hat, and made as if to go. At the door he paused and turned toward the three policemen who were looking at him in open-mouthed astonishment. "Well, sergeant," he said, sharply, "what are you waiting for? You have heard my description. Why don't you go out and find the man?"

THE FIGHTING SCHOOLMASTER.....J. PALMER.....GENTLEMAN'S

I had been told that the place was worthy a visit, and after a long rough tramp over scree and rocks, and by storm-rent ghylls, on an almost imperceptible path, I reached the valley head. From the upper hillsides hardly a dwelling was visible, and for a time I wondered whether, in that sea of mountains, my route had brought me correctly. Then a farmhouse appeared among a cluster of sycamores, and, as I came near, my inquiry was answered in the affirmative. "Yes, this was Mirdale." Among the trees, as I passed down the dale, appeared the tiny belfry of an ancient church, and close to it was the school. The buildings were bounded on three sides by a bend in the river, though they stood thirty feet above the water, commanding a grand view to seaward.

"Where will I find Schoolmaster John?" I demand from my host (for I had been advised to seek this man out to hear a strange story).

"Oh, he'll be up at t' skuil-hoos noo; he's lowasing t' bairns" (dismissing the children from their afternoon's lessons). To the school I therefore repaired.

"The schoolmaster, I believe?"

"Yes sir, at your service."

For a while we talked of olden, golden days in the dales, when the mines were wealthy and the sheep-grazing on the fells profitable. The old man—he must have been over sixty—talked intelligently on these and other matters, while I took stock of him, his school, and, through the open doorway, the surrounding country. War maps of various campaigns hung on the walls side by side with the charts requisite to school work; on a black-board stuck on the mantelpiece was inscribed in fine handwriting the full text of "Rule Britannia."

The old man noted my look at this, and said quietly, "Yes, I like to have it there. The children all know the song by heart, but I hope by placing it there before their eyes to familiarize them with the spirit of the grand old war-song."

"Yes," he said, "we trust too much to our supremacy at sea, which a single storm might wreck. I know you are aware of my views on this matter. They are laughed at to-day; but to-night, to-morrow, the French may land their troops at Bonton, and Mirdale, like the rest of England, is not ready to resist."

I had been told that the ancient prophecy of Paul Jones, the pirate, when his privateering fleet was driven from the adjacent coast, that he would return with the French and put the whole countryside to the sword, had still one believer in Mirdale.

"Would you care to see my guns?"

He opened what appeared to be the door of a slate cupboard, and from the recess produced, each carefully wrapped in oiled cloth, firearms of every recent military period, beginning with the obsolete flint-lock and ranging up to the newest Lee-Enfield. Of most patterns he had three or four specimens—"I had three brothers here once," and these spare weapons he was particularly careful of. Then he called me into the recess, where he had made a loophole commanding a good piece of the dale's road. The school wall here must have been six feet thick, and the old man's fort would be impenetrable to ordinary rifle fire. Ammunition boxes of all descriptions were piled high in the little magazine.

Next the old man asked me to stroll with him to his rifle range, in a gully about a mile distant.

"I practise early in the mornings; the people round here are accustomed to it, and strangers, as you see, are not likely to ramble at so early an hour."

After bidding the old man farewell, I wan-

dered slowly back to my lodging; the elaborate preparedness I had seen, and the determination of the schoolmaster to resist to the death within the precincts of his old school-house, made me inclined to ponder a while. As I sat watching the evening shadows deepen over rugged crags and pastoral coves, I mused upon what might happen if the old man's fears were realized.

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The school was being carried on as usual; one class was droning over a reading book, the master's voice came distinctly above all others in his dictation to the remainder. The sound of a galloping horse is heard on the road, and Schoolmaster John hurries to the door.

"The French—the French have landed at Bonton."

I can see in my mind's eye old John, with unusual activity, step across the small room, open the American organ, and play, with the children's voices joining in, his favorite war-song. This over the children are called out of their classes to make two short rows down the room. Then—

"You must hasten away home, children. Good morning."

John the fighting man is now aroused; parcels of cartridges, and what other weapons there are, are handed to fleeing neighbors as they call to urge him to make a temporary retreat. But John is to defend Mirdale, not by firing at random from unseen nooks among the rocks, but by holding the schoolhouse against the whole invading army.

* * * * *

A short half-hour has passed; the enemy's scouts meet with no resistance. Inside the old school John's eye runs along the rifle barrel time after time; yes, his aim is certain, and the first foe in sight will die. A half company of infantry round the corner, and instantly the rifle speaks; down goes the leading man. Shot after shot is delivered with deadly precision; as yet the soldiery cannot see the direction of the leaden hail, and in a few seconds they seek cover. For two hours the old man within that gray-walled structure forbids advance. Then, after an officer, while incautiously exposing himself to reconnoitre has been killed, a field gun is ordered to open fire and drive the enemy from his hold. Two shells crash into the old building—its thick gray walls are pierced easily as paper—and after each there is an appalling explosion. Then the rifle fire ceases.

The fighting schoolmaster is dead.

R a n d o m R e a d i n g :

M i n i a t u r e E s s a y s o n L i f e

A RACE OF NOMADS HARPER'S WEEKLY

Is the American race a race of nomads? There is much to make one think so. The nomadic instinct has given at all times the impulse to the settlement of American soil. The Spaniard, who founded the first colonies in Florida and California; the French who established themselves at the mouth of the Mississippi; the Dutch, whose trading-posts on the Hudson were the beginnings of the State of New York; the Anglo-Saxons, who, from whatever reason, made their homes in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New England—all these were the nomadic representatives of the peoples to which they belonged. They had in themselves the capacity, almost certainly the desire, to rise up and go. Their immediate object in "breaking camp" may have been religious, commercial, or adventurous; it may have been to explore or to settle or to seek a refuge; but in these pioneers there must have been the wandering instinct, enabling them to leave old scenes, and forsake old friends, and begin at the beginning elsewhere.

And when they had done so the nomadic spirit was not laid to rest. From New England, New York, and Virginia the descendants of Pilgrims, traders, and gentlemen adventurers broke forth north and west and south, traversing mountains, crossing rivers, felling forests, founding cities, and tilling farms to mark their passage as they went. Other nomads came to join them—Germans, Italians, Scotch, Scandinavians, Irish, Poles—all drawn from the wandering elements of the Aryan races. They came, they saw, they roved, they settled. They united their forces with those who had been before them in the land. They married and intermarried, and new generations sprang up out of the intermingling of adventurous stocks. There is not an American to-day who does not trace his descent to this or that immigration, or, at the least, to ancestors who had the migrating impulse. Nomadic blood is strong. A distant strain of the Indian or the gypsy in a man will still show itself when any other one racial streak no longer appears. So the great American nomads, having ceased to be distinctly English or Irish or German, as the case may be, have not ceased to be restless.

Having reached the Pacific, the human tide that had set westward is doubling on itself and returning eastward. The San Franciscan builds himself a mansion in New York; the Chicagoan has a cottage at Newport; the Missourian a summer residence in New Hampshire; while from all over the country there is a mighty movement back to the ancestral lands across the sea. It is scarcely a paradox to say that the most conspicuous people in Europe are the Americans. They are to be seen everywhere—in the Prado, the Prater, the Corso, the Newsky Prospekt, the Unter den Linden, the Champs Elysées, and the Strand—in every great court, in every great castle, in every great church, in every great ruin, in every great hotel. They are cheerful, prosperous, prominent, dominant, and they get the best of everything, as though, like the meek, they had inherited the earth. When they pass on they leave money and pleasant memories behind them; and other nomads, waving the same flag, come to take their place. They come, they see, they conquer, and they go, apparently because they cannot help it. It is in the blood. The same impulse that sent the ancestors forth urges the descendants back again.

MANQUE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW

"The round man in the square hole and in the round hole the square man" is often said: and people seem astonished, as they say it, as if the occasion which provokes the remark were an unusual thing. But a little reflection shows that in reality this is almost the rule rather than the exception. Who does not know, for example, a clergyman who would have made an excellent banker or physician, a professor who would have been a great strategist, a soldier who would have been a first-rate man of affairs? Gladstone, some will say, would have been in the right place as Archbishop of Canterbury. You cannot stand before Julius II. in the Galleria Borghese, with his set mouth and eyes like burning coals, without seeing that the Pope was intended for a generalissimo. Someone said of George Anthony Denison, the bellicose archdeacon, the "St. George without the dragon" of the fifties, that nature framed him for a good rank-and-file man. but circum-

stances pushed him into the position of a leader.

Must we, with the pessimist, call it the sardonic irony of fate, deranging the chessboard of life? A deeper truth surely underlies these seeming incompatibilities—that life is only the rehearsal, not the play.

Of course, when it is said that for persons to miss their vocation is by no means uncommon, the truth of the saying has to be discounted by making due allowance for that "forward and delusive faculty," as Butler calls it, the imagination. People are only too apt, which is quite another thing, to imagine themselves misplaced. It is soothing to wounded self-love to flatter oneself that one could have done much better, had the lot fallen in fairer ground. What heroic achievements, what magnificent creations of genius would abound in the world, if these morning dreams could be realized, if the doctor without patients or the out-of-the-way country parson without promotion could only be and do what he imagines in his mood of discontent.

Olga Dashit, for instance, beautiful, clever, indefatigable Olga, with her sailor-hat tilted forward defiantly on her pretty head, and with a passion for righting wrongs of every sort, should have been a Squire's wife, "in the days of good Haroun al Raschid," when Squires were local potentates, a Lady Bountiful, a village Providence, instead of dwelling in a cottage on less than £300 a year. Her accomplishments—she can play Wagner at sight and spring on her bicycle like a boy and keep up a lively conversation at once with two or three admirers of different nationalities in their several tongues—want more scope; her energies are cooped within a space too narrow. Consequently the result of her endeavors to do good is too often more friction than anything else. Her masterfulness would do yeoman's service if it had more real work to do. She is a whirlwind, a hurricane, a tornado; and wants sea-room. *Mais que voulez-vous?* Her life, which might, one thinks, in larger surroundings, have been a blessing to many, is only a succession of tempests in a teacup, a performance again and again of Much Ado About Nothing. On the contrary, Lady Fanny Fanciful, if she had been a poor man's wife, would have been heroic. She had it in her to devote herself, as only women of her nature can, to sacrifice herself nobly and wisely for another's welfare. To a husband, struggling with adverse winds, a plodding, briefless barrister, say, or a subaltern fighting his upward way in the Punjaub, she

would have been an Angel of Light, a good Genius, comforting, cheering, stimulating him, enduring all things brightly and unselfishly. But she has an uxorious husband subservient to her every whim, and, after a childhood of privations and penury, an almost unlimited purse—and what follows? Money lavished on dress and jewelry, a mania for buying things of no possible utility to anyone, an insatiable craving for continual change of scene. The complaisant doctor prescribes Vichy or Aix-les-Bains, and "*la malade imaginaire*" has the amusement of a new treatment for a new complaint perennially.

The environment, it must be admitted, seems in nine cases out of ten singularly inappropriate. It seems so. Is it so really? Cannot we, even with our very limited vision, see that the difficulties inherent in our surroundings are often the very thing needed for the discipline of life, for the training and perfecting of whatever of good is in us? Life is called a race. It is an obstacle race and the winners are those who surmount the worst obstacles bravely and wisely. A sensible teacher has said: "Find out what occupation a boy or girl likes best and seems aptest for, and develop this liking, this aptitude: but don't forget that things uncongenial must be done also, for the sake of self-control." Suppose, after all, the old story were true that this life is but a training for another, that the really important world were yet to come? That story which the world is ever deriding, but to which it so obstinately returns; that belief which materialism puts on one side, but long experience of human nature seldom fails to replace. On that hypothesis certainly much in life becomes intelligible of which no other theory can make anything but farce. If the whole play is played out here, undeniably life is very often nothing but a farce, sometimes solemn, sometimes squalid. The foolishness of fate becomes too monstrous for any philosophy but cynicism to be philosophy at all. That a man with one great capacity should through all his life be hindered by circumstances either external or of his own character from turning that capacity to account is a waste, a general loss, so vast, so indefensible that, if this life were all, there could be nothing for it but a bitter laugh. If, however, life here were but a prelude to the real thing yet to come, it might economically be perfectly sound to debar the man of one capacity from using it until he had gone through a certain discipline which would enable him ultimately to use it to greater effect. In fact, it is exactly what a sensible

parent does with a child that early discloses a particular gift. He deliberately prevents him making use of it until he attains a certain maturity. What are ten years to sixty: what then are sixty to eternity?

"Failure," of course, has an ugly sound. But, after all, the trying is the thing, not the succeeding. The life, which is the pattern for mankind, was, it has been well said, to all appearance failure.

THE FUN OF WALKING W. B. THORNTON. COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

Walking in the country! The very sound of the words sends a thrill of almost irresistible desire through one who knows the fulness of their import. Was ever a simple, homely phrase of four words so fraught with delightful meaning, so rich with precious golden memories, so suggestive of possibilities of the things that make life really worth the living? There is in them the splendid vigor of the mountain air, the restful charm of evening shadows stealing over peaceful valleys, the spirit of adventure, the sound of many running waters, the whispering of trees, the songs of feathered choristers, and the peace absolute which, entering the soul of man, for the enduring of the spell transforms the world.

Touring afoot has long been in vogue in Europe, more particularly among student classes of limited means. Unquestionably, the good roads have been a factor in this, together with the comparatively short distance required to secure a change of nationality, with all the interest of new peoples and new scenes. In this country "footing it," with all that it offers, is known to comparatively few. Yet there are few, if any, forms of recreation which offer so much that appeals to every sense, and which are so rich in pleasant experience.

Walking is an art—I had almost said one of the lost arts. It is astonishing how few know *how* to walk; know how to acquire the measured stride, the springy step, the easy poise of the body and the swing of the arms, which make walking at once one of the most healthful and enjoyable forms of physical exercise. For the real pleasure of walking one must turn to the country. Pavements are but dead, unyielding matter at best. In the turf of the country there is a spring in response to the pressure of the foot which is a delight and an inspiration in itself. The purity of the air sets the blood to racing gloriously.

An early morning start is always best. There is a freshness in the beginning of the day, lacking when the sun has higher crept. How

sharply are the distant hills etched against the opalescent sky! Threads of pale blue smoke rise straight above the chimneys of the houses in the valley below. The slanting rays of the sun are caught full upon and flashed back by a row of milk-cans on the drying rack. Sound travels a wonderful distance in the early morning, and the crowing of a rooster or the barking of a dog comes up to you clearly from across the valley. A rabbit scurries out of the road before you, and tempts you to brief pursuit for the mere pleasure of the chase. A ruffled grouse rises to a near-by pine, and allows your inspection with seeming knowledge of your inability or desire to do him harm. Farther on where the road dips into a hollow, you catch the strong scent of a fox and find his autograph written in the dust but a few minutes since. Out from the woods the road winds through brushy pastures. From a fence-rail bob-white whistles greeting. The erstwhile homes of happy little bird-folk, now that they are deserted, thrust themselves upon your notice. Old fence-corners are richly cloaked in the deep crimson of the frost-touched sumac.

But who shall tell truly of even the least of the joys a trumper knows—the quiet pipes on moss-grown logs, the pleasant discovery of hidden springs, the chance meetings with quaint people, the adventures in quest of short cuts away from the beaten highway, the refreshing welcome of picturesque old pumps, rare dinners of freshly caught fish broiled on a piece of hemlock bark before an open fire, the evenings spent in the gossiping circle around the stove of a country tavern, the quaint neighborhood tales and myths listened to in hospitable farm-houses, the friendly greetings of other wayfarers.

Good walkers find twenty miles a day a comfortable average, allowing of plenty of time for rest and "jes' loafing." Two weeks thus spent will afford memories to last for all time, and with them a measure of health and strength, a quickening of vital forces, a nervous energy which will find expression in increased power of accomplishment in the world's work.

THE CAUSE OF LAUGHTER LONDON SPECTATOR

Is it possible to get at a working hypothesis as to the cause of laughter—to be able to explain, that is, in terms however vague and general, the nature of the mainspring which excites a manifestation of human emotion, sometimes pleasant, sometimes contemptuous, sometimes triumphant, sometimes fiendish? No more thorough answer—though perhaps no

complete answer will ever be given—to that question has yet been published than that of Professor James Sully, whose *Essay on Laughter* has just been issued. Professor Sully is not the first writer, of course, to propound "a theory of laughter," but he is perhaps the first, so far as we are concerned, to give us something near a satisfying proposition.

The theories he discusses, and to which he finds an answer, fall in the main under two headings. First comes the "theory of degradation." According to this theory, the function of laughter is "to accompany and to give voice to what may be called the derogatory impulse in man, his tendency to look out for and to rejoice over what is mean and undignified." As Aristotle wrote, "comedy is an imitation of characters of a lower type—not, however, in the full sense of the word bad." Here we seem to get at some kind of feeling of pleasure, or exultation, in a mental or moral superiority. We laugh at a clown, we are told, because his antics give us a self-satisfied feeling that we, at all events, do not make fools of ourselves by diving through trap-doors and brandishing strings of sausages. That is an extreme instance; but we might, again, conceivably be held to laugh at a "good story" about an acquaintance, because at the end of it we feel pleased to think that in similar circumstances we should have shown greater restraint or acuteness; we can see, at any rate, what our friend might have done and did not do, and we like to say to ourselves that we should have done it. We feel, in fact, superior to him, and we laugh in pleasure at the thought of his indignity. That is the first theory. The second theory is one which was held to a greater or less degree by Kant and Schopenhauer. According to Kant, laughter is due to "an affection arising from the sudden transformation of a strained expectation into nothing." Schopenhauer thinks he sees "an intellectual effort and its frustration." We get, that is, a preconceived notion of something which is going to happen, and as a fact something else happens; it is the incongruity between the two that makes us laugh. The greater the incongruity, the more violent (*heftiger*) will be our laughter.

It is, as Professor Sully shows, impossible to adopt unreservedly either of these theories of degradation and incongruity. There is no single cause of laughter; there are forms and degrees of laughter which do not admit of a common explanation. It is true that both theories will account, or partly account, for a large number of forms of laughter; but there are

some forms which it is difficult to explain upon almost any hypothesis. Perhaps we can get nearest to a general explanation, however, by combining the two theories. Take a few of the commoner occasions on which a man laughs, and take first the "good story" told of an acquaintance, or of a familiar type of human being; the story, for instance, familiar to everybody, of the Englishman and the Frenchman, or the Irish maker of "bulls." Why do we laugh? Not always, surely, because we imagine ourselves mentally superior to the persons of whom the stories are told, but often because there is a certain incongruity between the beginning and the ending which takes us by surprise.

Schopenhauer, arguing for the theory of incongruity, instances the story of a man who has been taken prisoner and has been allowed to join his captors in a game of cards. He cheats, and is promptly kicked out of the room, his playmates entirely forgetting that he is their prisoner. Here, according to Schopenhauer, we laugh because the notion of an arrested prisoner being kicked downstairs by his captors will not fit into the general theory that cheats at the card-table ought to be kicked out.

We may laugh at that; but is there not mixed in our laughter a self-satisfied feeling that we should not have been such fools as to let our prisoner escape? That would seem to argue for the theory of degradation. The truth in this case is surely that neither theory alone accounts for our laughter.

There is a sense of the incongruous even in the scornful laughter of the mocker of prayer; he sees life from a point of view different from that of the man he derides; and though he may think himself wiser than the man who prays, yet he is also scornfully amused at the incongruity of a man faced with certain probabilities, and taking what he considers futile and absurd action to meet them. As to laughter at the merely odd—at the rickety cart wobbling down the street, or the man with a green hat and patched trousers, or the rich vulgarian making mistakes at the dinner-table—how can we say how much we laugh because we feel a sense of superiority, and how much because we realize what is incongruous? The truest theory of the cause of most of the forms of laughter described seems to be Professor Sully's, which blends those of degradation and incongruity together. That is, our laughter is directed to something "which fails to comply with a social requirement."

Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious

A BEGGARS' NEWSPAPER NEW YORK TIMES

Innovations in journalism are not generally looked for in Europe, but Paris of late has been doing a few things in that line which have been distinctly new. The latest is a journal for beggars, which has been started for the purpose of disseminating useful information among the mendicant fraternity, and the price of which is five cents a copy. At a glance it would seem as if this charge was rather high, considering the supposed straitened means of its readers, but presumably the editors know what they are about.

The advertisements furnish interesting reading for beggars temporarily out of a job, though it is difficult to understand how the advertiser could expect to receive an answer to the following:

"Wanted—A blind man who can play the flute a little."

Probably some unfortunate dumb man will tell his blind confrère of the vacancy.

Here is another sample of an advertised vacancy which requires awkward qualifications:

"Wanted—A lame man for the seaside; one without a right arm preferred."

In addition to "ads" of this kind, notices of forthcoming christenings, burials, and birthdays of rich people are printed, so that the beggar may know where to go to prosecute his vocation with success. Evidently the trade of mendicancy is established on a good business basis in the French capital, and New York is not the only city with a "beggars' trust."

COINCIDENCES THAT BAFFLE BELIEF TIT BITS

Perhaps nothing could be more strange or inexplicable than the coincidences which happen within the experience of some people.

Last year, while giving evidence at an inquest on the body of her son, who had been killed by a reaping machine, a woman named Lower, of Piddinghoe, Sussex, made a most remarkable statement. It was to the effect that she had lost two husbands, both of whom had been run over by a wagon and killed, and that in each case it was the same wagon which caused death.

A similar coincidence was brought to light at the inquest on a platelayer, named Dean,

who was knocked down and killed by a train at Bromley Station. The deceased's widow informed the jury that the unfortunate man was her second husband, and that her first was killed by a train at the same spot fourteen years before.

It will perhaps be advisable to give the fullest particulars in the following instances for the information of the sceptically inclined: In August, 1894, Mr. William Moses, a Wandsworth clerk, left Waterloo Station by an excursion train for Devonport.

When the train reached its destination he was found in a dying condition alone in one of the compartments, and a few minutes afterwards expired. At the inquest it was disclosed that his father had died suddenly at the same station three years before, and it was the discovery of the elder Moses's death certificate in the pocket of his son that revealed the latter's identity to the railway authorities.

While in Mount's Bay, Penzance, in December, 1900, the Newlyn fishing boat, Dew-drop, gave a sudden lurch, by which Edward Ladner, a fisherman, was thrown into the water and drowned. On the same spot, half a dozen years before, another Newlyn fishing boat, the Arethusa, came to grief, with the result that the captain, who was the father of the above-named Edward Ladner, lost his life in the same way as subsequently did his son.

Not very long ago a couple of weddings were followed by an extraordinary string of coincidences. Both were celebrated on the same day, at the same church, the contracting parties being two brothers and two sisters. About twelve months afterwards each sister gave birth to a female child on the same day, the two children receiving the same names and being baptized by the same clergyman. Both subsequently became unwell, were attended by the same doctor, and, despite his attentions, died the same day. They were both buried the same day by the same undertaker and clergyman.

Hardly less remarkable is the following: Some little time since three inquests were held at Kensington on the bodies of men who all not only bore the name of Smith but the Christian name of William as well. Moreover,

there was no relationship whatever between them; and all three had died at Notting Hill on the previous Saturday afternoon between the hours of five and six o'clock.

ACROSS RUNNING WATER . . . FIONA MACLEOD . . . CONTEMP. REVIEW

At a running water, that comes out at a place called Sràth-na-mara, near the sea-gates of Loch Suibhne, there is a pool called the Pool of the Changeling. None ever goes that way from choice, for not only the crying of the curlew is heard there, or the querulous wailing lapwing.

It was here that one night, in a September of many storms, a woman stood staring at the sea. The screaming seamews wheeled and sank and circled overhead, and the solanders rose with heavy wing and hoarse cries, and the black scarts screeched to the startled guillemots or to the foam-white terns blown before the wind like froth. The woman looked neither at the sea-fowl nor at the burning glens of scarlet flame which stretched, disheveled, among the ruined lands of the sunset.

Seven years ago this woman had taken the one child she had, that she did not believe to be her own, but a changeling, and had put it on the shore at the extreme edge of the tide-reach, and there had left it for the space of an hour. When she came back, the child she had left with a numbness on its face and the curse of dumbness was laughing wild, and when she came near, it put out its arms and gave the cry of the young of birds. She lifted the *leanav* in her arms and stared into its eyes, but there was no longer the weary blankness, and the little one yearned with the petulant laughing and idle whimpering of the children of other mothers. And that mother there gave a cry of joy, and with a singing heart went home.

It was in the seventh year after that finding by the sea, that one day, when a cold wind was blowing from the west, the child Morag came in by the peat fire, where her mother was boiling the porridge, and looked at her without speaking. The mother turned at that, and looked at Morag. Her heart sank like a pool-lily at shadow, when she saw that Morag had woven a wreath of brown-tangled seaweed into her hair. But that was nothing to the bite in her breast when the girl began singing a song that had not a word in it she had ever heard on her own or other lips, but was wild as the sound of the tide calling in dark nights of cloud and wind, or as the sudden coming of waves over a quiet sea in the silence of the black hours of sleep.

"What is it, Morag-mo-rùn?" she asked, her voice like a reed in the wind.

"It's time," says Morag, with a change in her eyes, and her face shining with a gleam on it.

"Time for what, Morag?"

"For me to be going back to the place I came from."

"And where will that be?"

"Where would it be but to the place you took me out of, and called across?"

The mother gave a cry and a sob. "Sure now, Morag-a-ghràidh, you will be my own lass and no other?"

"Whist, woman," answered the girl; "don't you hear the laughing in the burn, and the hoarse voice out in the sea?"

"That I do not, O Morag-mo-chridh, and sure it's black sorrow to you and to me to be hearing that hoarse voice and that thin laughing."

"Well, sorrow or no sorrow, I'm off now, poor woman. And it's good-bye and a good-bye to you I'll be saying to you, poor woman. Sure it's a sorrow to me to leave you in grief, but if you'll go down to the edge of the water, at the place you took me from, where the runnin' water falls into the sea pool, you'll be having there against your breast in no time the child of your own that I never was and never could be."

"And why that, and why that, O Morag, lennavan-mo?"

"Peace on your sorrow, woman, and good-bye to you now," and with that the sea-changeling went laughing out at the door, singing a wave song that was so wild and strange the mother's woe was turned to a fear that rose like chill water in her heart.

When she dared follow—and why she did not go at once she did not know—she saw at first no sight of Morag or any other on the lonely shore. In vain she called, with a great sorrowing cry. But as, later, she stood with her feet in the sea, she became silent of a sudden, and was still as a rock, with her ragged dress about her like draggled seaweed. She had heard a thin crying. It was the voice of a breast-child, and not of a grown lass like Morag.

When a gray heron toiled sullenly from a hollow among the rocks she went to the place. She was still now, with a frozen sorrow. She knew what she was going to find. But she did not guess till she lifted the little frail child she had left upon the shore seven years back, that the secret people of the sea or those who call across running water could

have the hardness and coldness to give her again the unsmiling dumb thing she had mothered with so much bitterness of heart.

Morag she never saw again, nor did any other see her, except Padruig Macrae, the innocent, who on a New Year's eve, that was a Friday, said that as he was whistling to a seal down by the Pool at Sràth-na-mara he heard someone laughing at him; and when he looked to see who it was, he saw it was no other than Morag—and he had called to her, he said, and she called back to him, "Come away, Padruig dear," and then had swum off like a seal, crying the heavy tears of sorrow.

And as for the child she had found again on the place she had left her own silent breast-babe seven years back, it never gave a cry or made any sound whatever, but stared with round, strange eyes only, and withered away in three days, and was hidden by her in a sand-hole at the root of a stunted thorn that grew there.

At every going down of the sun thereafter the mother of the changeling went to the edge of the sea, and stood among the wet tangle of the wrack, and put out her supplicating hands, but never spoke word nor uttered cry.

But on this night of September, while the gleaming sea-fowl were flying through the burning glens of scarlet flame in the wide purple wildness of the sky, with the wind falling and wailing and wailing and falling, the woman went over to the running water beyond the seapool, and put her skirt over her head and stepped into the pool, and, hooded thus and thus patient, waited till the tide came in.

SIN GRAVEN UPON MARBLE.....GLASGOW HERALD

There is a quaint old parish church in Plurien, Brittany, built in the early part of the fifteenth century, and having, with many other primitive arrangements, the bell rope from the belfry hanging down from the roof of the nave and dangling just in front of the pulpit, so that the process of bell ringing is performed in full view of the congregation. But what was more peculiar was the projection at right angles from one of the walls (also near the pulpit) of a sculptured hand and arm of full size as though held out from the shoulder by somebody built into the solid fabric of the wall itself, and the hand opened and palm upward and fingers extended had a suggestion of appeal and solicitation which naturally provoked curiosity.

As there was no inscription or anything to hint at the nature of the story that evidently

lay behind the sculptured limb, I made inquiry of a charming old lady who was decorating the altar with flowers in view of the next day's high mass, and she told me that many years ago, in the far-off past, there was a wicked villager who went indeed to mass, but was far from devout, and on one occasion he so far forgot himself in the service on a hot summer's day as to hold out his hand through the open door or window to an equally undevout friend outside for a pinch of snuff.

The pinch was duly given, but St. Peter, the patron saint of the church, was so scandalized by so terrible a want of reverence, that he straightway paralyzed the arm of the offending snuff-taker, who thereupon took to his bed and died, but not before he had admitted the justice of his punishment and had left directions in his will for setting up in the church the marble reminder of his sin, in order that all future villagers in Plurien might be warned against the terrible enormity of allowing any distraction to interrupt the devout hearing of the mass. It is a curious story, and reminds one that there has been an infancy in religion as well as in most other of the great motive powers of existence.

CREDULITY OF GREAT MINDS.....UNITED SERVICE

It is a mistake to imagine that superstition is a weakness confined to seamen or persons of feeble and uncultured minds. Men possessing the strongest intellects have been swayed by almost childish credulity with regard to the supernatural. The great Napoleon was a firm believer in presentiments. Once, when he was anxiously awaiting news from Egypt, he heard that a Nile boat had run ashore and that the crew had been put to death. This boat bore the name of L'Italie. Napoleon was much concerned when he heard this last piece of news. He looked upon it as an omen that his hopes of annexing Italy to France were to be shattered. Nothing would induce him to believe the contrary. "My presentiments never deceive me," he said; "all is ruined; I am satisfied that my conquest is lost." The presentiment in this case certainly became true.

A famous writer has said of Napoleon: "He was all star and destiny." Certain it is that Napoleon had faith in his star, and it appeared to be the ruling omen of his entire career. Gen. Rapp, who for a long period was Napoleon's aide-de-camp, refers to the subject in his interesting memoirs. Rapp had just returned from the siege of Danzig, and, seek-

ing Napoleon's presence, found him gazing intently through the window, his eyes fixed upon the heavens. It was some time before the Emperor noticed the presence of Rapp, when, suddenly seizing him by the arm, he exclaimed: "Look there; up there!" "I see nothing but the pale twinkling stars," replied the astute aide-de-camp quietly. "What!" exclaimed the Emperor excitedly, "is it possible that you do not see my star? The fiery red one, almost as large as the moon? It is before you now, and, ah! how brilliant." Then warming up at the sight, he fairly shrieked as he cried out: "It has never abandoned me for a single instant. I see it on all great occasions; it commands me to go forward; it is my sign of good fortune, and where it leads I will follow."

The Roman Admiral Appius Claudius, on being informed by the augurs on the eve of an engagement that the sacred chickens would not eat, said: "Let them drink, then," and ordered them thrown overboard, after which he attacked the Carthaginian fleet and received a terrible thrashing.

The astute Bismarck was superstitious, the number thirteen having a very deep meaning for him. He would never sit down to table when he made the thirteenth. Count Bismarck Bohlen states that one day in 1870, at Rheims, when the Chancellor gave a dinner, one of the invitations had to be countermanded, because otherwise there would have been thirteen at table. General Boyer, Bazaine's envoy, arrived at the German headquarters at Versailles on Friday, October 1, but Bismarck would not see him till the next day, saying that he would never do anything of importance on any Friday, much less on a Friday the date of which coincided with the anniversary of Horkkirk, Jena, and Auerstadt. He was talking one day of a defeat the Germans had experienced in the course of the campaign of 1870. "I beg you to observe, gentlemen," he said, "that that happened on a Friday." Bismarck did not believe in a lucky or an unlucky day, but he believed that his life was seriously influenced by a mystic number.

The prosaic Dr. Johnson always counted his steps before entering any place, so as to arrange that his right foot should always precede his left; or, again, touched every post which he passed along a certain route, fearing that, if he missed one, some misfortune would befall him.

Lord Wolseley writes: "I not only believe

in many superstitions, but I hug them with the warmest affection. They link me, if not with a spiritual world of which I know nothing, at least with a glorious and artistic and picturesque past of which history has told me much. I believe in ghosts and in amulets. I have worn out the rims of several hats since I have been in Dublin through my salutations of single magpies. That mystic bird abounds in Ireland; and I would not, on any account, walk under a ladder, etc. In fact, I am prone to adopt any superstition I am told of which I find others believe in."

The Shah of Persia is superstitious. He always carries with him when he travels a circle of amber which is said to have fallen from heaven in Mohammed's time and which renders the wearer invulnerable; a casket of gold which makes him invisible at will, and a jeweled star which is potent to make conspirators instantly confess their crimes is always worn upon his person.

Abraham Lincoln, a few days before his death, had a vivid dream in which he beheld his own body lying in state. The vision made a great impression upon him, and he was rallied on account of it by his wife.

Ulysses S. Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five. Gen. Grant was a firm believer in dreams, and to dream of crockery was sure to be followed by good luck. The night before he received his appointment as Colonel of the Illinois regiment he dreamed of being in a field filled with beautiful china. He immediately informed his wife that prosperity was about to dawn upon their fortunes.

Admiral Farragut, when at the masthead of his flagship praying for divine aid, previous to passing the forts at Mobile Bay, distinctly heard a voice saying: "Keep on, keep on." Nelson always kept a horseshoe nailed to the mizzenmast of his flagship Victory.

Regarding celebrated statesmen and their superstitions, it is said that Secretary Carlisle would begin no new thing on Friday. Secretary Blaine would never turn back to enter his house after leaving it in case he had forgotten anything. Secretary Folger all his life believed that there was a charm for him in the number "three." He laughed at it, but let it dominate him. Such a hard-headed old statesman as Thaddeus Stevens believed that there was luck in picking up pins. He never passed one, if he saw it.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

TEDDY NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

Teddy in the White House,
Teddy in the chair,
Teddy in society,
Teddy debonair,
Teddy in the cane brake
Wrestling with a bear—
Teddy is ubiquitous,
Teddy everywhere.

THE DUKHOBARS LONDON VANITY FAIR

The Dukhobar upon the trek
Is going a bit too far
(By no means what you call *très sec*),
This Weary Willy Dukhobar,
The Nonconformist Dukhobar,
Canada's "warmest" Dukhobar,
The tramping, scowling, ramping, howling
Nuisance known as the Dukhobar.

From Winnipeg the cabled tale
Pictures him shoeless quite;
"Bootless" is Canada's avail
To "head" this wandering Muscovite—
In a battalion, Dukhobar,
Tatterdemalion Dukhobar,
Hopeless, dirty, never-a-shirty,
Soapless, vagrant the Dukhobar.

When a Russian he catches a Tartar he finds
(A dictum of Bonaparte's),
And Sir Wilfrid L. is of no two minds
In gobbling up the Tartes—
But, oh, the fanatical Dukhobar,
The strangely erratical Dukhobar,
The shockingly harassing, sadly embarrassing,
Passively Christian-like Dukhobar.

Plaintively murmurs Our Lady of Snows:
"What shall I do with the Dukhobar?"
Frankly, my Lady, what I propose
Is, send him back to the Great White Czar,
With a "Here is your wayworn Dukhobar,
Your raggedly all-forlorn Dukhobar;
Do what you like with the pestilent tyke,
The blighted, benighted old Dukhobar!"

A SONG OF SUBWAY A. S. F. NEW YORK SUN

Sing a song of subway,
City full of dirt,
Four and twenty dangers
Keep one all alert.

Where the way is open
Chasms yawn below,
If you want a crossing
Up the block you go.

Every sort of rubbish
Lies along the street,
Traps all set and waiting
For unwary feet

Heaps of stone and iron,
Pipes of every size,
Dust in clouds that's blowing
Down into your eyes.

Derricks loom above you
With their heavy load;
You must wait in patience
While they block the road.

When you're safely over
Just give thanks, and then
Pray you'll live till New York
Is itself again.

THEN AND NOW ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

I.

The ancient, dear writers—
A wonderful throng!
And they died in a garret,
To live in a song!
They told us the story
At which the world thrills,
Locked in a rude corner
From bailiffs with bills.

II.

The modern, mad writers
Who thunder away—
They live in a palace,
And die in a day!
They tell us no story
Humanity feels,
And ride to oblivion
On automobiles.

THE LOST ART LONDON PUNCH

Ah! the art of conversation—has it fled
With the dead?
Is there no one to appreciate the *mot*
Or to wait with eager eyes
For the wisdom of the wise?
I am driven to surmise
It is so.

For the people of the present never stop
Talking shop;
They have idiotic hobbies which they run,
And they gabble o'er the port
Of their everlasting sport—
Monomaniacs, in short,
Everyone.

Hear the cyclists talking gradients and hills,
Brakes and spills,
Hear them adding on the mileage, till one feels,
As one listens to the sound
With a misery profound,
That one's brain is whirling round
Like their wheels.

Then the chatter of the fishers—how it slips
 From their lips!
 Rod and tackle, flies and salmon—till you wish
 You could drown them in the sea
 Or consign them to the Dee,
 Where they really ought to be
 With their fish.

Nor can golfers boast of any better wit—
 Not a bit!
 With their bunkers and their caddies and their
 greens,
 And approaches that have rolled,
 And the halves that they have holed—
 Little tales that should be told
 The Marines.

Yes, the art of conversation must have fled
 With the dead;
 Not a single soul will listen when I start
 To converse upon a line
 Which is singularly fine
 And peculiarly mine—
 Ancient Art.

THE HORSE SHOW . . . JOHN KENDRICK BANGS . . . HARPER'S WEEKLY

Gad! 'Tis clearer every year
 That the horseless Horse Show's here.
 Horses, it is true, there be,
 But they're not put there to see,
 But to make the wheels go round
 For the people richly gowned:
 For the chappies full of oats,
 Showing off their wondrous coats;
 For the maidens and the dames,
 Crêmes of the De la Crêmes;
 And the ribbons, blue and red,
 Sought by horses, richly bred,
 Will be given not to steeds
 Of the finest equine breeds,
 But to youths and ladies fair,
 Who are most resplendent there;
 Not for "points" that prove the nags,
 But for those whose gladsome "rags"
 As the public passes by
 Dazzle most the watching eye.

Poor old horse! Thy day is o'er.
 Human folk now have the floor—
 Naught is left, alas! for you
 But to seek some handy zoo,
 There to wait the trumpet call
 That takes you to your heavenly stall.

BOOKS AND BOOKS WASHINGTON STAR

An author wrote a little book,
 Which started quite a quarrel;
 The folk who read it frowned on it
 And said it was immoral.

They bade him write a proper screed,
 He said that he would try it.
 He did. They found no fault with it
 And neither did they buy it.

MAD MULLAN S. E. KISER CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

Mad Mullah doesn't rake the hay,
 Because he isn't built that way.

Beneath his brown skin there's a flood
 Of very sanguinary blood.

Whooping he goes with merry glee
 To add to John Bull's misery.

When times are dull elsewhere for John
 Old Mul keeps matters moving on.

Forth from the bush he pops his head,
 And lo! a hundred troops are dead!

He rushes o'er the desert sands
 With whiskers loose and bloody hands.

His wives he numbers by the score
 And daily keeps on adding more.

They charge and drive him back, and then
 He breaks out somewhere else again.

He laughs to scorn the flag they bear;
 They hunt in vain to find his lair.

Year in, year out, he's held at bay,
 But Mullah's heart is ever gay.

Upon his fiery steed he flies
 Hither and yon 'neath Afric skies.

He battles here and baffles there,
 And then cuts loose some other where.

A hundred times they've had him caught,
 And looked to see and found him not.

What sadder words of tongue or pen
 Than: "Old Mul's out for gore again"?

AN ESKIMELODRAMA CORNELL WIDOW

'Mid Greenland's polar ice and snow.
 Where watermelons seldom grow
 (It's far too cold up there, you know),
 There dwelt a bold young Eskimo.

Beneath the self-same iceberg's shade,
 In fur of seal and bear arrayed
 (Not over cleanly, I'm afraid),
 There lived a charming Eskimaid.

Thro'out the six months' night they'd spoon
 (Ah, ye of sage, think what a boon).
 To stop at ten is much too soon
 Beneath the silvery Eskimoon.

The hated rival now we see!
 (You spy the coming tragedy.
 But I can't help it, don't blame me.)
 An Eskimucher vile was he.

He found the lovers there alone.
 He killed them with his axe of bone.
 (You see how fierce the tale has grown)—
 The fond pair died with an Eskimoan.

Two graves were dug, deep in the ice,
 Were lined with furs, moth balls, and spice;
 The two were buried in a trice,
 Quite safe from all the Eskimice.

Now Fido comes, alas, too late!
 (I hope it's not indelicate
 These little incidents to state)—
 The Eskimurderer he ate.

ENVOI

Upon an Eskimo to sup
 Was too much for an Eskipup—
 He died. His Eskimemory
 Is thus kept green in verse by me.

Literary Thought and Opinion

NORRIS, THE MAN. . . ARTHUR GOODRICH. . . BOSTON EVE. TRANSCRIPT

Norris the man: to his friends how much more that means than Norris the novelist, how much more than any words can express! The finely-chiselled, almost boyish, face with its contrasting heavy crown of white hair has brought good humor and a new sense of human kindness to us so often that we cannot believe it will not come again. "Sincerity, sincerity, and again sincerity" was his personal habit, as well as his literary creed. His thought, his feeling for great human problems went into his books. In his everyday life, in his personal contact with his friends, he was a simple, direct, quiet, happy fellow, who shared with you your good nature, for nothing else than good nature was possible near him. Often there would suddenly come an impulsive mood that was boyish in its playfulness. I remember sitting at my desk one day, so hard at work that I didn't know he had come up behind me, until I felt hands covering my eyes, as in school-boy play, and a disguised voice demanding my guess of who he was. And after I had been unsuccessful three times, he withdrew his hands with a boyish chuckle at my failure.

If a difficulty arose he did not worry, and when it was solved he was as glad as a child let loose to play. One day when he went fishing with a mutual friend, he became so excited that he impulsively declared he would have a cottage near the shore for his next summer's outing and fish all summer. No one ever heard an irritable word from Norris, and the only time I ever saw a crease in his brow was once when he was bemoaning his own lack of business ability and foresight. He was as modest and democratic as he was lacking in any self-consciousness. He was just a frank, forthright, earnest seeker after truth, his broad sympathies alert to say a kind word or to hear one, considerate in a most delicate way of people's feelings, always saying the pleasant thing, and always absolutely meaning it. "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life," gentle as a child, vigorous with healthy manliness, with high ideals and quiet humility, naive in his simplicity, in everything he did he "meant intensely and meant good." He had beauty in his heart and believing something with all his might, he put it forth arrayed as he

saw it, the lights and shadows falling upon it on his page as they fell upon it in his heart, and neither that beauty which he has left on printed page, nor that which his open heart showed to all who knew him, "shall pass away out of the world."

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE NOVELIST. . . FRANK NORRIS. . . CRITIC

To-day is the day of the novel. In no other way and by no other vehicle is contemporaneous life so adequately expressed; and the critics of the twenty-second century, reviewing our times, striving to reconstruct our civilization, will look not to the painters, nor to the architects nor dramatists, but to the novelists to find our idiosyncrasy.

To-day is the day of the novel. By this one does not mean that the novel is merely popular. If the novel was not something more than a simple diversion, a means of whiling away a dull evening, a long railway journey, it would not, believe me, remain in favor another day.

If the novel then is popular, it is popular with a reason, a vital inherent reason; that is to say, it is essential. Essential—to resume once more the proposition—because it expresses modern life better than architecture, better than painting, better than poetry, better than music. It is as necessary to the civilization of the twentieth century as the violin is necessary to Kubelik, as the piano is necessary to Paderewski, as the plane is necessary to the carpenter, the sledge to the blacksmith, the chisel to the mason. It is an instrument, a tool, a weapon, a vehicle. It is that thing which, in the hand of man, makes him civilized and no longer savage, because it gives him a power of durable, permanent expression. So much for the novel—the instrument.

Because it is so all-powerful to-day, the people turn to him who wields this instrument with every degree of confidence. They expect—and rightly—that results shall be commensurate with means. The unknown archer who grasps the bow of Ulysses may be expected by the multitude to send his shaft far and true. If he is not true nor strong he has no business with the bow. The people give heed to him only because he bears a great weapon. He himself knows before he shoots whether or no he is worthy.

How necessary it becomes, then, for those

who, by the simple art of writing, can invade the heart's heart of thousands, whose novels are received with such measureless earnestness—how necessary it becomes for those who wield such power to use it rightfully. Is it not expedient to act fairly? Is it not in Heaven's name essential that the People hear, not a lie, but Truth?

This being so, is it not difficult to understand how certain of these successful writers of fiction—these favored ones into whose hands the gods have placed the great bow of Ulysses—can look so frivolously upon their craft? It is not necessary to specify. One speaks of those whose public is measured by "one hundred and fifty thousand copies sold." We know them, and because the gods have blessed us with wits beyond our deserving, we know their work is false. But what of the "hundred and fifty thousand" who are not discerning, and who receives this falseness as Truth, who believe this topsy-turvy picture of Life beyond their horizons is real and vital and sane?

There is no gauge to measure the extent of this malignant influence. Public opinion is made no one can say how, by infinitesimal accretions, by a multitude of minutest elements. Lying novels, surely, surely in this day and age of indiscriminate reading, contribute to this more than all other influences of present-day activity.

The Pulpit, the Press, and the Novel—these indisputably are the great molders of Public opinion and Public morals to-day. But the Pulpit speaks but once a week; the Press is read with lightning haste, and the morning news is waste-paper by noon. But the novel goes into the home to stay. It is read word for word, is talked about, discussed; its influence penetrates every chink and corner of the family.

Yet novelists are not found wanting who write for money. I do not think this is an unfounded accusation. I do not think it is asking too much of credulity. This would not matter if they wrote the Truth. But these gentlemen who are "in literature for their own pocket every time" have discovered that for the moment the People have confounded the Wrong with the Right, and prefer that which is a lie to that which is true. "Very well, then," say these gentlemen. "If they want a lie they shall have it"; and they give the People a lie in return for royalties.

The surprising thing about this is that you and I and all the rest of us do not consider

this as disreputable, do not yet realize that the novelist has responsibilities. We condemn an editor who sells his editorial columns, and we revile the Pulpit attainted of venality. But the venal novelist—he whose influence is greater than either the Press or Pulpit—him we greet with a wink and the tongue in the cheek.

This should not be so. Somewhere the protest should be raised, and those of us who see the practise of this fraud should bring home to ourselves the realization that the selling of one hundred and fifty thousand books is a serious business. The People have a right to the Truth as they have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is not right that they be exploited and deceived with false views of life, false characters, false sentiment, false morality, false history, false philosophy, false emotions, false heroism, false notions of self-sacrifice, false views of religion, of duty, of conduct, and of manners.

The man who can address an audience of one hundred and fifty thousand people who—unenlightened—believe what he says has a heavy duty to perform, and tremendous responsibilities to shoulder; and he should address himself to his task not with the flippancy of the catch-penny juggler at the county fair, but with earnestness, with soberness, with a sense of his limitations, and with all the abiding sincerity that by the favor and mercy of the gods may be his.

AN AGE OF BOOKS.....BLACKWOOD'S

It is an age of books, and there is scarce a day without its free library. Fashion and municipal socialism have combined to place popular, unwieldy books of reference within the reach of all, and to provide universal facilities for the munching of cheap novels. So there is none who may not, if he will, browse upon printed matter; and though we are not sure that a mixed diet of the Encyclopedia Britannica and Mr. Hall Caine is the best that can be devised for the human brain, let us make a pride of necessity, and boast cheerfully that not even in the age of the Ptolemies were there so many readers and so many books as to-day. Indeed, if literature and its consumers may be measured by bulk, our age is more deeply tinctured with letters than any since the beginning of time. But something else than ink and paper is needed for the vague quality called culture, and not even the champions of free libraries are wholly satisfied with their achievement. They are obliged to confess that the number of real students is small indeed; they complain

bitterly that the vast majority of readers demand no more than the trumpery novel, which, as an anodyne, is a formidable rival to the gin palace. Yet how should it be otherwise? It is a fruitless task to thrust intelligence summarily upon an unwilling populace. A library should be something better than a hastily purchased agglomeration of books, and it is doubtful whether the gift of a building and the sudden imposition of an unwelcome rate are the wisest possible encouragement of learning.

The truth is, that reading is not of itself a good or useful action. It is with many merely another form of laziness. A statesman once delivered a wise address in favor of desultory reading; but before a rider can leap from horse to horse, he must acquire a firm seat in his saddle. In other words, no man can be a desultory reader if he do not thoroughly understand the use and abuse of books. And the worst of free libraries is that they place before all a sundry mass of printed matter which the victims are unable to distinguish or appreciate. Facility can only be bought at a price, and the price we have paid and are paying for the general diffusion of knowledge is false learning and much bad literature. How could it be otherwise? If our supply of butter be limited, it must be spread thinner and thinner as the bread increases. That free libraries have here and there served a wise purpose, that once in a while they have encouraged a lonely student we would for a moment deny. At the same time they have lowered the general standard, and they have given to the word library a meaning which in older and better days it had not. Watch one of these popular institutions in the gray twilight of a dull afternoon, and can you escape a just depression? There, on every hand, are tired boys and girls goggling their weary eyes at the false sentiment and tawdry pathos of the modern novel. Or eager loafers scan the latest odds in the newspaper, hoping that on the morrow their literary labors will find their reward. The air of the close room is as jaded as its occupants, and though a rare student may be hidden in a corner, the aspect is less of learning than of idleness.

CLEVERNESS H. W. BOYNTON ATLANTIC

It is impossible to give any sort of attention to the passing show of fiction without being struck and struck again with the extreme cleverness of the performance. This suggests the fact that the quality of popular literature is bound to reflect the quality in life which is

most desired by the people. Never has the race more sharply enjoyed its sportsmanship. Even the stout Anglo-Saxon, though he takes satisfaction in the existence of an ethical standard, finds his recreation in spectacles of adroitness. The sleight-of-hand and aplomb of the wheat operator makes the American breathe hard, and the Briton smiles outright over the triumphant ruses of the diplomat. Naturally, therefore, the public is not going to put up with any kind of dullness or clumsiness in art, and, by the only step which remains to be taken, is ready to put up with almost any kind of cleverness. What it really enjoys is a certain brilliancy, sometimes of a smooth workmanship which it does not perceive to be simply imitative, and sometimes of a dashing irregularity which it takes for a sign of genius. Not to say that this public has any concern with empirical exercises of the pen. The issue of style, the cry of art for art's sake, has never been generally listened to in England or America. We are too practical and straightforward for that. We do not require quite everything to be written 'in dialect, but we have a liking for English which is not ashamed to own kinship with the vernacular. The cleverness of the stylist or of the coterie has little attraction and no danger for us, therefore. According to our several degrees, we nod over our Paters or wonder over our Maeterlincks, and pass on to matters which interest us.

The public can, to be sure, feel no perfectly justifiable pride in the alternative choice, whether it happens to fall upon imitative cleverness or "freak" cleverness. Why should the affectations of a Hewlett be creditable simply because of their archaic flavor? And why should the hysterical confidences of a morbid precocity have recently gained our serious attention simply because they were cleverly "made up?" Is this to be our conception of originality, that a man shall say things queerly, or a woman say queer things? Surely if the choosing of bizarre phrases or the employment of such literary motifs as the toothbrush are to be treated as manifestations of genius, the critic cannot do better than betake himself once more to the amiable consideration of Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

We have in America a special susceptibility to any unusual sort of cleverness, a fondness for surprise, based, it may be, upon a sense (which underlies our agreeable theory of his capability) of the essential commonplaceness

of the average man. We like to think of Lincoln as a rail-splitter whom Fate, in a spirit of bravado, deputed to illustrate the futility of the old monarchic idea. We do not, however, hold the theory that every rail-splitter possesses the genius which clearly belonged to Lincoln; and we compromise by dwelling upon the infinite cleverness of the man—a quality more comprehensible because capable of development by outward circumstance, but a quality quite apart from his genius. This is not good for us. We need especially to cultivate the habit of contemplating the supreme habit of personality in life and art which is the product of genuine inspiration. If that product is not to be achieved even by means of "an infinite capacity for taking pains," it is obviously unattainable by any effort of irresponsible cleverness. Since we cannot satisfy ourselves with the idea of literature at its best as a commodity prepared by conscientious labor, we ought not, either, to let ourselves look upon it as a kind of sublimated Yankee notion.

SLANG..... LONDON ACADEMY

If slang is not quite primeval—for dragons in primeval slime would not be finiking in their sputterings or nice in their phrases—it is certainly coeval with the rise of literature. For literature makes slang as society makes the cad. You may see the process in English, how the spoken word parts from the written word, how speech is divorced from literature. Beneath the world of books there is a world of speech. Now and again the King calls up the beggar maiden and the King's English is enriched by such infusions as "boycott," "humbug," "hocus pocus," or such words as "boulder" and "smug," which still hover on the fringe of the respectable dictionary. A recent advertisement of a new dictionary has announced the birth—rather, we should say, the confirmation—of twenty-eight thousand new words; and it is reasonable to assume that many of these have grown up from common speech and won their way to the dictionary because they are really wanted. English is particularly prolific in slang, perhaps because it has lost the capacity to make compounds. Cast your net in any sea of talk and you will bring up words that have not yet been clothed in calf, and indeed are scarcely respectable; but they may yet found families. Think of these various wells of English into which literature dips so lightly. There is the slang of London, which comprises everything

from rhyming slang to back slang; there is the theatrical slang, the costers' slang, the public school slang, the University slang, the army slang, and the slang of the navy, and though each of these occasionally overlaps with another, they are so distinct as to form almost separate languages, and if you were to drop among a group of men talking intimately together you should be able to place them roughly on the evidence of a few sentences. It is perfectly easy to conceive of two Englishmen, talking their habitual language, and mutually unintelligible. Take for example a Winchester boy—at Winchester public school slang reaches its highest development—and a London pickpocket with his rhyming slang. They can meet in the upper air of newspaper English. But at will they can sink in their submarines beneath the Murray level and remain apart, mutually invisible. The pickpocket would not "oliver" even what a Winchester "notion" was. And slang has its permanent features. It changes on the surface with wonderful rapidity, and the mere society slang must be served fresh. Last season's word for this season's rendering of "smart" or "devey" is as incriminating in a drawing-room as last season's frock. But there are hundreds of words which have been on the lips of the people for centuries and have never become "literary." People do not usually talk like a book, and even for the sake of posterity the slang dictionary should be encouraged. What do we really know of the speech of the Athenian street-boy, the age of Pericles, Socrates, Euripides? We may be sure he was not Thucydidean in his speech. Aristophanes has preserved a word or two which is "rare" enough to rank below the literary language, and allusions which point to a double meaning in apparently innocent phrases. We may be sure, however, that underneath the literary language there was another, probably several others, of which neither Liddell nor Scott had any evidence. And when we have deciphered the cuneiform inscription we have touched but the surface. There were other languages beneath that were neither cuneiform nor even good form.

Can literature get anything from these thousands of words that underlie the written language? Very little, we think. Some of them are called up, being found worthy. But a word, like an office boy, is promoted only when it is found necessary. Most of the words in the underworld of English are mere equivalents.

B r i e f * C o m m e n t : L i t e r a r y S a y i n g s a n d D o i n g s

These are the days when the mind is quite stunned by the number of books. To gaze into the shop windows one would think that people give nothing but books for Christmas presents, and that we had become a nation of readers. As a matter of fact, while a book makes a charming present, it is not in every case the ideal present.

—The giving of presents is a pernicious habit if not practised with some idea of appropriateness. To give a frivolous, flighty girl an elaborate edition of say Rossetti's poems or Pater's essay is quite as bad taste as to inflict your student with the latest novel embellished with photographic illustrations. Moreover, the giving of books is always attended with danger, for often the recipient reads the donor's taste in the gift, and where tastes differ, respect hangs upon the thread of liberality of thought. If you must give books, go back to Shakespeare and the Bible. Otherwise, young ladies, crocheted neckties will be preferable; otherwise, young gentlemen, you had better send candy in proportion to your pocketbook.

—The first issue of the *World's Work* in England, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., seems to have produced a favorable impression, the illustrating being especially commented upon.

—From *The Reader*, a new literary magazine, we extract this verdict in a mock trial: "The People against Richard Harding Davis":

Richard Harding Davis, after a fair and just trial at the hands of your peers, you have been found guilty of the worst crime which a writer can commit, that, namely, of *lèse majesté* against the cause of letters. It is, therefore, the decision of this court that you be led from this room and confined by yourself with a set of Balzac's works accessible to hand, so that you may be given a chance to see how a man writes, and that between sunrise and sunset one week from to-day you be taken to the place of execution, and there, in the presence of the proper officials and witnesses, your literary head be struck from your shoulders.

—There are some rather unusual little jottings in Mr. Aldrich's *Stray Papers* published in the December *Atlantic*.

A man is known by the company his mind keeps. To live continually with noble books, with "high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy," teaches the soul good manners.

Books that have become classics—books that have had their day and now get more praise than perusal—always remind me of venerable colonels and majors and captains who, having reached the age limit, find themselves retired upon half pay.

Fortunate was Marcus Aurelius Antonius who, in early youth, was taught "to abstain from rhetoric and poetry, and fine writing"—especially the fine writing. Simplicity is art's last word.

—A new translation of the *Æneid* is announced. In 1867 the late Fairfax Taylor an eminent classical scholar, issued two books of this translation. The remainder was found among his papers and is now to be published.

—Miss Corkran records thus her first childish impressions of Browning: "I pictured to myself poets as ethereal beings. It gave me a shock to see Mr. Browning eat with avidity so much bread and butter and big slices of cake. He never uttered a word that in any way suggested a poetical thought. His coat, trousers and gloves were according to the fashion of the time; his voice loud and cheerful, his thick hair well brushed. Altogether, in my opinion, he looked a prosperous man of business." Elsewhere Miss Corkran records Browning's comment upon the charge that he was too fond of "society." He admitted frankly: "I do like to be with refined people who appreciate me; it is a pleasure; wealthy people have leisure to read, and their houses are pleasant. I am not ashamed to confess that I do enjoy being with cultured folk. Besides, I find that mixing with others and the friction of ideas are necessary to a writer."

It is probably because Browning was so absolutely normal that his poetry is sane and free from the maudlin. For, whatever else Browning has been accused of, no one has said that he was sentimental.

—The number of books upon the Boer war increases daily and, truth to tell, we are growing a bit weary of the subject. The best of the lot so far seems to be Christian de Wet's *Three Years' War*, which although not entirely freed of prejudice, is interesting, simple, direct. The preface of the book is a very fair connotation upon the book itself:

By way of introduction to my work I wish, dear reader, to say only this short word: "I am no book-writer." But I felt that the story of this struggle, in

which a small people fought for liberty and right, is rightly said, throughout the civilized world, to be unknown, and that it was my duty to record my personal experiences in this war, for the present and for the future generations, not only for the Afrikaner people, but for the whole world.

Not only did I consider this my duty, but I was encouraged to write by the urgings of prominent men among my people, of men of various nationalities, and even of several British officers.

Well, dear reader, I hope that you will not feel disappointed in reading these experiences, as it is not in me, as is perhaps sometimes the case with historical authors, to conjure up thrilling pictures—imaginary things—and put them together merely to make up a book or to make a name for themselves. That be far from me! In publishing my book (although it is written in simple style) I had one object only, viz., to give to the world a story which, although it does not contain the whole of the truth, as regards this wondrous war, yet contains nothing but the truth.

The original has been written by me in Dutch, and I can therefore not be answerable for its translation into other languages.

C. R. DE WET.

Commenting upon all these books, the London Punch rejoins rather poignantly:

"All the Boer Generals and Mr. Kruger having taken to the pen, Mr. Chamberlain stands absolved. It is now clear that the South African War was instigated by the publishers."

—The American Quarterly, continuing Poet-Lore, and developing that magazine's field of interest, namely the close relation of Life and Letters and the presentation of Modern World Literature, is announced. The table of contents for the first number shows many interesting and valuable articles.

—A publication deserving of the heartiest commendation is Sidney Lanier's Shakespeare and his Forerunners, which has just been issued. These collected essays, whose "aim is to present Shakespeare as the crowning glory and culmination of the most marvelous literary efflorescence the world has ever known, are written with all the charm of Charles Lamb and the insight of Dowden.

—Here is a chance for amateur playwrights. Mr. George Fawcett, of Baltimore, offers a \$500 prize in a playwriting contest. The conditions are as follows:

Each play entered in the competition must be typewritten.

It must be received in Baltimore, at Chase's theater, by March 1:

No dramatizations of books can be considered, though an original play based only in part upon some published book need not necessarily be excluded. The judges will use their own discretion, according to the amount of original matter introduced.

Melodramas, comedies and tragedies may be entered, but, owing to the present state of public taste, the suggestion is made that writers of tragedies would do well to save their postage.

Inasmuch as the object of this contest is to get a play which can be acted, literary excellence will be subordinated to dramatic action.

In case none of the plays proves worthy of a production, Mr. Fawcett reserves the privilege of paying the amount of the prize, \$500, without going to the extra expense of giving the prize play a production.

The judges will be three professors of English literature from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and their decision shall be final.

With all due deference to the apparent laudableness of the undertaking, we fail to see any real value in such a contest. In the days of Greece a Sophocles or a Euripides might have been thus called forth, but to-day such a contest will only keep them more deeply hidden. There is only one way to win out in the American drama—fight your way.

—An American project, according to London Punch, is afoot for establishing a daily paper for nervous readers, in which catastrophes will be narrated in the most soothing terms, and all calamities studiously discounted. We submit a few paragraphs written in specially prepared anodyne ink for this enterprising periodical:

Another eruption is reported from Vesuvius. The lava is said to have wandered down the mountain side in streams of exquisite tints, ranging over the whole gamut of color. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than this sight as the gloaming merged into night. Indeed, it is considered that ten thousand persons never before have died under such charmingly prismatic conditions.

Eye-witnesses of the recent delightful railway accident in Spain relate that the massed wreckage of the train presented a most fascinating spectacle, to which only a Méryon or Whistler could do justice. The cries of the wounded, principally in A flat and E major, produced a most soothing harmony, and altogether the disaster may be numbered with the most artistically successful of our day.

—There is a good example of how daring certain novels are these days in a book just issued in which nearly all the characters are celebrities. No attempt is made to conceal the identity of these people, but, on the contrary, both by photographs and suggestive changes in name, the real person behind the character is made unmistakable. This is questionable taste, to say nothing more.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Mr. Robert W. Chambers was born in Brooklyn in 1865. He is the author of nearly a score of books. He was educated to be an artist, and studied in Paris from 1886 to 1892, and it was not until his return to America the following year that he began to think of literature as a life work. Indeed, his first writing really grew out of his work as an illustrator. While he was picturing with his pencil certain phases of life he had known in Paris, it occurred to him to describe also with his pen some of those interesting scenes of Parisian life, and the result was the book that is now known as *In the Quarter*. That fired him with the literary instinct, and there quickly followed in succession the numerous stories and novels that have come from his pen. With each succeeding volume he has made more certain his grasp of the art of novel writing, and the success which came to his *Cardigan* last year was well deserved, and had in it a degree of permanence which augurs well for his future. He stands easily in American literature at the head of the younger school of novelists. A few years ago he conceived the ambition to write a history of the American Revolution, as he understood it, in fiction. This plan will involve the publication of four novels, each quite different from the others, and complete in itself. *Cardigan* was the first of these, and the second—now known as *The Maid-at-Arms*—has just been published.

When Mr. Chambers returned to America he took up his residence at first in New York, but he soon found that he could do better work living in the country, while at the same time indulging his love of outdoor sports and his passion for nature. His home is situated in Broadalbin, a little village just south of the Adirondacks, in the very midst of the scenes described in *Cardigan* and *The Maid-at-Arms*. Mr. Chambers is still a young man, on the threshold of active life, and with his training and experience and the foundation he has already laid, it seems safe to predict a permanent place for him in the American literature of the future.

A list of his books includes the following: *In the Quarter* (1893); *The King in Yellow* (1893); *The Red Republic* (1894); *A King and a Few Dukes* (1894); *The Maker of Moons*

(1895); *With the Band* (1895); *Oliver Luck: The Mystery of Choice* (1896); *Lorraine* (1896); *Ashes of Empire* (1897); *The Haunts of Men* (1898); *The Cambric Mask* (1899); *The Outsiders* (1899); *The Conspirators* (1900); *Cardigan* (1901); *The Maid-at-Arms* (1902).

—The death of G. A. Henty was a severe blow to juvenile literature. He was probably the most popular and the most worthy writer of boys' books. Speaking of his productiveness, a London literary journal says:

Six closely printed pages of the British Museum catalogue are filled with the titles of his books, and that does not cover all his published work. This year he is so far represented in the Christmas lists by four books. Mr. Henty had a wide experience of life both as a traveler and war correspondent; in the latter capacity he served in the Austro-Italian, Garibaldian, Abyssinian, Franco-German, Carlist, and Ashantee campaigns. This first-hand experience gave to his books their vitality and go, and he always wrote for his young readers with a healthy and manly aim. How much those young readers will miss him is sufficiently attested by his enormous popularity. Probably most school boys, if given their choice, would select a "Henty"; the name had an unflinching charm for them, and they remained constant to it. There are many writers of his class who are popular, but it will be long before they attain an affection equal to his in the boy heart.

—On December 8, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, the great Norwegian author, celebrated his seventieth birthday. Bjørnson is probably to the Norwegian the greatest of living authors, ranking even higher than his compatriot Ibsen. He is, in fact, a man of great weight and character, a man who both in his literary work and his life has stood for high principles. As a poet, he is exquisitely delicate and feeling; as a novelist he has written some of the most charming stories of the century. One need but mention *Arne* or *Synnove Solbakken*, or *The Happy Boy*, or *The Fisher Maiden*. In his plays he has of late come under the indomitable influence of Ibsen, but he is daring and rises to great heights. In the literature of Norway he will be found at the very top; in the world literature, very high up indeed. Poetry and idealism are bound to win a lasting reward.

—This graphic little picture of Maurice Hewlett from the *London Literary World* is vivid and full of interest:

The first thing that strikes you about Maurice Hewlett is that he has one wicked eye and one saintly one; though, perhaps, the effect is due

rather to a power of raising one eyebrow into an arch expressive of quaint amusement, and lowering the other at the same time to a straight line of scornful disapproval. Start a discussion on Giotto and Duccio, or any other subject of which Hewlett knows something and you know nothing, and his expressive face is well worth watching. Better not wait for his words though, unless you are a perfervid fighter; for Hewlett can be a bit brutal with his tongue as with his pen. And yet what a staunch friend and refreshing companion he is—given his moods! Man of letters, lecturer, and barrister he started out to be; it was books and study all the time—save when the autumn wind enticed him to tramp the English woods, or the Tuscan sunshine lured him to leisure beneath the vines. But these very serious students in early life generally grow younger as their years increase; and Hewlett at forty is becoming so frivolous, that at fifty I believe he will joust at the ring, and at sixty will play Green Gravel.

—The visit of Hall Caine to this country to witness the production of his play, *The Eternal City*, was productive of good advertising, if nothing more. Mr. Caine was the most talked-of author in the United States. He even succeeded in arousing the wrath of the critics. As for his play, it seems to be on lines similar to his book of the same name, though some incidents have been changed to meet the requirements of the American conscience.

—A colossal statue of Elias Lönnrot has been erected in Helsingfors. Here is a study in greatness. Just who was Elias Lönnrot? Few can answer on the spur of the moment, yet he was a Finn patriot and a man of letters. He collected and edited the Finnish national epic and is considered the father of national Finnish literature. Nor did he die so long ago that he deserves so to be forgotten. It was in 1884 only that he died. Still his own country remembers; and that is something.

—Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, who in private life is Mr. H. S. Scott, believes that the charm of country life is productive of literary inspiration. He has built a house far from London, and there he means to live. His sister-in-law, who writes under the name of S. G. Tallentyre, sometimes collaborates with him. Mr. Merriman's new novel, *Barlasch* of the Guard, in which Napoleon figures prominently as a character is already appearing serially in an American magazine.

—In our department of Literary Thought and Opinion there are two articles which are complementary to each other and which are a great sidelight upon a really great man, just dead. The first is Mr. Arthur Goodrich's exquisite estimate of Frank Norris: the second is an excerpt from *The Critic*, one of the last essays from the pen of Mr. Norris. Each

article illuminates the other. In life and work Mr. Norris was every inch a—man.

—The ever futile discussion of how long it takes an author to write is again treated in the December Bookman. We learn that Mrs. Wharton "limits herself to five hundred words daily, rewriting each page many times. Zangwill wrote his first book in only four evenings. Crawford's *Mario's Crucifix* was written in ten days"—but it took him the awful length of eight months to write *Via Crucis*. Onoto Watanna completed her "sixty-thousand word" novel, *Miss Numé* of Japan, in only seven days. In opposition to this, we find J. M. Barrie spending four years over *Sentimental Tommy*, and Maurice Hewlett rewriting *The Forest Lovers* four times. After all, time of writing is of little consideration. It is highly probable that Shakespeare "dashed off" many of his plays in a couple of weeks. It is just as probable that he spent no little time in rewriting. But in judging a piece of literary work, no compensation is made for time—the work must stand or fall on absolute merit, not on proportional desert.

—The critics seem to be somewhat at divergence upon Barrie's new book, *The Little White Bird*. Both the harshest censure and the highest praise have been heaped upon it. One thing is noticeable; there have been very few nugatory criticisms. This would indicate that the book has at bottom the elements of greatness. One thing is rather sure, and that is had it been written by any one else than J. M. Barrie, the book would have sunk into meaningless, sentimental drivel. As it is, it is Barrie's, and it will call forth quite the discussion that *Tommy* and *Grizel* once had, though it is in no way as big a piece of work.

—Since the death of Phillips Brooks, no Bostonian has been so sincerely and deeply mourned as the late Governor Wolcott, and no biography could possess greater interest, especially for readers in Massachusetts and New England, than the *Life of Roger Wolcott*, just published. The author is William Lawrence, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, whose biography of his father, Amos A. Lawrence, is well known. This life of the late Governor of Massachusetts is one of those attractive biographies which spring out of lifelong friendship. In it the official side of Roger Wolcott's life is subordinated to the human side, and the account of the growth of his power and influence is animated by the sympathy that comes from close intimacy and loyal regard.

C h o i c e ✂ ✂ V e r s e

ATAVISM JOHN MYERS O'HARA BOOKMAN RECOGNITION ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS INDEPENDENT

Old longings nomadic leap,
Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
Wakens the ferine strain.

Helots of houses no more,
Let us be out, be free;
Fragrance through window and door
Wafts from the woods, the sea.

After the torpor of will,
Morbid with inner strife,
Welcome the animal thrill,
Lending a zest to life.

Banish the volumes revered,
Sever from centuries dead;
Ceilings the lamp flicker cheered
Barter for stars instead.

Temple thy dreams with the trees,
Nature thy god alone;
Worship the sun and the breeze,
Altars where none atone.

Voices of solitude call,
Whisper of sedge and stream;
Loosen the fetters that gall,
Back to the primal scheme.

Feel the great throbbing terrene
Pulse in thy body beat,
Conscious again of the green
Verdure beneath the feet.

Callous to pain as the rose,
Breathe with instinct's delight;
Live the existence that goes
Soulless into the night.

GHAZEL M. G. T. MIRROR

Only to live and feel!
Just to breathe the soft, balmy
air of the Springtime.

To have two eyes that can see
the green of the foliage and
the blue of the sky:

Two ears, that can hear the birds'
clear notes at the dawn of
the day; the rippling brooks
and the sing-song of the
wind in the tree-tops:—

A Heart that beats with life!

Only to live and feel!
Just to live and breathe near my Beloved:

To have two eyes that can see
her smiles when she is gay,
and her tears when there is woe:

Two ears, that can hear when
she calls, when she sighs or
when she sings:—

A Heart that beats all for her!
Only to live and feel!

The cries of the heart are many,
The answering voices few.
Darkness articulate whispered—
"Fainting already?
Steady, Dear, steady!
—I understand."
Bewildered and blinded and groping,
I ventured a hand—
And lo, it was you.

The dreams of the soul are mighty,
And sometimes they come true.
I dreamed of a faith uninvented,
Nobly attended,
High-born and splendid;
Precious the prize!
Lost in a planet deserted,
I lifted my eyes—
And oh, it was you.

THE MARKET PLACE WALTER HEADLAM. LOND. SATURDAY REVIEW

Above the far white moonlit walls
Profound blue midnight space;
Within them, glimmering market-stalls
In the Arab market-place.

At random yellower lights that gleamed
Like marsh-fires in a fen
Showed amber where the brown earth teemed
With huddled groups of men.

Each with his troop low-couched around
The fitful center's play;
Beside their several heaps unbound
The gathered merchants lay.

With different garb and rival schemes
Each by his lantern dim,
Half-shadowed from his neighbor, dreams
What morrow dawns for him.

Dreams, but at peril if he sleep:
Alert, untrustful eyes
With hand-grasp on the weapon keep
To-morrow's merchandise.

The first glance in a page disclosed
The wild East; then a task
For Rembrandt; then around me posed
The Nations in a masque.

HOMAGE J. J. BELL LONDON OUTLOOK

Not finely shaped, not satin-smooth, not white,
But labor worn, and spare, and rather red,
It lay within a troubled pool of light
Cast by a shaded lamp upon the bed.

And while the wearied woman slumbered there
The man, whose soul was sick of "might-have-beens,"
Holding his breath, knelt down and, with a prayer,
Kissed the poor hand as tho' it were a queen's.

LYRICS PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR LIPPINCOTT'S

I.

The light was on the golden sands,
A glimmer on the sea;
My soul spoke clearly to thy soul,
Thy spirit answered me.

Since then the light that gilds the sands
And glimmers on the sea,
But vainly struggles to reflect
The radiant soul of thee.

II

The sea speaks to me of you
All the day long;
Still as I sit by its side
You are its song.

The sea sings to me of you
Loud on the reef;
Always it moans as it sings,
Voicing my grief.

III.

My dear love died last night,
Shall I clothe her in white?
My passionate love is dead,
Shall I robe her in red?
But nay, she was all untrue,
She shall not go dressed in blue;
Still, my desolate love was brave,
Unrobed, let her go to her grave.

A SEA-SONG HELEN TURNER HARPER'S

Yeo ho! Down below! Is your spirit aglow
With the scud and the spume and the fret of the
sea?

The salt air is keen on your brown cheek, I ween,
And the heart in your bosom's a-dancing with
glee!

Then up with the sail to the freshening gale,
And joy to our sailing—right seamen are we;
At the first gleam of morning we'll laugh at the
warning
Of the jolly red sun peeping up from the sea.

Our hearts are in tune to the magical rune
Of the life-giving wind as it strains at the sheet;
The wild airs will scatter our troubles—what matter!
When the brine's in our nostrils the world's at
our feet.

Then up with the sail to the freshening gale,
And joy to our sailing—right seamen are we;
We will sing to the daring of hardy seafaring,
And welcome a fight with our brother, the sea!

WIDE MARGINS MEREDITH NICHOLSON ATLANTIC

Print not my Book of Days, I pray,
On meager page, in type compact,
Lest the Great Reader's calm eye stray
Skippingly through from fact to fact;

But let there be a liberal space,
At least 'twixt lines where ill is writ,
That I with tempering hand may trace
A word to dull the edge of it.

And save for me a margin wide
Where I may scribble at my ease
Elucidative note and guide
Of most adroit apologies!

THE BRAGGART, TIME F. W. W. METROPOLITAN

To vaunt thy victories, thou braggart, Time,
Thou makest beauty yield to thy fell touch,
That sweeps its bloom away; upon the crutch
Thou biddest strength to lean; and with the rime
Of age thou sealest, as beyond their prime,
The bowing heads that have thy burdens borne;
Ambition fades before thee; pride, forlorn,
Droops as a lily in an arctic clime:
And yet thou art not conqueror of all,
Nor is thy sway so potent none may dare
Laugh as thy scepter marks each hour that flies!
There is a spirit thou canst not enthrall,
Ner hold as captive in the chains of care,
For youth blunts all thy weapons and defies.

ON TIME'S THRESHOLD.....LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

I.

See: brood: remember: this thy function only.
Neither to have nor do is meet for thee.—
Ah, earth's a palace where I must go lonely!—
Nay: earth's a dungeon which thou passest, free.

II.

If the gods ruin send?—
Make that thy bride and friend.
If the gods cheat?—They say
The one true word alway.
If for some loss I pine?—
The past is theirs, yet thine.
If I sue not?—Vain cares!
The morrow's thine, not theirs.

EVENING NORAH MCCORMICK LEISURE HOUR

Faintly, far off the nightjar calls
The nightjar calls, and the fields are deep in grass,
Wild roses star the hedge by which we pass
As twilight falls.

As twilight falls on the green combe,
On the green combe where the calm-eyed cattle lie,
They scarcely raise their heads as we pass by
In the soft gloom.

In the soft gloom one bird-voice sings,
One bird-voice sings of the treasure in his nest,
And from the distant church, calling to rest,
The curfew rings.

THE SECRET OF THE PLACE CHARLOTTE PORTER OUTLOOK

A little path winds saunt'ring to our door,
All through the clover;
Sea touches soothe your cheek and kiss your brow,
As you come over.
The Sea and Earth embraced catch you up, too;
Here they love each other. Here how they love—
You!

And all day long
A little bird's song
Interprets you the secret of the place:
"Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!
Life is sweet! Sweet!"

The sea is like a tossing daisy-field,
Darkling and whit'ning;
The daisy-field's a sun-flecked sea of foam,
Threat'ning and bright'ning.
All differences there are beneath the sun,
How they melt in music! How they here are—
One!

Where all day long
A little bird's song
Interprets you the secret of the place:
"Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!
Life is sweet! Sweet!"

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

A FANCIFUL BIRD

No one but J. M. Barrie would have dared to write *The Little White Bird*,¹ a book without a plot, without a story; a rambling, expatiating, delightful, fanciful concoction for adults and children, for neither children nor adults. The whole thing is a flat contradiction and, were it done by anyone else, would be maudlin. As it is, it is charming, full of sunshine—full of the enticing personality of its author. It is not Tommy and Grizel, by any means; but it is quite as unique in its way.

MR. JAMES'S DOVE WINGS

Those who merely read a novel for the sake of the story will feel inclined to lay down *The Wings of The Dove*,² by Henry James, before reaching the end of the first volume. Those who delight in microscopic dissection of character, in the deliberate taking apart of the human machine in order to find out the source of its action, will read carefully even to the end of the second. The work is an excellent example of Mr. James's style of writing, a style at times so stately, ponderous and solid as to require in the reader an intimate knowledge of the grammatical analysis of sentences; at times so crisp, pointed and clean-cut as to verge on brevity.

ISTAR OF BABYLON

Istar of Babylon,³ by Margaret Horton Potter (Mrs. John Donald Black), is a novel dealing with Babylon during the time of the Jewish Captivity, immediately preceding the taking of the city by Cyrus. The story is a strong and thrilling one, although not always a pleasant one. As far as Belshazzar, who wins the love of Istar, is concerned, the history keeps nearer to fact than does Mr. W. Stearns Davis's *Belshazzar*; for the son of Nabondius was never king, but merely governor of the royal city. Mrs. Black, however, although she has evidently studied the chief source of information about the prophet Daniel, has seen fit to represent him in a way which is totally opposed to common opinion.

¹The Little White Bird. J. M. Barrie. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

²The Wings of the Dove. Henry James. N. Y., Scribner's. (2 Vols.)

³Istar of Babylon. Margaret Horton Potter. N. Y., Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

OF RARE BEAUTY

Exquisite in its physical appearance and fascinating in its contents is *Mythological Japan*.¹ Few books published in America have surpassed this work from an esthetic standpoint. A beautiful book to give to a friend or to keep on one's own table.

A MERMAID ROMANCE

H. G. Wells's last volume is but another indication of his versatility.² It is a facetious fantasy, in which Mr. Wells and a mermaid, who figures under the euphonious and fitting title of *Sea Lady*, have much fun at the expense of ordinary mortals. Mr. Wells's happy vein makes the fantastic little romance quite readable.

THE EARTH AND THE FULNESS THEREOF

Frances E. Skinner has laid readers of fiction under obligation by translating *The Earth and the Fulness Thereof*,³ by Peter Rosegger, the Austrian writer. The author, whose acquaintance with the life of the peasantry of the duchy of Styria has already been seen in *The Forest Schoolmaster*, tells how a journalist, for a wager, undertakes to live as a farmhand for a year; and how he becomes so enamored of the life that he cannot forego it. The story is told in a series of weekly letters to a friend, but the conversational character of these takes away all the stiffness of epistolary correspondence. Every page breathes an intense love for country life and sympathy for those who are close to the ground, and whose lot, although hard, is bravely borne.

LEPIDUS

Lepidus, the Centurion,⁴ by Edwin L. Arnold, is a curious fantastic creation. It relates how the mummified body of a Roman soldier, nephew of the Emperor Vespasian, having been discovered by an English gentleman in a tomb on his estate, came to life and took something of the personality and appearance of the finder.

¹Mythological Japan. Alex. F. Otto and Theo. Holbrook. Phila., Drexel Biddle. \$5.00.

²The Sea Lady. H. G. Wells. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.

³The Earth and the Fulness Thereof. Peter Rosegger. Translated by Frances E. Skinner. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

⁴Lepidus, the Centurion. Edwin L. Arnold. N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Some of the incidents are humorous, some almost tragic; and it will easily be imagined how fertile of unusual situations the conception will become in the hands of a skilful artist. Such a one Mr. Arnold certainly is, and his book will well repay perusal.

Arlo Bates, in *The Diary of a Saint*,¹ has undertaken to give us the innermost thoughts of a remarkable heroine. She is a New England woman, of age verging on the thirties, who has excellent views of the duties and responsibilities of this life, but opinions about the future state which the religious world regards as very decidedly unorthodox. The novel is one of great power and full of human interest. The characters are living, true to nature, both in their serious and humorous aspects; and if much of the story is tragic, it yet shows that life is not all tragedy, and that its compensations are to be found in following out that noble self-sacrifice which is the highest human virtue.

MOTHER EARTH *Mother Earth*,² by Frances Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson), is called *A Modern Love Story*, and it richly deserves the name. A pleasing love interest, well described and well analyzed, much careful delineation of character, some entanglements caused by gossip, abundance of outdoor life and enjoyment of Nature, form a whole of more than ordinary charm. It is a book without a dull page, and well worth reading.

A DARING WOMAN *A Woman Ventures*³ is a clever story of the different so-called prizes drawn by a woman's love from the lottery of fortune, Emily, the heroine, being a beautiful girl brought up in luxury at Washington but left at the opening of womanhood to depend upon her own exertions. Having to work for her living, she adopts journalism for her vocation. If Mr. Phillips has correctly pictured the habits to be met with in the body of newspaper workers, a new view will be taken by those who advocate journalism as a sphere for women. The volume is full of forcible situations and careful analysis of character, and is a powerful tale.

¹*The Diary of a Saint.* Arlo Bates. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

²*Mother Earth.* Frances Harrod. N. Y., J. F. Taylor & Co. \$1.50.

³*A Woman Ventures.* David Graham Phillips, N. Y., Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

A REAL BOY

*A Real Diary of a Real Boy*¹ is exactly what it says it is. A good deal of humor and an intimate knowledge of a boy's mind are found in it. But "real" is the first and last word to be said upon it.

OF HISTORICAL VALUE

The Right Reverend the Bishop of New York, Henry Codman Potter, D.D., in The East of To-day and To-morrow,² has given us his impressions of China, Japan, the Philippines, India, and the Hawaiian Islands. These impressions, formed after a close study of, and a careful inquiry upon the spot into, the conditions existing, together with an extensive knowledge of past history, are conveyed in clear and forcible language. The author logically goes beyond the present moment and draws admirable inferences about the future of these countries. The book is one which deserves careful study on the part of those who are interested in the political questions which are now agitating men's minds, while the general reader will also find it a very instructive volume of contemporary history.

THE TRAGEDY OF PELÉE

In *The Tragedy of Pelée*³ we have the admirable letters written by George Kennan, as the special correspondent of *The Outlook*, during his visit to the Island of Martinique at the time of the catastrophe which overwhelmed that French West Indian possession. It is well to have them in permanent form, for they will long be valuable as a record, by a competent observer, of results attending one of the most disastrous volcanic eruptions within the range of history. The volume is something more than journalism. It is a clear, forcible and thrilling tale of high literary merit.

THE PHILIPPINES

Under the title of *The Philippines*,⁴ the Outlook Company has embodied in a useful volume two important papers which appeared in their journal on the subject of that distant archipelago which the fortune of war brought under the control of the Government of the United States. The first is such an able and clear

¹*The Real Diary of a Real Boy.* Henry A. Shute, Boston. The Everett Press Co. \$1.00.

²*The East of To-day and To-morrow.* Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D. N. Y., The Century Co., \$1.00.

³*The Tragedy of Mt. Pelée.* George Kennan. N. Y., The Outlook Co. \$1.50.

⁴*The Philippines.* Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft. N. Y., The Outlook Co. \$1.00.

estimate of the character of the First Civil Governor and of the task set before him as we should expect from the man whom the course of events has placed in the highest office in this country. The second is a plain, unvarnished recital, by Governor Taft himself, of the work accomplished by the Philippine Commission up to the date of writing, and a calm, judicial consideration of the questions involved in securing such a civil government as shall be consistent with American conditions. In the future these papers will have a distinct value when the history of the expansion of American rule and power comes to be written.

**NEW FRANCE
AND
NEW ENGLAND**

Those who have enjoyed the several volumes in which Dr. John Fiske dealt with the History of America from its Discovery to the successful issue of the War of Independence will welcome the posthumous publication of the work which completes the series as contemplated by its author. This we have in *New France and New England*¹ in which the historian treats of the influence exercised by the vicinity of a French empire in the West upon those British Colonies which formed the nucleus of the United States of America. The story is mainly that of the foundation of Canada along the St. Lawrence River and of the line of forts that dominated the Mississippi Valley, together with the steps by which the vast territory was wrested from French rule. Two chapters, however, are interpolated—on Witchcraft in Salem Village and The Great Awakening in New England—interpreting the forces, ecclesiastical and civil, which gave distinctive character to Massachusetts and Connecticut. The literary executrix has wisely left the work largely in the state in which it fell from the hands of the able author, so that it presents all the characteristics of Dr. Fiske's learning, judgment and lucidity. With its clear, forcible and well-ordered statements, the volume cannot fail to be valuable to the student of American history.

**STEPPING
STONES**

Stepping Stones,² by Orison Swett Marden, is a book after the style of *Smile's Self-Help*, a series of didactic essays for young people on subjects connected with their success in life. Pleasing anecdotes of famous men, illustrations of success and failure, together with much practical

and valuable advice about principles, motives and conduct, make the book one which ought to do good service among those to whom it appeals. Young men and women cannot do better than peruse it.

**LAVENDER AND
OLD LACE**

Lavender and Old Lace,¹ by Myrtle Reed, is a story as dainty in its conception and treatment as the combination which its title suggests. Miss Reed certainly has a faculty for clothing her characters at will in the lace of delicate fancy, as she has done with Miss Ainslie, or in the stronger tissues of genuine homespun, as in the case of Aunt Jane, while they exhale as healthy an atmosphere as ever greeted the guest in the homes of our lavender-loving grandmothers. The "make-up" of the book also is well in keeping with its title.

**THE SHADOW OF
THE CZAR**

We are harking back to the days of *The Romance of the Forest* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*,² and we might do much worse, for the life of today is too commonplace for the highest flights of imagination. John R. Carling has acted wisely in locating a Polish principality of Czernova, with Slavowitz as its capital, on the confines of Russia in Europe, in the days of the Czar Nicholas I, and then giving us, in *The Shadow of the Czar*, a dashing story of such love, political intrigue and mystery as our humdrum western life cannot supply. The book is a clever one and, as already hinted, reminds us of the thrilling romances of a bygone age.

**OUT OF
JAPAN**

Onoto Watanna offers, in *The Wooing of Wistaria*,³ a thoroughly Japanese love story, enlarged to the dimensions of a novel. It is unfortunate that the book is very uneven in style and interest. As long as the writer devotes herself to picturing the simple home-life of the lovers and their people, she is all that the most critical can desire; but when she begins to write history, some of the charm disappears. This is not said with any intention of detracting from the merits of the book. It will well repay the reader, but it is only right to warn him that he will find a considerable portion very unlike the writer's previous delightful work.

¹*Lavender and Old Lace*. Myrtle Reed. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

²*The Shadow of the Czar*. John R. Carling. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

³*The Wooing of Wistaria*. Onoto Watanna. N. Y., Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

¹*New France and New England*. John Fiske. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.65.

²*Stepping Stones*. Orison Swett Marden. Boston, Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.00.

BY LOUIS
ZANGWILL

One's Womenkind,¹ by Louis Zangwill, is a good story of the way in which an English barrister, of democratic inclinations, is borne along on the current of English society, in his attempt to pilot his womenkind, consisting of two nieces, left upon his hands by their adverse fortune, and a wife of good family, who

¹One's Womenkind. Louis Zangwill. N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

Following is a list of books received at this office between November tenth and December tenth:

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Essays and Miscellany

- Animals Before Man in North America: Their Lives and Times: Illustrated: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$1 25
- Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for the Year Ending June 30, 1901: Wash., Govt. Printing House
- Bears of Blue River, The: Charles Major: Illustrated: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 1 50
- Blood of the Nation, The: David Starr Jordan: Bost., Amer. Unitarian Ass'n. 40
- Boston Days: Lillian Whiting: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. 1 40
- Carnegie, Andrew: The Man and His Work: Barnard Alderson: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 40
- Child Mind, The: Ralph Harold Bretherton: N. Y., John Lane
- Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1903, The: O. Herford, E. W. Mumford, A. Mizner: S. F., Elder & Shepard. 75
- Fictional Rambles in and About Boston: Frances Theston Carruth: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 2 00
- Forster's Life of Dickens: Abridged and Revised by George Kissing: With Portraits, Illustrations and Facsimiles: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.
- French Cathedrals and Chateaux: Two Vols: Clara Crawford Perkins: Illustrated: Bost., Knight & Millet 4 00
- Furniture of the Olden Time: Frances Clary Morse: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 3 00
- Heroines of Poetry: Constance E. Maud: Illustrated by Hy. Ospovat: N. Y., Jno. Lane
- Historic Highways of America: Vol. 2: Indian Thoroughfares: Archer Butler Hulbert: Cleveland, Arthur H. Clark Co.
- Letters from Egypt: Lady Duff Gordon: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.
- Lost Art of Reading, The: Gerald Stanley Lee: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 75
- Memoirs of Paul Kruger, The: Told by Himself: N. Y., Century Co. 3 50
- Memories of a Hundred Years: Two Vols.: Edward Everett Hale: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 10 00
- Men and Women: Minot J. Savage: Bost., Amer. Unitarian Ass'n. 80

previously to their marriage had sought money and fortune on the stage. The novel is an able one with a plot which keeps the reader interested and uncertain until the climax. It abounds in clear individualization of character, noble persistence in what is believed to be right, and thorough realization of the importance of high motives. The work stamps the author as a careful observer of human nature and an able writer.

- Mythological Japan: Alexander F. Otto and Theodore S. Holbrook: With Illustrations, Drawn in Japan, by Native Artists: Phila., Drexel Biddle. \$5 00
- Nature and the Camera: A. Radclyffe Dugmore: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 35
- Ohio and Her Western Reserve: Alfred Mathews: Illustrated: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 25
- Old-Time Students: My Memories of Missionaries: H. Clay Trumbull: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. 1 00
- Paris Past and Present: Henry Haynie: Two Vols.: N. Y., Fred'k A. Stokes Co. 4 00
- Reminiscences Musical and Other: Fanny Reed: Bost., Knight & Millet. 1 50
- Social Life in the Early Republic: Anne Hollingsworth Wharton: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. 3 00
- Stories of Author's Loves: Two Vols.: Clara E. Laughlin: Illustrated: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. 3 00
- Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday: Alice Morse Earle: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 2 50
- Weather, The: and Practical Methods of Forecasting It: E. B. Dunn: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 60
- Whist Calendar for 1903: Mildred Howells: Bost., Noyes, Platt & Co. 1 50

Fiction

- Bayou Triste: A Story of Louisiana: Josephine Hamilton Nicholls: N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co. 1 50
- Bunch of Rope Yarns: Stanton H. King: Boston, Gorham Press. 1 25
- Deepes of Deliverance, The: Frederick Van Eeden: Translated from the Dutch by Margaret Robinson: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 20
- Fiery Sword, A: Elizabeth Whitaker Rennie: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 50
- Glengarry School Days: A Story of Early Days in Glengarry: Ralph Connor: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. 1 25
- Grain of Madness, A: Lida A. Churchill: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 25
- Hidden Manna: A. J. Dawson: N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co. 1 50
- John Ermine of the Yellowstone: Frederic Remington: Illustrated by the author: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50

- King's Agent, The: Arthur Paterson: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$1 50
- Lane That Had No Turning, The: Gilbert Parker: Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 50
- Last Buccaneer, The: Or, The Trustees of Mrs. A. L. Cope Cornford: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. 1 50
- Lighted Taper, The: M. Oakman Patton: Bost., Botolph Book Co. 1 50
- Love and Louisa: E. Maria Albanesi: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. 1 50
- March of the White Guard, The: Gilbert Parker: Illustrated by N. E. B. Starkweather: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 00
- Master Adam the Calabrian: Alexandre Dumas: Translated by Harry A. Spurr: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 00
- Master of Appleby, The: Francis Lynde: Ind., Bowen-Merrill Co. 1 50
- Observations by Mr. Dooley: F. P. Dunne: N. Y., R. H. Russell. 50
- Sea of Circumstance, The: Jeanne G. Pennington: N. Y., Abbey Press. 50
- Singular Metamorphosis, A: May Evelyn Skiles: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 25
- Struggle of Blood, A: Or, Down and Up: Guy Hughes: N. Y., Abbey Press. 1 50
- Thelma: Marie Corelli: Illustrated: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 50
- Thoroughbreds: W. A. Frazer: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 1 50
- Wanderer's Legend, A: Maxwell Sommerville: Phila., Drexel Biddle. 1 50
- Weaving of Webs, The: F. W. Van Praag: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 50
- Historical and Political**
- Germany: The Welding of a World Power: Wolf von Schierbrand: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 2 40
- Last Days of Peking, The: Translated from the French of Pierre Loti: Myrta L. Jones: Illustrated: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. 2 50
- Papal Monarchy, The: From St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. (590-1303): Wm. Barry, D.D.: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 00
- Some Ethical Phases of the Labor Question: Carroll D. Wright, Ph.D., LL.D.: Bost., Amer. Unitarian Ass'n 2 50
- Three Years' War: Christian Rudolf De Wet: Frontispiece by John S. Sargent, R. A.: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons 2 00
- True History of the American Revolution, The: Sydney Geo. Fisher: Illustrated: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. 80
- Juvenile**
- Four Little Indians: Ella Mary Coates: Phila., Hy. T. Coates & Co. 50
- His Calculations: Baby Roland: George Hansen: S. F., Elder and Shepard. 1 00
- Mollie and the Unwiseman: John Kendrick Bangs: Illustrations by Albert Levering and Clare Victor Dwiggin: Phila., Hy. T. Coates & Co. 1 20
- Open-Air Boy, The: G. M. A. Hewett: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 20
- Outlook Story Books for Little Ones, The: Edited by Laura Winnington: Illustrated: N. Y., Outlook Co. 1 20
- Romance of the Nursery, A: L. Allen Harker: Illustrated by Katharine M. Roberts: N. Y., John Lane. \$1 25
- Music**
- Fifty Mastersongs by Twenty Composers: Edited by Henry T. Finck: For High Voice: Bost., Oliver Ditson Co. 1 50
- Forty Piano Compositions, Frederic Chopin: Edited by James Huneker: Bost., Oliver Ditson Co. 2 50
- From Grieg to Brahms: Studies of Some Modern Composers and Their Art: Daniel G. Mason: N. Y., Outlook Co. 1 50
- Immortality and Other Essays: Charles Carroll Everett: Bost., Amer. Unitarian Ass'n 1 20
- Poetry**
- Apollo and Keats on Browning: Clifford Lanier: Bost., Gorham Press 1 50
- Dancers, The: and Other Legends and Lyrics: Edith M. Thomas: Bost., Rich'd G. Badger. 1 50
- Doom of King Acrisius: William Morris: Illustrated with Pictures by Sir Edw. Burne-Jones: N. Y., R. H. Russell. 1 50
- English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp: Herman Montague Donner: Bost., Gorham Press. 1 25
- Ingoldsby Legends, The: Or, Mirth and Marvels: Thos. Ingoldsby, Esq.: Illustrated by Herbert Cole: N. Y., John Lane. 1 50
- In Merry Mood: A Book of Cheerful Rhymes: Nixon Waterman: Bost., Forbes & Co. 1 00
- Joe's Place: A Life Story: John Rosslyn: Phila., Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. 1 00
- Kaupeepie: An Idyll of Hawaii: Rendered into Verse by Leopold Blackman: Honolulu, Wm. C. Lyon. 50
- Kraafte Lockie: Or, the Passing of the Wolf: L. F. George: Bost., Geo. Book Pub. Co. 50
- Later Lyrics: John B. Tabb: N. Y., John Lane. 50
- Love Sonnets of an Office Boy: Sam'l Ellsworth Kiser: Illustrated by Jno. T. McCutcheon: Bost., Forbes & Co. 1 00
- Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, A: and Other Poems: P. J. Coleman: N. Y., Messenger Press 1 25
- Nonsense Anthology, A: Collected by Carolyn Wells: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 50
- Odes of Anacreon: Translated by S. C. Irving: Evanston, Wm. S. Lord 1 25
- Old Schoolhouse, The: and Other Poems and Conceits in Verse: T. S. Denison: Illustrated: Chicago, T. S. Denison. 1 25
- Pickett's Charge and Other Poems: Fred Emerson Brooks: Bost., Forbes & Co. 1 00
- Reed by the River, A: Virginia Woodward Claud: Bost., The Gorham Press 1 00
- West Virginia Lyrics: John G. Gittings: Morgantown, Acme Pub. Co. 25
- Religion**
- Ascent of the Soul, The: Amory H. Bradford, D.D.: N. Y., Outlook Co. 1 25
- Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene: Lewis Wager: Chic., University of Chicago Press 1 00
- Religious Life in America: Ernest Hamlin Abbott: N. Y., Outlook Co. 1 00
- Valid Objections to So-called Christian Science: Rev. Andrew F. Underhill: N. Y., Baker & Taylor Co. 25

Among the January Magazines

A new short story by A. S. Hardy is one of the choice pieces in the New Year's issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is entitled *His Daughter First*, and is alive with human interest, filial affection, love and pathos. The *Plateau of Fatigue*, by Kate Millner Ribb, is the only short fiction in this number. It is, however, quite filled with matter of literary and artistic interest, as well as with papers of scientific and sociologic interest. Among the latter is *The War Against Disease*, by M. C. E. A. Winslow, a bacteriologist connected with the biological department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The following paragraph from M. Winslow will prove of much interest:

Each disease must be fought after its own kind. For smallpox, vaccination; for diphtheria, antitoxin inoculation; for typhoid fever, the protection of food supplies; for yellow fever, the destruction of mosquitoes; for tuberculosis, the disinfection of sputum; for cholera infantum, the cooking of milk. Absurdly simple many of these remedies appear; but with a thorough knowledge of the microparasites of any disease and the mode in which they gain access to the body, their exclusion will always be theoretically a simple matter. Our knowledge is unfortunately far in advance of our practice. Diseases which have been clearly shown to be preventable continue to slaughter their thousands year by year. While it is well therefore to push on and occupy new fields, it is still more essential to see that the ground already covered has been surely won. Won it must be, not by investigators or even by medical practitioners, but by a community in which the knowledge of sanitary science is generally diffused. Health is the normal condition of the human mechanism, while disease and premature death are in large part unnecessary. They are to be overcome, however, not by an abrogation of the intellectual faculty, but by its exercise. Those only who seek ardently to discover, and implicitly to obey, the inexorable laws of nature will survive in the struggle for existence, to round out their sum of years, and to benefit their kind.

The *Future of Orchestral Music* comes from the pen of W. J. Henderson, and is particularly timely just now, when so much is being said on the orchestra and the theater. An historical article is *Contributions of the West to American Democracy*, by Frederick J. Turner. *A Land of Little Rain* tells of a country east of the Sierras, a country of desert and death where man's existence is one continued struggle with nature. Mary Austin contributes this graphic picture. There is

any amount of literary miscellany, all of which is too good to pass unnoticed. Agnes Repplier writes of *Traveler's Tales*. Another is *Nox Dormiendo*, by Joslyn Gray, while *A Memory of Old Gentlemen* is a piece of artistic pen sketching. There is an interesting paper on the latest novels of Howells and James, and another, an account of Charles Dickens as a *Man of Letters*. *My Own Story* is by John Trowbridge. It is autobiographical. No. 4 Park Street is reminiscence, by the editor of the *Atlantic*.

—Wu Ting Fang is the author of an article in Harper's which treats of Chinese and Western Civilization. A sketch of the great Chinese statesman has been drawn for this article by William Nicholson. In *Ethan Allen's Country* is a paper by Julian Ralph written in his usual and readable style. Benjamin Kidd has given us his estimate of *The Man Who Is To Come*. In its series of articles of a popular scientific interest, Harper's presents this month an account of *Plants of Crystal*, an absorbing recital by Albert Mann, of Syracuse University, and an article on the *Becquerel Rays*. The photographic illustrations are unique and helpful. *Life in Tuscany* is portrayed in an article which purports to be a letter from the Tuscan village of Orbetello. It is from Vernon Lee. Arthur Lawrence has given an amusing and sympathetic sketch of London's Oldest Art Club. This, as is well known, is the Langham. A character sketch of Benedict Arnold is by John R. Spears, an authoritative writer on matters of early American history. George Lyman Kittredge has made an analysis of *The Coinage of Words*, and his observations are worth reading:

A language can never stand still so long as it is alive. It is constantly changing, in sounds, in syntax, in vocabulary, and in the meanings conventionally attached to its words. It is, then, idle to debate the question whether it would be well to have an absolute, unalterable standard of correctness. Such a standard is impossible. It never has existed in any language and it never can exist; for the very idea is contrary to the nature of human speech. Every purist, no matter how stiffly he carries himself, is an unconscious innovator; he cannot help it, unless he renounces the use of his vocal organs. And every innovator, however reckless, is at times a purist. He has his likes and dislikes in language, as in other things, and, among

these infinitely varied preferences, some are certain to be in favor of what is older or seems more settled.

There is a bounteous plenty of short fiction in this number, among which will be found *The Morning Call*, by George Hibbard, prettily illustrated by W. D. Smedley. *The Quarrel* is a pathetic story by Grace L. Collin, while *At the Turn of the Tide* is a tale of a critical illness. May Harris has a little skit entitled *Whom the Gods Love*. It is dated Paris, June 30, 19—. *Tike* is the story of a dog, and is humorous, while *As You Sailed* is a charming story of a child's day dreams, done in his best manner by the author of *Mother*. There are other papers and poems and continuations of *Lady Rose's Daughter* and of *The Mocking of the Gods*, Amélie Rives's new serial.

—William Gage Erving tells in the *Century* of *A Trip from Cairo to Khartum*, the journey having been made by the methods of transportation induced to-day, that is, by river and rail. This is to be preliminary to a return journey in an Adirondack canoe.

The President and Trusts is a valuable review by Albert Shaw in which many facts unknown to the public are dwelt upon. *Looking Into Caribbean Craters* is the account of a venturesome trip graphically illustrated with drawings from photographs. Two articles of a belles lettres nature are those in which the Poe-Chivers's papers are given, having been edited by George E. Woodberry, and which will be continued in the next issue, and a little sketch on *The Qualities of Warner's Humor*. *Paris Pawnshops*, a clever paper by Cleveland Moffett has given André Castaigne an opportunity to draw some just as clever pictures.

There is a wealth of fiction of all sorts, the short stories including the one by the late Frank Norris, entitled *The Wife of Chino*; another by John Luther Long with the caption *Sixty Jape*, and a humorous story of *Russian Musicians*, by Robert Haven Schaffer. When the *Consul Came to Peking* is the first half of a funny story written by Abigail H. Fitch, while *The Yellow Van* and *Lovey Mary* are continuations of two serials.

—The *Modern Methods of Saving Ships* is an exceedingly timely account in the *World's Work* of the wonderful work of the wreckers. Photographs of many partly wrecked boats reclaimed by this 20th century method are presented. Arthur Goodrich has written the *Biography of an Office Building*, and to those who have never understood how our wonderful structures of steel and stone spring up,

mushroom-like, this will be found an interesting as well as instructive exposition. *The Battleship of the Future* is a short article from the pen of Mr. Lewis Nixon, who, as a prominent shipbuilder, is certainly competent to give an intelligent view of the probable development of our men-of-war. Of sociologic interest are: *A Town Made Idle by a Trust*, and *Our Industrial Invasion of Canada and Americanism in British Trade Unions*. The article on the *American Development of Canadian Resources* is from the pen of Robert H. Montgomery and is of much value. An interesting study is that made by Alfred Hodder of *Those Who Lose in the Game of Life*. It is the relation of incidents in the day's routine in the office of the District Attorney of New York. A sketch of General Toral, who, it will be remembered, commanded the Spanish forces at Santiago, is captioned *The Man That Failed*, and is written by Thomas R. Dawley, Jr. *A Day In the Regular Army* follows the life of the enlisted man from sun-up to sunset. It is illustrated with many photographs. An estimate of the work of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, the dead ironmaster of Essen, has been made by W. Von Schierbrand. In an introduction to an article on American manufactures, Edward D. Jones, of the University of Michigan, makes the following comment:

The Twelfth Census marks the close of the first complete century of manufactures in the United States. It will thus become the most important statistical basis by which will be measured the future advancement of American industry. It is with these words that the final report of the Twelfth Census on manufactures begins. It might have been added that the Twelfth Census is the first to occur since the United States has become distinctly a manufacturing nation and has produced a surplus of manufactured goods with which it has entered the world's trade to acquire foreign markets. Our industries have grown to giant size, and we have begun to feel and act upon commercial policies which have radically altered our relations both to European nations and to undeveloped countries and peoples.

—In the *Criterion* for January may be found a number of readable poems, of which we notice *The City of Laish*, by Richard Burton. An interesting little article is that by Carolyn Wells in which she brings together and discusses the beginning paragraphs of numerous well-known books. One would hardly think that there are so many ways of starting a book. A short story, entitled *Whiz*, is from the pen of Miss Ethel Shackelford, while another, *Sam Hill, Sheriff of Knowlton, Kaintuck*, is by John Uri Lloyd, the author of *Stringtown on the Pike*. F. de L'Isle has

written of the War Dances of a Dying Race, this being the second article on savage war dances to appear this month. The initial number of a new serial by Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N., makes its appearance; it is entitled *A Gettysburg Romance*. Another fiction story is *The Coming of Aphrodite*, by Katharine Holland Brown. Those who love to trace the quaint and hidden meaning of the part played by different localities in the world's history will find much to enjoy in Stuart Henry's articles on *The Sociological Role of the Forest*, Fontainebleau being treated in this paper. Of a travel interest is the picture of *Tangier of To-day*, by W. Bradford Allen. Undoubtedly this issue is, on the whole, the most interesting which this magazine has produced in many months.

—A story of an adventuresome crocodile hunt in Florida is the attractive initial number of *Country Life in America*, the photographic illustrations presenting some quite characteristic views of the saurians of the Everglades. Where to Find the Real Apple is the subject of another paper, and certainly if one's first impressions are to judge, one would say it was in the pages of *Country Life in America*, for the illustrations are about as lifelike as black and white reproductions of colored objects can possibly be. *Camping In the Snow* is a timely article by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

Riding to Hounds is presented with all its attractions in paper by Charles Quincy Turner, with some photographs and vignette illustrations that are indeed charming. The *Elm Tree* is an appreciation, and is accompanied by a double-page photograph of a magnificent specimen of this sturdy species. A calendar of January is presented in the article. The *Vigor of Winter*, from the pen of W. B. Thornton. Two poems to trees are found in this number: the one, *To a Gnarled Oak*, by Edgar Maclaren Swan, the other, *The Tree*, by Fullerton L. Waldo. The editorial departments are particularly well filled, *Windows* being the title of the eleventh paper in *The Making of a Country Home*. Following its plan of presenting to its readers each month an account of some fine country estate, the magazine this month tells of the estate of Mr. H. H. Cooke at Lenox, Mass.

—How the King Came to His Own, a story by Martha McCulloch-Williams, holds the initial place in Pearson's. It is a clear-cut and readable story of a noble horse, A child's story is *The Financier*, and a good one

at that, while *The Tables Turned* is a ghostly story of spooks, full of fun. Of surpassing interest is an account of the greatest steam and electric dredge of the world. Its wonderful mechanism and unusual work is fully described and graphically illustrated. Grace B. Ward has given some account of *Cowboy Dances and Songs*, the words and music to some of which are given. Two serials, much looked for in Pearson's, are those of the *Adventures of Captain Kettle*, and *The Pearl Maiden*. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's hero is as adventurous as ever, while Mr. Rider Haggard has added charming chapters to his novel. The story of the States this month deals with Indiana, being number four of this series.

—The Oil War of 1872 forms chapter number three of Ida Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Company in McClure's*. It is a graphic narration of that troublous time. Another article of sociological interest is *The Right to Work*, being the story of the non-striking miners, by Ray Stannard Baker. It is an interesting study. *The Shame of Minneapolis*, by Lincoln Steffens, tells of the rescue and redemption of a city. Following the articles on bossism in St. Louis, which have recently appeared in McClure's, this paper has additional value. There is much good fiction, of which a few pieces only can be mentioned. One is the *Impertinence of Charles Edward*, by H. G. Rhodes. It is humorous. Another is *Across the State*, a child story. A Pilgrim from Abyssinia is a story of travel and adventure, while a lighter vein is maintained in Charles Fleming Embree's story, *A Fair Upsetter of Customs*.

—There is a charming story in the New Year's number of *Everybody's*, entitled *Sul and Shumul*, and purporting to be a new Arabian Night story. It is by Alfred R. Calhoun and is translated from the Arabian. An interesting sociological study in fictional form is *A Member of the Masses*, by Katharine Holland Brown, while *Kootenai Jack*, by Frederick V. Dey, is a study of life on the Indian frontier. Of historical interest is the account of *Tragedies of Steamboat Histories*. It deals with a romance of the old Mississippi. Two articles of national interest are those of Andrew Jackson, 1832, and How Roosevelt Became President. The one is by Alfred Henry Lewis, and the other by David Graham Phillips.

—Frank Leslie's for January has in it Commander R. E. Peary's article—*Hunting On the Great Ice*, a paper of surpassing

interest. It is the explorer's personal narrative of how the arctic expedition obtains its food supply, and is illustrated by a number of excellent and most unusual photographs. Commander Peary gives a short account of many of the Arctic animals, among them the various seals and walruses, the different kind of whales, ermine, the Arctic hare, fox and wolf, esquimaux dogs, Polar bear, reindeer and musk-ox. Two biographical papers of interest are those on Dr. Adolf Lorenz and Joseph Chamberlain. A rather unusual article upon objects of common interest is that which treats of The Great American Barnyard. It is entertainingly illustrated. There are a great number of short stories in this issue, among them one by Robert Barr, entitled Marcella's Intervention; another by Anna Hamilton Yeaman is illustrated with clever drawings of children by B. Cory Kilvert. There is a study of William H. Crane and a little sketch—Hot Air Ballooning. Frank Dempster Sherman has contributed some verse.

—To the lover of animal stories Mr. Herbert K. Job's writings are always a delight, and his City of the Pelicans in the January issue of Outing will not be found an exception. His account of the denizens of Pelican Island is truly remarkable.

The Last Wolverine is another animal story and comes from the pen of Charles Livingston Bull. His own drawings which illustrate it add a peculiar charm to the story. Mollie B. is a tale of a horse and a deacon. It is both humorous and pathetic. An interesting account of dogs will be found in Commander Robert E. Peary's description of sledge traveling over the polar ice, the second article which Mr. Peary has contributed on that subject this month. The Ponies of the New Forest tells of a race of half wild animals that inhabit a little known corner of England. Mantrailing with Human Bloodhounds undoubtedly possesses great interest, and is not unprofitable from the standpoint of the psychological student, perhaps; however, the ordinary reader will find it to be sanguinary. Lillian C. Moeran writes on Toy Spaniels, a subject on which she is certainly an authority. The account of the Life Informal in California, by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, is a picture of an existence which certainly seems delightful, while Following Wild Fowl in a Shanty Boat, while not so luxurious, has charms of its own. There are other articles of sportsman's interest and a readable article on automobilist's road difficulties.

Magazine Reference List for January, 1903

Art, Music, Drama

- Crane, Wm. H. Munsey's
 *Drama in Spain, The International
 Economics of Arts and Crafts Chautauquan
 Future of Orchestral Music, The Atlantic
 London's Oldest Art Club Harper's
 Memories of Maulin Frank Leslie's
 *Millais and Music Chambers's
 Painting of the Barbizon School Chautauquan
 *Recent Am. Architecture International

Biography and Reminiscence

- Chamberlain, Joseph Frank Leslie's
 *Constable, Archibald Chambers's
 *Duchess Amalia of Weimar International
 English Men of Letters McClure's
 Healer of Cripples, A Munsey's
 *Kossuth Cornhill
 Krupp, Friedrich Alfred World's Work
 Lorenz, Dr. Adolph Frank Leslie's
 Lorenz, Dr., Straightener of Children McClure's
 Personality of Helen Gould, The Everybody's
 *Rice, Stephen Spring Cornhill
 *Sir Henry Irving's Tutor Chambers's

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

- *Truth About the "Cottage Countess" Chambers's
 *Two Harvard Ambassadors Harvard Graduates
 *Zola, Emile International

Educational Topics

- Bowdoin and Her Sons Munsey's
 *Degrees, While You Wait Harvard Graduates
 *Ecclesiastical Licensing of Teachers Gentlemen's
 *Raise Standard of A.B. Degree Harvard Graduates

Essays and Miscellanies

- American Girl, The W. Home Comp.
 Beginnings Criterion
 *Bishop Stubbs and the Rolls Series Cornhill
 Coal Tar W. Home Com.
 Coinage of Words, The Harper's
 Cowboy Songs and Dances Pearson's
 Daughters of the Am. Revolution Criterion
 Day in the Regular Army, A World's Work
 Dickens as a Man of Letters Atlantic
 *Domestic Economy of the Thrush The Knowledge
 *Edinburgh Review, The Gentleman's
 *Evolution of the Rosary, The Chambers's
 *Famous District Libraries Chambers's
 *Feeding of the Soldier, The Gentleman's
 Great American Barnyard, The Frank Leslie's
 House of Seven Rooms W. Home Comp.

*In Dr. Johnson's Circle Chambers's
 "Japanese" Embroidery W. Home Comp.
 *Juggling with Birthright Badminton
 Just for Fun W. Home Comp.
 Lancaster Elm Country Life
 Latest Novels of Howells and James, The Atlantic
 *Malay Language, The Chambers's
 Man That Failed, The World's Work
 My Own Story Atlantic
 *Natural Wisdom Chambers's
 Nature Study Club, The W. Home Comp.
 New Leaf, A W. Home Comp.
 Nox Dormiendo Atlantic
 Number 4 Park Street Atlantic
 On Reading the "Inferno" Century
 Paris Pawnshops Century
 Qualities of Warner's Humor Century
 Real Apple and Where to Find It Country Life
 *Ruskin's Maps Good Words
 *Table and the Empire, The Chambers's
 Those Who Lose in the Game of Life World's Work
 Triumphs of Youth, The Munsey's
 *Two Fashionable Furs Knowledge
 Underground History Pearson's
 Vigor of Winter, The Country Life
 War Dances of a Dying Race, The Criterion
 Why Shakespeare Languishes Munsey's

Historical and Political

Arnold, Benedict, Naval Patriot Harper's
 Auranian War of 1902, The W. Home Comp.
 Battleship of the Future, The World's Work
 Chinese and Western Civilization Harper's
 Contributions of the West to Am. Democracy Atlantic
 *Crown Estates in London, The Chambers's
 England in 1902 Atlantic
 Government by the Golden Rule Munsey's
 Great Days in Great Careers Everybody's
 *Home Rule for Am. Cities International
 How Roosevelt Became President Everybody's
 *How Soldiers Have Ruled Philippines Internat.
 Indiana Pearson's
 Last Stand at Bunker Hill W. Home Comp.
 Monroe Doctrine Munsey's
 *National Antagonisms International
 *Plea for the Cape Loyalists, A Cornhill
 Russian Climax, A Century
 Russian's Quest of the Pacific Chautauquan
 *Some South African Prejudices Chambers's

Religious and Philosophical

*Am. Workman and the French International
 *Beginnings of Mind, The International
 *Ethnology and Science of Religion, The Internat.
 *Faith in Nature International
 *James's Varieties of Religious Experience Harvard Graduates
 *Philosophy of Taine and Renan International
 *Why Criminals Have No Genius International

Scientific and Industrial

Becquerel Rays Harper's
 Biography of an Office Building, The World's Work
 *"Comet Perrine" Knowledge
 *Comets of 1903, The Knowledge
 Conducting a Russian Newspaper World's Work
 *Egg Preservation Chambers's
 *Eruptions in the West Indies, The Knowledge
 Greatest Dredge in the World, The Pearson's
 Man Who Is to Come, The Harper's

Modern Methods of Saving Ships World's Work
 *Moon's Southern Horn, The Knowledge
 Plants of Crystal Harper's
 *Police Work of the Navy, The Cornhill
 *Stillman Infirmary, The Harvard Graduates
 War Against Disease, The Atlantic

Sociologic and Economic

Americanism for British Trade Unions World's Wk.
 American Manufactures World's Work
 *Bournville Chambers's
 Chantey-man, The Harper's
 Chicago City Council Regenerated Chautauquan
 Harrisburg Achievement, The Chautauquan
 Housewives' Reciprocity Bureau W. Home Comp.
 Making St. Louis Better Chautauquan
 More Life for Household Employees Chautauquan
 Oil War of 1872, The McClure's
 Our Industrial Invasion of Canada World's Work
 President and the Trusts, The Century
 Proportion of City and Country Population World's Work
 *Prospects in the Professions Cornhill
 Right to Work, The McClure's
 Shame of Minneapolis, The McClure's
 So-called Sugar Trust Century
 Sociological Role of the Forest, The Criterion
 Town Made Idle by a Trust, A World's Work
 Unemployed Rich, The Everybody's
 What the British Unionists Saw World's Work

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

Anybody's Game Outing
 Arctic Whaling of To-day Harper's
 Camping in the Snow Country Life
 *Central Africa by a Traveler Badminton
 City of the Pelicans, The Outing
 Cook Estate at Lenox, The Country Life
 Derby Day in the Snow, A Pearson's
 Emergencies of the Road Outing
 *Fishing and Poaching in Norway Badminton
 Following Wild Fowl in a Shanty Boat Outing
 Freezing Caverns Pearson's
 From Cairo to Khartum Century
 Holiday Festivities in Wash. W. Home Comp.
 How to Take Big Game Fish Outing
 Hunting Crocodiles and Alligators Country Life
 Hunting on the Great Ice Frank Leslie's
 Hunting the Big Game of Alaska Outing
 In Ethan Allen's Country Harper's
 In the Tuscan Maremma Harper's
 *Lacrosse in England Badminton
 Land of Little Rain, A Atlantic
 *Lawless Hero, A Badminton
 Life Informal in California, The Outing
 Looking Into the Caribbean Craters Century
 Man-trailing with Human Bloodhounds Outing
 Perils of Alpine Climbing, The Munsey's
 Pilgrims from Abyssinia McClure's
 Ponies of the New Forest Outing
 Riding to Hounds Country Life
 Sledging over the Polar Pack Outing
 Sport in the Arctic Circle Munsey's
 *Sports in the Karoo Badminton
 Sports of the Amphitheater, The Munsey's
 *Summer Days in Brittany Gentleman's
 Tangier of To-day Criterion
 *Things They Do Better in France Badminton
 Toy Spaniels Outing
 Up the Volga Chautauquan
 *Winter Sport in Normandy Badminton

Wit and Humor of the Press

This was among the questions submitted by the civil-service examiner: "What is a mirage?"

And this was the answer given by the applicant for a position:

"A mirage is the act of getting stuck in the mud."

—George: "I wish that I had a wire to clean this pipe out with."

Jack (just returned from the track): "Here, try Bill Smith's racing wire! It cleaned me out."

—Judge: "How did you come to club this man so severely?"

Officer: "Well, yer honor, he kept parfictly sthill an' wudn't dodge a single craek Oi made at him."

—"I call my dog Tonic," said the logician, "because he is mostly whine with a slight infusion of bark."

—"I call for a division," she cried.

It was at a meeting of the Woman's Club, and the question of divided skirts was before the house.

—Rita: "Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking?"

Nita: "He and Eleanor have just come out of the dark room, where he has evidently developed a negative."

—"She ran away with her father's coachman."

"Oh, well, what can you expect of a family that doesn't keep a chauffeur?"

—Tommy Backbay: "Mother, is it a sin to say 'Rubber-neck'?"

Madame Backbay: "It is worse than a sin, Thomas; it is vulgar."

—Gyer: "Bald heads remind me of kind words."

Myer: "What's the answer?"

Gyer: "They can never dye."

—Whipper: "Do you think traveling on those ocean greyhounds is safe?"

Snapper: "What kind of a poker game do you play?"

—The Visitor: "How is your baby?"

Trained Nurse: "First rate! He is getting so now I can occasionally leave him with his mother!"

—"I wish you had broken the news more gently," sighed the editor, as the office boy pied the first page by dropping the form down a flight of stairs."

—A woman never hits what she aims at unless she throws a kiss.

—Fritz: "I made a mistake to-day and drank liquid out of a fire extinguisher."

Pat: "How did you feel?"

Fritz: "Oh! very much pud outd."

—So Like a Bargain: "I thought she refused him some time ago because he was so fat?"

"Well, she did; but since then he's been reduced from 200 to 198."

—First Football Player (bending over injured player): "Poor Jack! He didn't know what struck him."

Second Football Player: "No! His first words were: 'Arrest the chauffeur!'"

—"Why so dismal?"

"I am afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I have saved up!"

"What of it, a wedding trip only happens once in two or three years."

—"I hear your son is reading law."

"No, sir. It's a mistake. My son is sitting in the back office, with his feet on a desk, smoking cigarettes."

—Muggins: "My cook left because we refused to treat her as one of the family."

Buggins: "Humph! My cook expects to be treated as company."

—"Papa, do lobsters have hearts?"

"I don't know, Willie. Ask your sister!"

—"What are her attractions?"

"Chiefly U. S. three per cents."

—Hints for an insomniac: If you can't get to sleep, count three billions, taking care to pronounce each number slowly and distinctly. If this does not prove effective, get out of bed and turn eighteen handsprings. Observe a proper regard for the uniformity of the thing, and see that they are of the same size and velocity. If you still find you are unable to get into the Land of Nod, take a walk around the block, and then, if this means fails, go and find a big man and tell him he lies. He'll put you to sleep.

—Mr. Heighseed (in Italian restaurant): "Say, Si, this here spaghetti's all right, ain't it?"

Mr. Meddergrass: "You bet! When I git home I'm a-goin' tew write tew our Congressman an' have him send me a package o the seed, so's I kin raise it fer myself."

Sayings of the Children

Messenger: "Hello, Thoity-nine, where's yer uniform? Ain't yer messengerin' no more?"

Ex-Ditto: "Naw."

Messenger: "Clerkin'?"

Ex-Ditto: "Naw, office-boyin'."

—"Well, Johnny, my dear, how are you getting on with your French?"

"Oh, very well, uncle. We translate quite nice, sensible sentences now, such as 'My uncle never allows my birthday to pass without giving me a present,' or 'It is certain that my uncle will give me something quite splendid this time.'"

—"Are you a self-made man?" asked little Bobbie of the visitor.

"I am, my boy," replied the visitor, much pleased.

"An' ain't you sorry you didn't let somebuddy else help you?" persisted Bobbie.

—Little Teddy, when told that he was growing fast, answered: "Yes, too fast; I think they water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning!"

—Boston Mother: "If you had my faith in Christian Science, darling, you would have no toothache."

Little Daughter: "Well, mother if you had my toothache, you wouldn't have any faith."

—Teacher: "And the twenty-first day of December is the shortest day of the year, is it not?"

Tommy: "Sometimes."

Teacher: "Only sometimes?"

Tommy: "Yes'm. When it's a holiday."

—Mother: "Your schoolmaster can't be such a mean man as you make out. I noticed his son had all the toys he can possibly want."

"Why, those are what his father takes away from the other boys."

—Joseph Jefferson, asked by one of his little friends to hear him recite his lesson in ancient history, put this question:

"Who was Atlas?"

"A giant who was supposed to support the world," answered the child.

"Oh, he supported the world, did he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who supported Atlas?"

The little fellow was nonplussed for a moment, but after a little thought, said:

"I guess he must have married a rich wife."

—First Little Boy: "My paw's got a otto-moebel."

Second Little Boy: "That's nothing; my paw's got dyspepsy."

—"Willie, do you know what happens to the bad little boys?"

"Sure."

"What?"

"They have more fun than the good little boys."

—Tommy: Say ma, Mrs. Swellman up the street was lookin' at that tear you sewed up in my jacket the other day, and she said it was done just beautiful.

Ma (delighted): Well, that was a compliment coming from her.

Tommy: Yes'm, and say, ma, I just got another tear for you to fix up.

—Teacher: Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make?

Tommy: It would make him yell.

—The Mother: "Now, Elsie, did I teach you to throw your clothes on the floor in that disreputable way?"

Elsie: "No, mamma; I learned myself."

—Bobby, whose father has a thoroughbred chestnut horse, declares that the reason Firefly won't eat horse chestnuts is that he thinks they come from his own family tree.

Bobby's sister, Marjory, is even more learned where animals are concerned. She was told the other day that the reason the camel had a hump on his back was because when a baby he had been dropped by his nurse.

—It was the fortune of small James to be left to the training of an extremely religious aunt. He learned his catechism, recited psalms, and went to church to an extent rare in these days. One Sunday morning a party of young men staying at the hotel where he was spending the summer started on a fishing excursion. James wistfully declined a cordial invitation to accompany them. He watched them out of sight and then went into the house to relate the circumstances to his aunt—perhaps also to fortify a weakening spirit by her approval.

"Why couldn't you go fishing, James?" inquired the preceptress.

"Because it is Sunday," he replied sadly.

"Why can you not go fishing on Sunday?" she continued, to impress the matter the more deeply upon the infant mind.

"The Sunday is the Lord's day. 'The Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it,'" he repeated glibly. "But oh," he added, with a rebellious sigh, "I wish he had taken Monday."

—"What on earth are you doing in here, Tommy," asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the henhouse whence had been coming for five minutes or more a series of dismal squawkings, accompanied by a loud flapping of wings.

"I am trying," said Tommy, who seemed to be doing something with a knotted rope, "to fix this rooster so his alarm won't go off before seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

—Little Freddie, of three and a half years, was taken to see a small calf for his amusement, while his mother was at her club. When the calf began to bawl he said:

"Poor little taffy! has oor mamma dawn to the cub, too?"

—Father: "Harry what is the equator?"

Harry: "Well, it is something like a lie."

Father: "Son, aren't you mistaken?"

Harry: "No sir. I heard the geography class say it the other day. They said it was the imaginaries lying about the center of the earth."

Open Questions:

Talks With Correspondents

917. Will you kindly publish one or more poems of A. M., who wrote *On What Sea?* which appeared in the issue of June, 1901. It was copied from *London Outlook*.—Mrs. T. N. Ellis, Cincinnati, Ohio.

[We have no more information than our readers have concerning A. M., the writer of this poem in *The Outlook*, and therefore cannot print other of his or her writings.]

918. Please advise me what magazines take translations from the French.—Mrs. Lucie Joly, Germantown, Pa.

[There are very few in this country. Short Stories, published by The Current Literature Publishing Co., N. Y., take a few translations of short French fiction; *The Literary Digest*, weekly, published by Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., use short translations from French news articles, usually of scientific, art, or literary interest; *Public Opinion*, N. Y. City, sometimes does the same thing; and French translations appear in *The Eclectic*, N. Y. City, and *The Living Age*, Boston, but whether they are contributions or clippings from other publications we cannot say.]

919. (1) I also seek information. Where can I find the *Lost Cause*, written by a Southern poet soon after the Civil War?

(2) The following quotation, I am convinced, is from Robert Bridges, but am unable to find it among his lyrics. Will someone acquainted with his poetry kindly tell me where I may find it:

"The men I meet work as their fathers wrought
With little bettered means; for works depend
On works and overlap, and thought on thought."

Thanking you in advance.—Arie Foster Jones, Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

[(1) The editor is of the impression that Father Ryan, the priest-poet of the Confederacy, has a poem by this name, but in looking through the volume he fails to find it. Perhaps this volume is incomplete, and further efforts to find the authorship of the poem will be made.]

[From time to time the editor is asked to reprint parts of poems of which the querists wish complete copies. Lack of space frequently prevents this and the letters are held over. A number of these are given below:]

920. There came out in an English magazine, either *Good Words* or *The Sunday Magazine*, some time between 1870 and 1874 or 1875, a little poem,

I do not recall the title, but the first verse was this:

Two little angels, child angels you know,
Sit on each side of the boy that must die,
Smile at each other and nod their heads so;
Saying, "We'll fly with him up to the sky,"
Saying, "His life has been merry and fleet;
Just for a moment he's suffering pain"—
Singing, "He'll laugh to find Heaven so sweet,
Never he'll care to see London again."
Innocent child angels flutter their wings.
Sweet is the song that a child angel sings.

I would like so much to have a copy of this beautiful little poem, and I hope, through your highly esteemed columns, to obtain one. There is another printed some time ago in the papers, *My Neighbor's Baby*, beginning:

A sturdy, fair-haired laddie
Was Roger, my neighbor's son,
With the innocent look in his blue eyes,
Of a life that has just begun.
—Mrs. H. V. Reynolds, Marietta, Georgia.

921. There was a poem, beginning:
Little Tommy found a shilling
As he went to school one day;
"Now," said he, "I'll make my fortune,
For I'll plant it right away."

I think it was printed in what, in my young days, was called *The Youth's Cabinet*. I should be very grateful if I could have it; if you can put me in the way of finding it.—(Mrs.) Maynard French, Glendale, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

922. Can anyone tell the author of a poem relating to the persecution of the Quakers in Plymouth, and the defense of one by Capt. Tristram Hull. A portion of the poem follows:

And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice so kind
to me,
Growled back its stormy answer, like the roaring
of the sea.
"By the living God that made me! I would sooner,
in this bay,
Sink ship, and crew and cargo, than bear this man
away!"

Was J. G. Whittier the author? and what was the poem?—C. C. H., Providence, R. I.

923. (1) Will you please try to find for me a poem containing the lines:

"There she stands,
An empty urn in her withered hands."

I think it refers either to Greece or Rome.

(2) Also I should very much like the poem, with author's name, part of which is as follows:

By the song of the sea that compelleth
A path for the rock-cleaving stream
I summon thee, recreant dreamer,
To rise and follow thy dream.

—C. Whitehead, Denver, Colo.

924. Where can I find a poem, I think it is entitled *The Sea Gull*, the first lines of which run thus:

Far, far o'er the deep is my island home,
Where the sea gull roams and reigns alone,
Where naught is seen but the bleating* rock
And naught is heard but the ocean's shock.
*Or bleaching.

Another verse runs thus:

In his deep saloon with coral crowned,
Where gems are sparkling above and around,
He gathers his harem of love and grace,
And beauty he takes to his cold embrace;
For he loves to gather in glory there
The choicest things of earth and air.

I don't mean to take up all Open Questions with the above, but I would be very grateful to receive any information which might help me to secure the poem. I may say, in conclusion, that I am a regular subscriber to *CURRENT LITERATURE*, which I enjoy reading very much.—D. Q. Blackly, Belize, B. H.

925. Will you kindly publish in full the poem entitled: *There is No Death*? Some lines, fugitive, are given below, but the poem entire is beyond my search. You will greatly oblige a constant reader by either publishing the lines in full or directing me to find them. The poem is often by mistake accredited to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, but Lord Lytton was not the author. It was written by a Mr. McCreery in 1862 and published in *Arthur's Home Magazine* in July, 1863. It was copied by E. Bulmer and sent over his own name to the *Chicago Farmer's Advocate*. The compositor, to whom the copy was given, not being familiar with the name of Bulmer, but knowing that of Bulwer, changed a letter in the name of the claimant to the authorship of the poem. It was in this way that the name of the true author, McCreery, was suppressed and that of Bulwer substituted for the copyist, Bulmer. A few extracts from the poem are herewith quoted:

There is no death, for that which we call death,
For want of knowledge of all modes of work
Wherewith the Almighty works, for want of words
To picture well the little that we know—
What we call death is nothing but divorcement:
The keen sword from the worn and fretted scabbard,
The oil and wick and flame from the weak lamp,
The breath of God ta'en back again to Heaven
After it warmed a portion of the world.
There is no death. A noble thought ne'er dies,
A good deed never dies, nor a good word,
Nor anything which since the world began
Ever did good, even in the humblest way
Unto humanity. There is no death in Nature,
Nor in man's body, nor unto man's soul.
There is no death in anything but doubting.

* * * * *

It is a melancholy mystery

To think that a few grains of dust and mould
Cover the brain that grasped the universe,
Choke up the warm flow of the heart-poured
speech,
Quench the sweet fire of souls that warmed a world,
And still the beating of those breasts with which
The heart of man kept unison.

—Charles V. Bingley, Baltimore, Md

926. (1) Can you tell me where this quotation, or a true rendering of it, may be found?

"A child crying in the night,
A child crying for the light,"
—then something about its only language being a cry.
(2) Also where I can find a volume of short stories, perhaps ten years old, of Southern characters in which was one story called, *How Walk-a-leg Adams Met Up with a Tartar*. The author was a woman, I think.—(Mrs.) S. W. Shepard.

927. I have tried in vain to locate the following quotation which came to my notice in a little pamphlet of which, however, I have not the title:

By showing conclusively and clearly,
That Death is a stupid blunder merery,
And not a necessity of our lives.—Longfellow.

I can neither find it in Longfellow nor in any book of quotations in our Public Library. Doubtless there are some connected with your institution, or some other to whom you can refer this letter and with whom the lines are familiar, or who may have facilities for finding it which are not at my disposal.

If you will kindly help me in this you will oblige me very much, as I am very anxious to use the lines if I can do so correctly. Possibly the author is other than Longfellow.—Helen M. Blodgett, Milwaukee, Wis.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

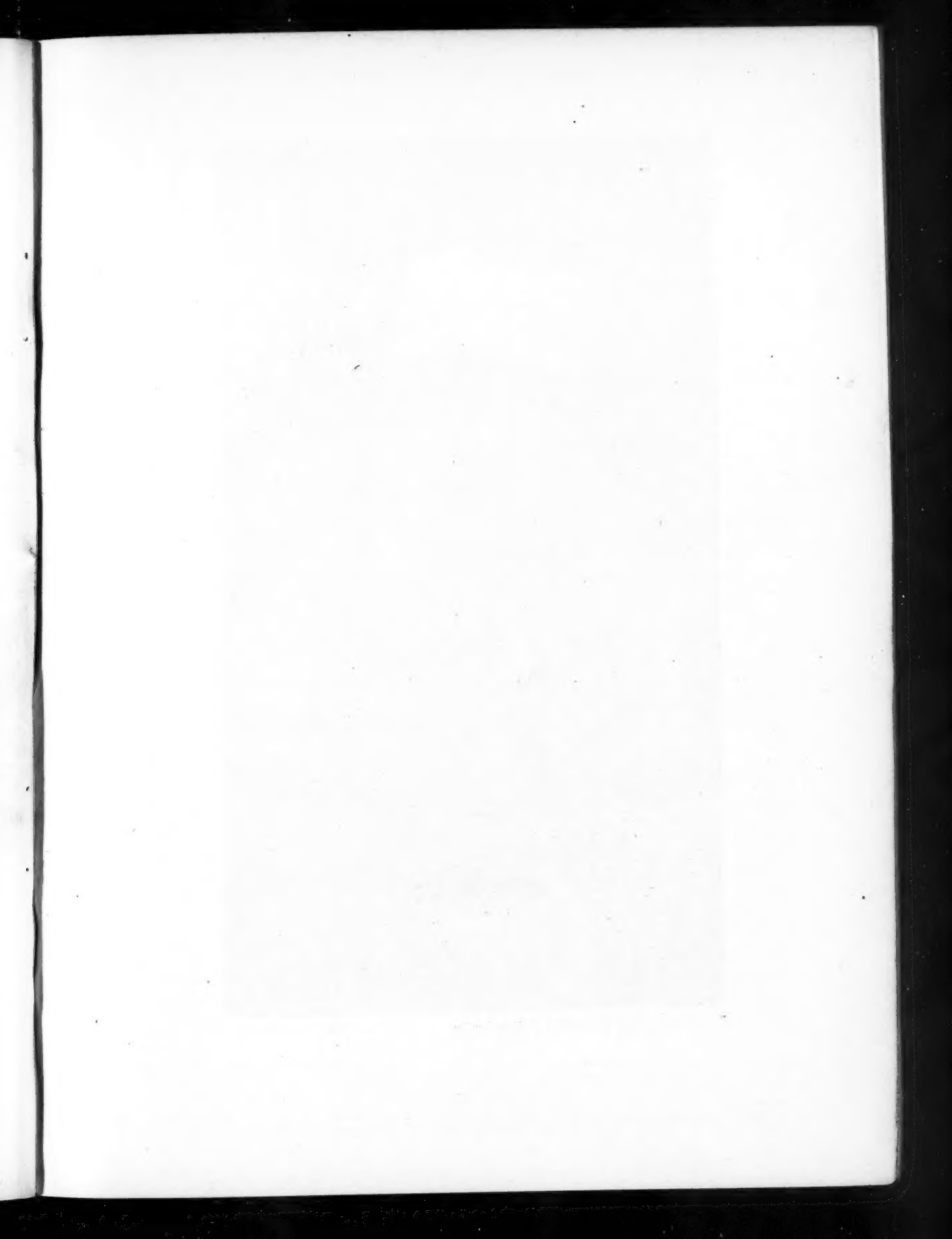
896. [The reply given under this number in the December issue was misleading. It refers to *The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman* by Mrs. Clifford, whereas the publication inquired about was another novel, *The Letters of a Worldly Woman*, which ran serially in the English magazine, *Temple Bar*. The natural error of confounding the two publications was made after the answer referred to was printed.]

908. I have received a reply to my inquiry for the book, *As Others Saw Him*, in your November issue. It comes from Mr. G. Darlow, Los Angeles, Cal. I thank you for your kind services.—M. Shapiro, Eveleth, Minn.

897. (2) Replying to Charles L. Hincke, Parker, Col., the title of the poem referred to is *The City of the Living*, and will be found in a small volume of poems by Elizabeth Akers (Florence Percy).

This gifted writer is also author of *Rock Me to Sleep*, *A Dream*, and other poems of exquisite beauty and tenderness. She was the wife of Mart Taylor of San Francisco, and later married Paul Akers, a sculptor living in Rome.—Julia A. Pond, Hillsdale, Mich.

[We publish this letter, although this query has already been answered (in our November issue), because it tells our readers something about the talented author who has more than once rendered kindly aid to them and the editor in these columns. A copy of this poem has also been sent by Louise P. Spooner, of Republic, Ohio, and was forwarded to the querist. The editor's thanks for these replies.]





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J. M. BARRIE

(See Gossip of Authors)

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